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"AND LOITERS BY THE STREAMS THAT RUSH AND LEAP"

(*See poem on opposite page*)

WESTERN FIELD

PUBLISHED AT GREATER SAN FRANCISCO

Vol. 10 FEBRUARY, 1907 No. 1

CALL OF THE HIGH PRIESTESS

HE treads the foothills, rank on crested rank,
And scales the summits lifting rough and steep
Against stark Heavens; finds hollows dark and deep,
And threads the thickets where the brush is rank;
He seeks the glades and marshes soft and dank,
And visits nooks where tarns have gone to sleep,
And loiters by the streams that rush and leap
From shelf to shelf along the trembling bank.
What finds he there save solitude that weighs
Down on the startled soul, like nightmare dreams
That hold the helpless sleeper locked in thrall?
But, rather does that shapeless world amaze
The sight, then win the heart, till nature seems
High Priestess, leading on with sovereign call.

—*Clarence H. Urner.*

HEAD OF HORNED RATTLESNAKE

OUR POISONOUS REPTILES

By Prof. Raymond L. Ditmars

Curator of Reptiles, New York Zoological Park

IN the present article the writer has endeavored to present a bird's-eye view of a subject that should be thoroughly understood by every lover of out-door life. The fact is but little appreciated, that inhabiting the United States are some of the most deadly known species of snakes and these fairly teem in some parts of the country. Even in the East, in areas populous with villages and summering places, poisonous serpents are abundant. Practically every portion of the United States is inhabited by venomous serpents. The majority of the species are found in the southern latitudes, though the few northern species are so common that poisonous snakes are actually more abundant in some sections of Pennsylvania and New York than in the South. Though but a single species inhabits the Pacific Coast Region, representatives of it are of frequent occurrence in many districts.

Compared with the number of species or kinds of harmless snakes, the poisonous ones are much in the minority; yet it should be understood that the United States is wonderfully rich in reptile life. One hundred and eleven species of snakes are found in this country; *of this number seventeen are poisonous.* Besides, there are ninety-seven species of lizards; but of the latter only a single species is venomous and this is the Gila Monster, of the Southwest.

Despite the general occurrence of dangerous reptiles in this country accidents to man are rarely recorded. This may seem remarkable in the face of an explanation that there are over twenty thousand deaths annually in India from the bites of serpents. But it should be realized that in India a large part of the native population goes about bare-legged, while formidable reptiles prowl into the immediate domains of man —even into the gardens and under houses.

From the standpoint of classification the venomous snakes of the United States fall into several groups. Following is a list to show their arrangement and kind:

The "pit vipers" (crotaline snakes) have a deep pit as shown between the eye and nostril. All snakes having this pit are venomous. This picture shows the head of a "copperhead."

ELAPINE SNAKES

Common Coral Snake	*Elaps fulvius*	The Southeast
Sonoran " "	" *euryxanthus*	The Southwest

CROTALINE SNAKES

1. The Moccasins

Copperhead Snake	*Ancistrodon contortrix*	Eastern United States
Water Moccasin	" *piscivorus*	The Southeast

2. Dwarf Rattlesnakes

Massasauga	*Sistrurus catenatus*	Central States
Edward's Massasauga	" *c. edwardsi*	The Southwest
Pigmy Rattlesnake	" *miliarius*	The Southeast

3. Typical Rattlesnakes

Pacific Rattlesnake	*Crotalus oregonus*	Pacific Region
Texas Rattlesnake	" *atrox*	Texas to California
Red Rattlesnake	" *a. ruber*	Southern and Lower Cal.
White Rattlesnake	" *mitchelli*	The Southwest
Tiger Rattlesnake	" *tigris*	" "
Black-tailed Rattlesnake	" *molossus*	" "
Price's Rattlesnake	" *pricei*	" "
Green Rattlesnake	" *lepidus*	" "
Horned Rattlesnake	" *cerastes*	" "
Prairie Rattlesnake	" *confluentus*	Prairie Region to Rockies
Diamond Rattlesnake	" *adamanteus*	The Southeast
Timber Rattlesnake	" *horridus*	Eastern United States

From the preceding list of the typical rattlesnakes it will be seen that the Southwest forms the headquarters of these characteristic serpents.

As will presently be explained, the North American dangerous snakes may be easily distinguished—except two, and these are the Coral Snakes, small in size and having a slender body and a head not at all distinct from the neck—in fact, looking precisely like the harmless reptiles. And they actually belong to the same family as the non-venomous serpents—the *Colubridae*. This family is divided into a number of subfamilies. The cobras and their deadly allies of the Old World and the Coral snakes of the New World form one of the subfamilies—the *Elapinae*. Both of the species of *Elaps* inhabit the southern part of the country. Described in detail their pattern may be given as *broad, alternating rings of red and black, the latter bordered with very narrow rings of yellow.* And here we encounter a difficulty; for several innocuous snakes "mimic" these species in displaying the same colors, arranged in ring-like fashion. There is one unvarying difference, however, that will always help to distinguish the dangerous reptile, as the yellow rings of the poisonous snakes always border the black rings, while among the non-venomous species there are pairs of black rings bordering a yellow one.

The *Crotaline Snakes* — the rattlesnakes, copperhead snake and moccasin — may be easily told. Before dealing with their characters let us understand what kind of apparatus figures in the formidable injuries they inflict, sometimes causing death with man in a few hours—and, more rarely, in a few minutes' time.

These snakes do not *sting*. The injury they inflict is a *bite*, dealt with a pair of hollow teeth on the upper jaw. These teeth have an opening at their tip for the ejection of venom. They are exactly like the hypodermic needle. Each fang connects with a gland behind the eye and this secretes a virus which Nature has intended to be used for the purpose of killing the prey—incidentally for self defence. When the mouth is closed the fangs fold back against the upper jaw. Thus we may understand the poison apparatus. It is in no way connected with the forked tongue. That organ is used solely for the purpose of feeling; hence it is not a sting.

As will be seen from our list, we have

SKULL OF RATTLESNAKE
Showing Reserve Fangs Ready to Replace Main Pair if Latter are Accidentally Broken

three groups of venomous snakes in North America—the Coral Snakes, the Moccasins and the Rattlesnakes. The characteristics of the Coral Snakes have already been treated, while we may dispose of the Rattlesnakes with a simple suggestion and that is to *look for the rattle,* a prominent and absolutely unique organ among snakes. Its presence immediately brands the owner. There is no possibility of making a mistake. While there are a number of species of Rattlesnakes, the characteristic naturally appeals to all. The amateur naturalist, hunter, prospector or the farmer are not so particular as to the exact species; what they are desirous of ascertaining is, whether a snake *is dangerous;* and the possession of the rattle shows this to be invariably the case.

Thus we understand how to recognize all of the North American poisonous serpents except the Moccasins—two species. They must be treated with more detail.

It is a mistake to imagine that a poisonous snake may at once be told by a thick body and a flat, triangular head that is quite distinct from the neck. Many wholly innocuous species have just these outlines; many of them are, in fact, proportionately stouter of body and uglier in appearance than the dangerous Copperhead snake or Highland Moccasin.

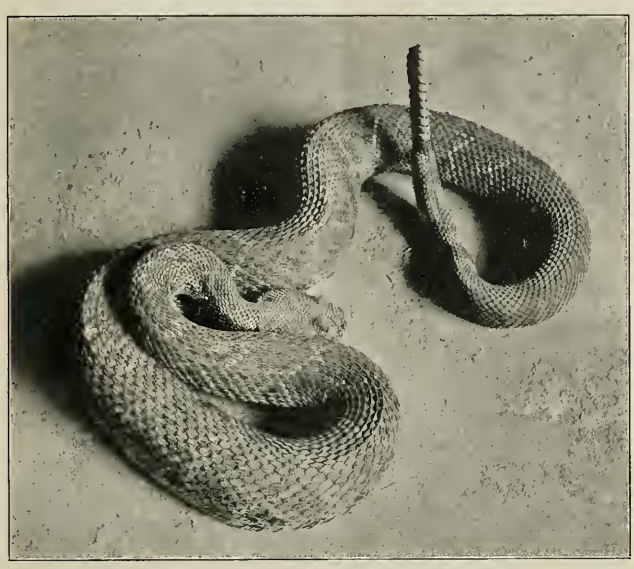
The two North American Moccasins—the Water Moccasin and the Copperhead snake (Highland Moccasin), belong, as do the rattlesnakes, to the subfamily of Pit Vipers — *Crotalinae.* On each side of the head, *between the eye and the nostril, is a deep pit.* Here we have a character by which to immediately distinguish the Moccasins. But there are other points:—While our harmless snakes have two rows of plates on the under surface of the tail, these two poisonous species have a single

COPPERHEAD (*Ancistrodon contortrya*)
Texas Phase. Common East of Mississippi River; in Southern Portion of Its Range Extends Westward to Rio Grande River

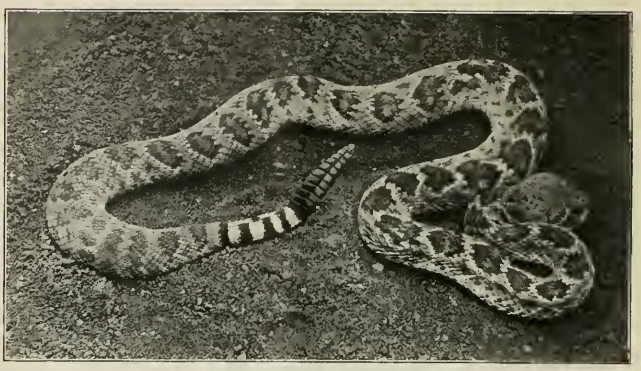
row of plates for the greater length of the tail. Our harmless snakes have the pupil of the eye round; the Water Moccasin and the Copperhead Snake have an elliptical—cat-like pupil. The Water Moccasin abounds in the swamps and sluggish waterways of the Southeast. The Copperhead ranges from Massachusetts to Florida and westward to the Mississippi Valley, though in the southern portion of its habitat, it extends through Texas to the Rio Grande consequently coming within limits that may cause the snake to be of interest to the reader.

As this article appeals principally to western readers it is well to note the characteristics and habitat of some of the species found west of the Mississippi, though a *resume* of the distribution has already been given in the shape of a condensed list.

There is no mistaking the common poisonous snake of the extreme western states—in the Pacific Region north of southern California. This is the Pacific Rattlesnake, attaining a length of 3½ to 5 feet. It ranges from southern British Columbia to southern California, occurring also in Idaho, Nevada and Utah. It prefers the mountain regions, even up to an elevation of 11,000 feet. Ledgy formations of rocky ground are the favorite lurking places. In especially suitable situations offering deep shelter, great numbers of the snakes gather at the close of the summer. These are the hibernating places popularly known as "rattlesnake dens." When the spring is well advanced the snakes scatter from them into the adjoining timber. If rattlesnakes are to be exterminated in infested districts, the "dens" should be located and visited in the early spring or



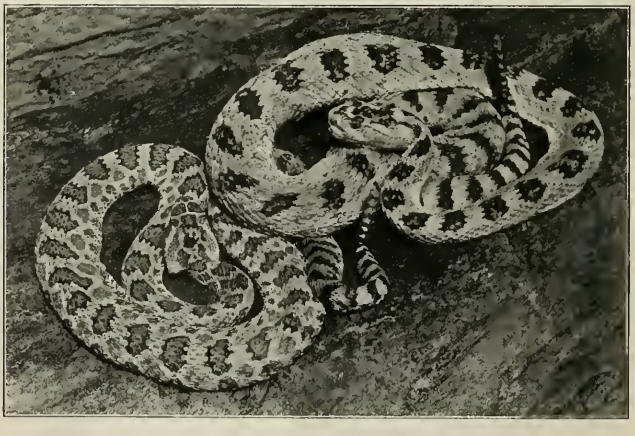
RED RATTLESNAKE (*Crotalus atrox ruber*)
Variety of the Diamond Rattlesnake: Inhabits Southern and Lower California



DIAMOND RATTLESNAKE (*Crotalus atrox*)
Largest of Western Rattlers. Southern Latitudes, Texas to Southern California

fall. The Pacific Rattlesnake is plenty large enough to cause speedy death with man. The general ground color is dull gray or brownish, with a series of rounded, well separated blotches on the back. However, frequent specimens are entirely black, or blackish with faint bars on the sides.

In the sterile regions of southern California, we find a larger, consequently more dangerous reptile, which ranges westward



PACIFIC RATTLESNAKES (*Crotalus oregonus*)
Pale Specimens (from Utah) of the Common Western Rattler

from Texas. This is often called the Diamond Rattlesnake; its technical name is (*Crotalus atrox*). A characteristic feature is the chalky white tail, ringed with black. A variety of it, the Red Rattlesnake, (*Crotalus atrox ruber*), grows to a length of five and a half feet. The "diamond" markings are dull white on a decidedly reddish ground color; the tail is ringed with black and white. This snake occurs in southern and Lower California.

As will be seen from our list, the desert regions form the headquarters of numerous rattlesnakes. Among these the Black-tailed Rattlesnake, (*C. molossus*), is a large and highly dangerous species. Common in the deserts proper, yet smallest of the western rattlers is the "Sidewinder" or Horned Rattlesnake. Owing to a life on soft and yielding soil it progresses by throwing lateral loops of the body forward, moving along in an oblique direction to that in which the head is pointing. Hence the term, "Sidewinder." The desert vipers of Africa necessarily crawl in this same fashion.

Found farther east and literally swarming over some portions of the prairie country thence westward to the main divide of the Rock Mountains is the Prairie Rattlesnake. In size and coloration it is much like the paler phases of the Pacific Rattler, to which it is closely allied.

It is quite wrong to imagine a poisonous snake springs at an enemy. It never jumps from the ground and seldom strikes more than a third its length. Poisonous serpents do not chase an enemy. Their attitude toward man is merely that of self defence.

It is not necessary for a rattlesnake to coil before striking. It can strike from a crawling position provided the neck can be doubled into an S-shaped loop to lurch the head forward.

It is impossible to render a snake permanently harmless by extracting the fangs, as a number of auxiliary fangs are ready to take the place of the functional pair within a couple of weeks.

Before dealing with the treatment of snake bite it is well to give a few hints of precaution. The average rattlesnake will seldom or never strike a man above the knee and a pair of stiff riding leggings—puttees—will render one quite safe from a snake's fangs. A big rattler could easily strike through a canvas legging, besides several thicknesses of light clothing, but stout leather will invariably cause the fang to "double back" or glance off.

Every field naturalist, prospector and sportsman venturing into regions known to be the lurking places of venomous snakes should carry certain articles to be used in case of accident. These are comparatively simple. Following is a list of them:

A Hypodermic Syringe; Rubber Ligature; several sharp Scalpels (or a razor); a small jar of Antiseptic Gauze; material for outside bandage which may be of cheesecloth; a vial of Permanganate of Potassium (crystals); several tubes of Anti-Toxin (*Anti-Venine*); some Strychnine Tablets and a flask of whiskey. The entire outfit can be carried in the roomy pockets of an ordinary khaki shooting jacket, if necessary.

Note well what to do if bitten. Invariably the injury is upon some part of the arm or leg. Everything depends upon the promptitude in performing the first two processes in the treatment.

1. Apply the ligature a short distance above the bite. Thus the ligature should be carried in a pocket instantly available, without a second's loss by a fumble.

2. Enlarge the punctures by cutting into them, *at least as deep as they are.* Make two cuts over each, these cuts crossing one another. This cutting starts a flow of the poisoned blood, which should be accelerated in every way possible. It is not dangerous to suck the blood away providing there are no fresh abrasions in the mouth or on the lips. In this way much venom may be drawn from the wounds. If water is nearby wash the wounds thoroughly, then bathe them repeatedly in a solution composed of Permanganate of Potash crystals in water to produce a deep wine color.

If no doctor is nearby, the anti-toxin should be injected by means of the hypodermic syringe, in some part of the body where it will quickly gain the general circulation—preferably under the skin of the abdomen. In a succeeding paragraph it will be explained where this product may be obtained. If constitutional symptoms develop—weakness and giddiness—a hypodermic injection of strychnine must be administered. As a stimulant, taken in very moderate quantities, brandy is invaluable.

HORNED RATTLESNAKE OR "SIDE WINDER" (*Crotalus cerastus*)
A Desert Species

After the wounds have been thoroughly bled and washed with the permanganate, the ligature may be removed, but not until every measure has been used to draw away the venom from the bitten part, such endeavors including suction and massage.

At this stage there is but one thing to do if possible. Journey to the nearest doctor of repute; for grave symptoms, beyond the power of any but a medical man to combat, may possibly develop. If a doctor is out of the question, keep your head. You will need to think, and with great care. Take a cathartic. Keep the wounds absolutely clean and remember that tissue that has been weakened by snake poison is peculiarly susceptible to common blood poison. Pack small strips of gauze into the wounds to keep them open and draining, then dress over them with gauze saturated with any good antiseptic solution. Keep the dressing saturated and the wounds open for at least a week, no matter how favorable may be the symptoms.

The writer has talked with many men of good, practical reasoning powers, who have been bitten by snakes and entirely recovered, while miles from civilization. They have employed methods similar to those described.

Before leaving the town behind you, consult a good doctor. Learn how to properly use a hypodermic syringe and the amount of strychnine your system is likely to endure.

The anti-toxin, technically known as *Anti-Venine,* is a foreign product and apparently the best of the so-called antidotes for snake bite as it is procured along lines well understood and practical. It may be obtained from branches of the Pasteur Institute.

Once again let the writer advise the sufferer:

Keep your head. Do not give way to despondency. There is every reason why a healthy man should recover from a snake bite inflicted by any of the greater number of our poisonous reptiles. But the means to save life should be executed promptly and systematically.

STEEDS OF THE SUN-GOD

FLEET are the horses which the Sun-God drives
Without restraint apparent, like the blast;
No more they feel the reins that hold them fast
Than fetlocks wince at hurt of fancied gyves;
Each with the other for the mastery strives
In high-necked scorn for all the triumphs past;
Still on athwart the concave smooth and vast!
The victory to the courser which survives!
But nay, O boastful Death, in vain thy power
To check the fleetness of the steeds of fire
Which whirl the chariot with a faith sublime!
The palm to him that has no need to cower
Beneath the goad, but seems still to aspire
To swifter footfalls with advance of Time.

THE GIFT OF EVE

TIME was when one lone man was all the race;
Of God in Heaven, his Sire, the selfsame mold,
Yet like the Earth his Mother; dross and gold,
Both natures blent with beauty, brawn and grace.
With questioning gaze he looked on teeming space,
And awed by grandeur of the skies outrolled,
He sought the Garden's witcheries manifold,
But pined for want of woman's form and face.
Grown wearied with the charms of Paradise,
His slumbers brought a being fair and bright;
He woke to mourn that dreams could not remain;
Once more o'ercome, he felt that creature's eyes,
And waking saw her standing clad with light,
And grieved that sleep should ever come again.

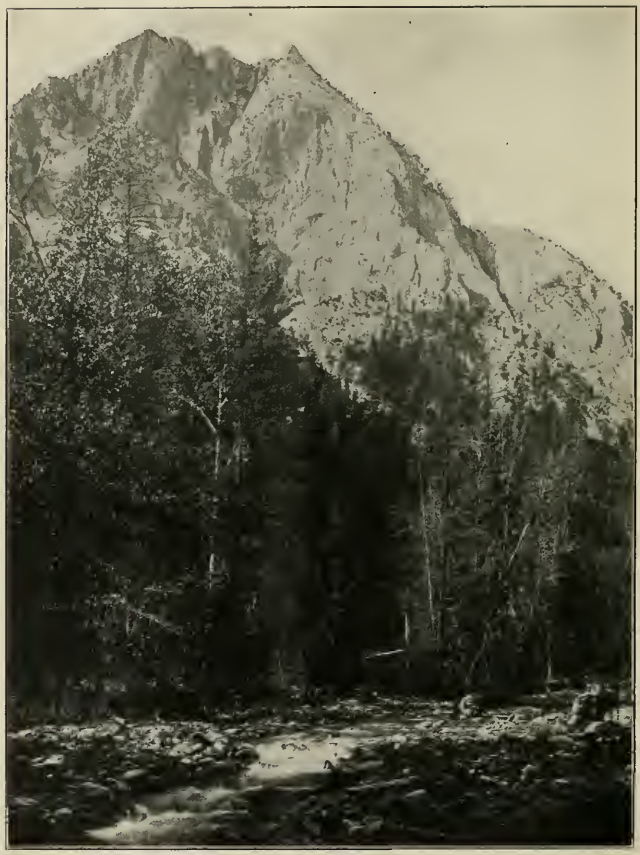
OUT OF TUNE

WHEN June was all a-flower on lea and slope,
Youth roved the lawns o'er which a subtle loom
Wove magic fabrics, flecked with sheen and gloom,
Past clumps of rose and plots of heliotrope,
By deeps where insects loved to doze and grope,
Down winding by-paths sweet with linden bloom;
Then laughed he in the pallid face of Doom,
For ruddy Life was one with bright-eyed Hope.
Years came and went. The touch of generous June
Stirred all his being like a scarebing flame;
His footsteps strayed o'er olden paths again;
But strange the scene and self were out of tune;
The memory lingered, earth was just the same,
Still, something gone had left a sense of pain.

VERSES

BY

Clarence H. Urner



OUR HUNTING GROUNDS

(*See "An Unique Toboggan," next page*)

AN UNIQUE TOBOGGAN

By G. H. Rice.

"If you had an invitation to join a hunting party fifteen hundred miles away, what would you do about it?"

We were gathered around the big fireplace in Farview Inn, where the crackling wood blaze told all too plainly of the arrival of the days when we must pack our tackle and bid goodby to Lake Koronis until another fishing season should call us together again on its shores. We had spent happy days in rare sport with the bass, and our fellowship had been such as only those enjoy whose desires run in kindred channels. But the morrow would see nearly all of us en route to our homes. It was Con Cormack who asked the question and we were alive with interest at once to know what he meant.

"It's this way," said Con. "Two years ago this fall I was out in the Pend d' Oreille country, east of Spokane, hunting deer with a party of old-timers in that section, and I had more fun than I ever expect to have again. They want me to come again this fall."

"Count me out." Old man Sherman butted in. "A man's a fool to go fifteen hundred miles to hunt deer when he can get all of it he wants right here in the state."

"Well, if I could just see George Pendergast duplicate his toboggan slide down Old Baldy, I'd go again if it took all I've earned this summer." Con settled back in his seat with a reminiscent chuckle.

We drew our chairs a little closer together and waited, confident that something good was coming. Con puffed at his pipe for some moments, then knocked the ashes from it and straightened up.

"You remember that Doc Wright, who fished with us for a while two years ago, owned a fruit ranch out in that country. Well, after he went home he asked me to come out and have a deer hunt with him, and I've never regretted that I packed my Marlin and took him at his word. He met me in Spokane and took me out to his ranch near the foothills, as they call them out there, and we began at once to plan for our hunting trip.

"From the time I struck the place it was easy to see the hunting fever was in the air. The ranches out there are all small, people are within easy reach of each other, and I never saw a lot of fellows who could lay aside farm cares as easy as they when we began to talk deer hunting to them. 'Go hunting! You bet they would.'

"After seeing the country that day we got back to the ranch at night with the party made up, and we were agreed to start as soon as we could get our camp outfit together. A day down in Spokane, together with such additional necessaries as every chronic camper always has where he can lay his hands on them, and we had the satisfaction of seeing our camp wagon start for the mountains on the following morning just as the first sun rays were beginning to show themselves.

"Barring present company our party could not be beaten. There were the two Pendergast boys, George and Ed, with the blood of generations of Indian fighters in their veins, and both natural born hunters. In addition to this George Pendergast had the reputation of being able to get more fun out of any kind of an outing than any man in the state of Washington. There wasn't any daredeviltry going on but you could figure on his red head being in the storm center, and Ed was usually a close second. Paul Neilstrom was ahead on the camp wagon, and a truer sportsman never held rein over horses or drew bead over a rifle. His one mark of distinction was his

manipulation of the English language. In the ordinary run of things he could manage it very well, but when things got exciting he fired volleys of an English and Swedish conglomeration that would put the most expert dialect artist down and out in a minute. They were fearfully and wonderfully misconstructed, but he never knew the difference.

"Doc Wright undertook to lend dignity to the party because of his professional distinctiveness, but it did not carry enough weight to balance up worth a cent. When George Pendergast started some of his funny business Doc was swept into the maelstrom with the rest of us and forgot there was such a thing as the pill business.

"We got away soon after the camp wagon had disappeared and journeyed leisurely up into the hills, expecting to use the most of the day in reaching the hunting grounds. About four o'clock we camped in a fir grove on the east slope of Old Baldy—or Mt. Carlton, as they have it on the map—expecting to try different sections of the country from this permanent base.

"The day had been clear during the earlier hours, gradually growing more hazy, until, when we went into camp it had thickened up threateningly. It was also considerably colder. About dark snow began to fall and our spirits rose accordingly, as tracking snow was the one thing needful for our success on the hunt. So when we rolled into our blankets we fell asleep with the promise of fine sport ahead of us. But during the night the snow developed into a storm that kept us in camp the next day, and when it finally stopped we had, instead of a tracking snow, a good eighteen inches that crusted and made hunting mighty hard work. But we had come up here to hunt, and we determined to try our luck in spite of the heavy traveling.

"We started early the next morning and spread out over the side of the mountain to drive anything that might be in reach. I had not gone over a mile when I came upon deer tracks, evidently fresh, the trail leading up the mountain side. I followed this, perhaps a quarter of a mile, when I came suddenly into a clearing and on the far side, but within easy range, stood a fine buck, alert with a sense of danger. I dropped out of sight and rapidly calculated the range, throwing up my sights as I approximated the distance. I was just drawing down on the game when a rifle cracked off to my right and the buck sprang into the air, striking on the run, and came straight toward me. But before he had made a dozen jumps that rifle cracked again and he turned somersaults and stiffened out. Out of a clump of young pine in the direction of the shots, George Pendergast burst with a 'whoopee!' and just hit the high places getting to his game. He had fired the shots without knowing that I was near, as he had stumbled on to the deer without having seen the tracks.

"I gave him a good-natured scoring for forestalling me in capturing the coveted prize, and together we hung the buck up in a pine tree out of reach of any possible harm. It was early yet and we trailed on over the mountain spending the forenoon in fruitless search for game, until hunger drove us back to camp. We had come together well up the mountainside and had nothing to do but pick up the buck we had hung up and make for camp. It meant, however, that among us we had to pack that buck a mile and a half through snow eighteen inches deep, and he wasn't a light one, either.

"It did not need very much discussion to show that the crowd had jobbed together to make George carry his game. Ed assured him that he was perfectly willing to pack the buck uphill, but we had hung it up on the downhill end of the route to camp. Doc Wright protested that it always made him so sore through the muscles of his legs to carry a weight downhill that he would be as good as hamstrung the next day if he packed the buck. Neilstrom proposed that some one go to camp and bring up a pack horse; but George grinned good naturedly and took his medicine. I did volunteer to carry his rifle and relieve him that much. This was the status of affairs when we came to the upper side of the clearing and found the tree where we had hung the game, and it

"WE CAMPED IN A FIR GROVE ON THE EAST SLOPE OF 'OLD BALDY'"

did not look any more pleasant for George when we found it frozen stiff and stretched out over eight feet in length.

"We marched by with one accord and left George to wrestle with his problem. Watching him over our shoulders we saw him cut down the buck, which dropped as stiff as a tree, and as we disappeared over a dip in the hill our last sight of him was as he was struggling to get his game into shape for easy carrying. We had tramped about half way across the clearing, which sloped downward quite sharply, when we heard a yell behind us that would equal that of any Nez Perces buck that ever went on the warpath in that country. What we saw coming appeared to be some species of snow plow with George astride of it holding on for dear life. And it was coming some, too. The snow was flying out to either side in as pretty a spray as any shovel plow ever made, although it was a miniature display, of course. With a whoop of glee George shot by us and we had to look mighty quick to see what kind of a scheme he was working. He had struck a plan that no one but George would have thought of. Deer hair is rather smooth and slippery at any time and always more so when it is thick. This fact, coupled with the deepness of the snow, made it possible for him to use his buck as a toboggan that was as good as anyone could ask under such circumstances. He had forced the head up between the fore legs, which stuck straight up into the air, and had fastened it there with stout twine. Then rolling the frozen carcass on to its back he had braced himself astride of it, his weight forcing it far enough into the snow to keep it from turning over. When he shot by us he was going like the proverbial Chinaman's trolley car, with the snow flying like a small blizzard on either side of him.

"We were not to be censured too severely if we did give vent to some expressions not usually found in print, for he had turned the tables on us so completely that we had nothing printable to say.

"I'll venture that everyone of us jumped three feet in the air and Neilstrom kept right on jumping. In fact, he started down the mountain side like a ski jumper, yelling 'Hal! Hal! Hal!' with every jump. It was the only word he could think of to express himself.

"We watched George and his toboggan shooting downward, putting distance between us mighty fast, and Neilström hot on his track. All of a sudden the Swede struck his foot on some hidden obstacle and shot out into space, striking on his stomach in the snow, into which he slid out of sight. We overtook him in a moment and found him scrambling up and digging the snow out of his mouth and eyes. As we came up we heard him sputter, 'Ay tank ay ban going some lak hal, to bay yumping yimminy!'

"In the meantime George and his deer were nearing the other side of the clearing at express train speed, or thereabouts. Looking ahead we could see that if he kept in his course he would collide with a mammoth bull pine in a moment. Ed saw it and growled out:

"'The fool will break his neck, sure!'

"But George had his eye on that tree, too, and as Ed said the words we saw him shoot off to one side and disappear in a flurry of snow. The buck hit the tree so hard that it shot up into the air and fell over on its feet with its head up the hill, rolling over on to one side from that position. We hurried down to see what damage he had sustained but in a moment he scrambled out of the snow and swinging his hunting cap at us he yelled:

"'Come on, you fellows! I'll see you in camp.'

"We watched him grab the buck by one hind leg and snake him over on to his back and into the buck brush. There was a short succession of crashes and crackling of brush and then we heard another: 'Whoopee!' from the edge of the next clearing that indicated that he had not had enough tobogganing. We were unable to see his next ride because of the brush, but when we reached camp George was there and met us with a grin of triumph. He was scratched up some and most of the hair was gone from the buck's back but that did not feaze him a bit. As we came up he let out a yell of glee and said:

"'Next time you fellows fix me to pack in a buck just remember that this is coasting weather.'"

MY HOME IN THE SEA

IN my garden in the sea
Are the bright anemone,
The mosses purple and white and green,
Star-flowers of red or silver sheen,
And the graceful limbs of every tree
Moving in joy with the life of the sea.
My paths are of shell, where a rainbow fell
When it left the land for the sea;
Soft as down is my bed, where I pillow my head,
As I rock with the sway of the sea;
All gold and blue and emerald too,
In the sunlight bright to see,
I glide through the air,—
But they call me up there
Only "a fish of the sea."

When all is still, I listen until
Above I hear them say,
"How calm it would be tonight on the sea
To sail far, far away!"
Then they look at the moon, so bright, so low,
Down in the deeps of the sea,
But they never know
I am happy below,
When the moon comes to visit me.

—*M. Pauline Scott.*

CALIFORNIA CAMEOS

Photographs by Miss Bruckman

FORTY-FIVE DAYS HUNTING IN WYOMING

By John B. Coleman.

N SEPTEMBER 12th, at 3:15 P. M., I reached Kemmerer, Wyoming, just one day after the appointed time, and found two very nervous hunters awaiting me.

Our party was composed of Andrew Jackson, Jos. S. Harlan and myself. I had written them to be on hand at Kemmerer on September 11th, without fail, as we had one hundred miles of staging to do, and in order to reach camp on the fourteenth, we must leave Kemmerer on the stage, on the morning of the 12th. I was the recipient of quite a good roasting when I got off the train for being late and for not telegraphing them and relieving their minds. Soon as they received my wire they got busy, hired a special stage and within fifteen minutes after I landed we were on our way to camp. We were going to overtake the stage, which leaves Midway in the morning, and would have to drive the greater part of the night in order to do so. It is just fifty-five miles to Midway.

After we got started Andrew informed me that our stores and outfits had all been sent in ahead of us, some two weeks previous. They were shipped from San Francisco by freight to Mr. P. J. Quealy, general manager of the stage line and Kemmerer Coal Co., and to him, he informed me, we were much indebted for the efficient manner in which the things had been looked after.

Shortly after 7 o'clock we reached Rathhun's ranch house on Fontanelle Creek, where we dined. We got an exceptionally good meal and at 8 o'clock were off again with a fresh team. We passed through La Barge and crossed La Barge Creek at 10:30 and about 1:30 reached Midway, where we succeeded in waking up the proprietor of the only house in the town and were soon in bed.

At seven the next morning we left on the stage for Daniel, which we reached about 4:30 P. M. At breakfast we met two gentlemen from Philadelphia, also on their way to the antelope country. They left us at Big Piney, where they were to meet their guides. At one o'clock we lunched at Balls, another one house town, or rather I should say post office. Soon after leaving Balls, Joe killed a nice badger with his pistol, but it got wedged in its hole and we could not pull it out. Everybody had a trial at it, and although we could get a good hold of its neck, we could not move it; so were compelled to drive on and let it go, much to our disgust, as it was a good large specimen. At Daniel we found my head guide, Jas. S. Simpson, and our horse wrangler, Jim Williams, awaiting us, the balance of the boys they left in charge of camp.

We all got busy shortly after our arrival, looking over stores, etc., to see if all was there and then lending a hand to help the boys load them into a wagon which Simpson borrowed at Daniel. The wagon only went as far as our first camp, everything being loaded on pack horses after that. After getting everything in readiness for an early start, we dined and then retired for the night in a bunk house. The two Jims spread their beds under the wagon and laid outside. At three o'clock in the morning we were awakened by the two Jims, who had been drowned out. It had started in to drizzle early in the night and then changed into a hard rain, which made the boys run for cover.

Next morning, after an early breakfast, we were off, this time in the saddle. Jim Williams left ahead of us, with the team. We were just an easy day's ride from camp. Two miles out from Daniel we stopped at

OUR PARTY

Wm. Enos, to secure our licenses. Enos is a justice of the peace.

These licenses cost us $50 each. They entitle the holder to kill two antelope, two deer, two elk, and one mountain sheep. To each license is attached a coupon for each animal. As they are killed, you detach the coupon, give it to your guide, who in turn mails it to the State game warden. Each guide is also compelled to send in a sworn statement to the State Game Warden, at the completion of his trip, stating that his party has complied with the law in every particular. Any infringement of the law by the guide or any of his party, results in his forfeiting of right to secure a guide's license for the term of five years. The guide pays $10 for his license.

THE TROPHIES WE SECURED

A BIT OF ROUGH GOING

After transacting our business with Mr. Enos, we jumped into the saddle and galloped along against a good cold wind and snow storm. We were hardly in the right condition for this sort of weather, but all were so anxious to reach camp that I heard no complaints. In the afternoon Andrew killed a mallard, four willow grouse and two sage hens. On crossing the ridge and dropping over in sight of camp, we saw a large band of antelope within one mile of camp.

At three o'clock we reached camp, having completed our drive of 100 miles in less than seventeen hours actual traveling time. Here we found everything in "apple pie" order, tents all up, improvised dining table, wash-stands, etc., all ready for use. The wagon got in about 4:30 and we immediately started to unpack. Soon as we got our things in their proper places, we all took out our rifles and targeted them. About six o'clock we heard our cook calling "Dinner is ready" and I noticed that nobody lost any time securing a seat at this, our first meal in camp.

Our party now consisted of eight persons: three guides, cook and horse wrangler, besides ourselves. Jimmy Simpson has charge of the outfit, he being the head guide. Andrew will hunt with Fred Koerner and Joe with Claude Simpson, a younger brother of Jim. Ed. Mayer is our cook.

A MEMORY EN ROUTE

After dinner we all adjourned to the tepee, where our evenings were to be spent. The tepee, is the real thing on one of these trips. It beats sitting around a camp fire. You are protected from the wind and can lie down on a bed and enjoy your pipe and the fire in all kinds of weather. The next day was the opening of the big game season. We were in the heart of the antelope country on a fork of

THE AUTHOR AND DOGS

JACKSON AND HIS GUIDE

South Beaver Creek, where we intended remaining until each of us secured his two antelope. There were several outfits camped within a radius of about four miles and we expected there would be quite some shooting in the morning. At 8:30 we retired, full of expectancy as to what the morrow would bring forth.

Next morning promptly at 6 o'clock Jim awakened us and built a fire in our tent. At seven o'clock we had finished breakfast. While we were eating, our wrangler

had rounded up the horses into an improvised corral, from which the saddle horses for the day were selected and at 8 o'clock we were in the saddle and away. It did not fall to my lot to get a shot first day out. We saw several bands of antelope, but no good bucks were with them. Andrew was the only one to score today. He killed a nice buck at 100 yards on the run. It was a fine specimen, much above the average. Joe had quite a tale to tell. He shot at and missed three good bucks. Reported seeing plenty of antelope. As Andrews killed early he brought in the meat, and that night we had antelope steak for dinner, which we heartily enjoyed.

TWO GOOD ONES

SLIPPING THE DOGS

The next day was cold and raw with a light snow falling when we started out. I had very good sport, having several running shots and finally succeeded in bringing down a good average buck. Andrew also killed today, while Joe came home empty handed again. The next day I killed my second buck—on the run—and it was a beauty! Just such a head as Andrew's first one. We saw several hundred head this day and had some grand sport, trying to cut them off with our horses. I came very near losing my seat twice, while riding at full speed through sage brush and over badger holes. Joe and Claude joined us on our way in, Joe was still out of luck. He reported a miss at 50 yards standing, also a running shot.

A WYOMING VISTA

The following two days Andrew and I put in on sage hens and trout. We fished Horse Creek one day and caught our baskets full of the speckled beauties in less than three hours. Joe killed on the fourth and fifth days and on the twentieth we broke camp.

After three days travel, we camped near the head of Cow Creek, riding through a beautiful country en route, coming over the Shoal Creek pass at the head of the falls and lunched on Whistler Lake, which lies right in the top of the Gros Ventre range. I killed three ducks on this lake before we left. The weather after the snowstorm was grand. In fact it was a little too warm. We crossed and fished Shoal, Dell and Jack Creeks and caught some beautiful trout in all three streams, some as large as two and a half pounds.

The day following our arrival at Cow

ON THE TRAIL

THE COUNTRY WE HUNTED IN

Creek, Joe and myself decided to side trip for sheep. Andrew said he would remain in camp for a few days, while Fred, his guide, set out some bear traps. Claude and Jim each got two packs ready and with provisions to last ten days we left the main camp and headed for Crystal Creek. We camped that evening on Big Meadow, well up toward the head of Crystal. We each brought along a small dog tent and these, with a fly to cover our stores, made up our camp.

The next morning, bright and early, we were all out, and left camp on foot, by half past seven. After an hour's hard climb Jim sat down and began to scan the opposite range with my glasses. I am using an eight power binocular. At our first resting place we did not locate anything, so we continued on up toward the top. At our next stop Jim located three sheep. They were about a mile and a half away. We watched them fully half an hour when they laid down and that was the signal for us to get a move on." We were dressed light—no coats nor vests. As we had a good hard stiff climb ahead of us, it was necessary to make quite a few stops to get our wind. After two hours of about as hard work as I ever tackled. We were within 250 yards of them. It looked as though we would not be able to get much closer, but by lying flat and crawling along we managed to get a few yards nearer. Here Jim put the glasses on them again and told me to step out and kill the middle ram. I stood up and fired off hand and had the pleasure of seeing him roll down the hill at first shot. The other two made off and over what looked like an impossible mountain. In short order, on stepping off the distance, we found it measured 165 paces. I had killed a beautiful specimen. The horns measured 15¾ inches at the base, and both points were in fine condition. Last year I killed a 16½ inch head in this same canon, but for beauty this head beats it, as the horns are perfect, not being broken or splintered in any way.

We dressed out and packed in the head reaching camp at 3 o'clock. Joe returned at 6:30. Saw one ram but he was on the move and could not get a shot. Jim cooked dinner; as we brought in the sheep's liver we dined on liver and bacon that night.

The following day we brought in our meat and the next returned to camp. Joe and Claude returned two days after. They did not see a sheep after we left them. On reaching camp, we found Andrew had not been idle. He had killed a magnificent six point bull elk the day after we left him. The spread was nearly 50 inches, with beautiful and even lifters about 18 inches

A PLEASANT CAMP

long. I remarked as soon as I saw it, that nobody would beat it on the trip.

The next day we moved over to Jog Creek. This was to be our permanent camp. We left a notice for Joe and Claude to follow us. This camp turned out to be the best of all. We were off by ourselves, never met any other hunters during our stay of over 30 days, and killed considerable game.

From this camp I killed my two elk, both within one mile of camp. Andrew also killed his second bull from here. Joe killed two bulls and early in October he was called home, by the dangerous illness of his wife. This was the only unpleasant feature connected with our trip, as we all hated to see Joe go.

After we had set out the bear traps, we established watches every three days. Each would take a trap and look after it. On his second trip Andrew found a young brown bear in his trap. He weighed about 250 pounds. We enjoyed the steaks from this fellow very much. On my third visit I found a 500 pound silver tip in my trap. It was a fine specimen. The hair on his back was at least six inches long and the bear in perfect condition. He tore things up pretty well in his efforts to escape, but was unable to accomplish much, as the trap was set in a jack pot of down timber. Joe's trap did not catch a bear although one day after a snow-storm we found tracks within 50 yards of the trap. The cold weather had frozen the bait and consequently it did not give the necessary odor to attract a bear, unless it went right by it.

We located sheep from this camp also. Half a dozen different mornings they were in sight, feeding on top of the range above camp. Andrew made several trips after them, but could never see a ram. On two different occasions he was within 100 yards of sheep, but unfortunately for him, he could see nothing but ewes and kids.

We had only one good snow-storm on this trip, which gave us three days sport with the dogs. After that the snow melted off and we could not use them. We "turned loose" on three different occasions. Twice they treed and the other time were hot on the trail, when we were forced to take them off on account of the lynx getting in down timber, where the dogs had no chance. We killed two lynx, both of which the dogs treed after a run of about four hours. We never found a fresh lion track, consequently were cheated out of a specimen. We had four first class dogs. With a fair chance they were dead sure of their game, and Fred told me a lion was as good as ours if we could find a fresh track. We also killed two beautiful coyotes from this camp. Grouse,

MY FIRST SHEEP

TROUT WERE PLENTIFUL

trout, snowshoe rabbits, ducks and other small game were brought in daily.

Andrew and I spent several days fishing in Crystal Creek. In two hours time one could catch about fifteen fish which would easily fill the basket, none of them weighing less than one pound and several going close on to three pounds.

Near the close of our trip I saw one herd of elk containing not less than 2000 head. Jim and I were lunching on top of a range when we heard a shot. About three minutes after, on the opposite range and about one half mile away, came this big herd on the run. The side of the mountain seemed literally alive with elk and for fully one hour after they were in sight at different times, as the band broke up and crossed small open parks in the timber.

Andrew and Joe each killed a mule deer. I shot at three different bucks but missed them all, one at 75 yards standing. All were beautiful specimens, one in particular, carrying a head with about fourteen points. We were well supplied with meat during the entire trip. At one time we had five different varieties in camp, antelope, sheep, deer, elk and bear meat. As the nights are very cold, the meat freezes and will keep for days.

Too much praise cannot be paid the boys who handled us; they certainly did all in their power to make us as comfortable as possible, and to Jim Simpson lies the credit for the success of the trip. I do not wish to detract any from the credit due each member of the outfit, as they all worked hard. In Claude Simpson and Fred Koerner, Jim had two able assistants. To Fred we were indebted for the bear. He set

JACKSON AND HIS BIG ELK HEAD

MY BEST ANTELOPE

out the traps and carved up the carcasses of two dead bulls. If anybody thinks this is a fancy job, they should try it. I know I had to make tracks when Fred got things stirred up a bit, but he did not seem to mind it. Claude Simpson is a hunter second to none. Although the youngest of the guides, (only twenty-three), he holds his own with the best of them, and knows the country like a book. I doubt if a more finished horseman ever put foot in the stirrup. His exhibitions on some of the bucking pack horses were a great treat, and enjoyed by us all.

In Ed. Mayer, our cook, we had a prize. Ed. could cook an elk steak to perfection. In fact it was a daily occurrence for several of us to eat three of these steaks before we became satisfied. He always had a fine meal prepared for us and his hot cakes were "just what the doctor ordered." Jim Williams, our wrangler, and the youngest but not the smallest man in the outfit, was always ready and willing to attend to all our wants. Jim always had the horses in the corral before breakfast. They staid together pretty well and only on one occasion did any of them leave the bunch. This was after the first snow, when two of them pulled out for home. The next morning Jim was after them and had them back in the bunch by night.

The outlining and planning of the trip fell on Jim Simpson's shoulders. He selected the camp sites and localities to hunt in and to his good judgment lies the success of our trip. We met with no interference whatever, that is from other parties. We were camped in a locality where game was abundant, as our large bag will attest. Jim was continually on the lookout for everybody's comfort, and it seemed to me that he never spent one idle moment on this trip. He was always on the go. If a camp shows up anywhere in sight of him, he is packed up and off the next day. He knows the country like a book, and has told me that if put on horseback and blindfolded and ridden all day, when turned loose he felt sure he would recognize some mountain, tree or stream and know just where he was.

When I killed my ram, which was one and a half mile distant and across the canon, he led me to within 250 yards of and on a direct line with the sheep, and before either one of us saw them, pointed to the exact spot where

JACKSON'S BEAR

THE BLACK SPOTS ARE ELK
(1500 in One Band)

COYOTE IN TRAP

MY BIG SILVER TIP

A WYOMING LAKE

they were. This I thought a wonderful piece of mountaineering.

We were unfortunate in not having more snow, as we expected great results from our dogs. This also hurt our chances on deer. Hunting deer, in this locality, is out of the question without snow. They were the hardest animals we hunted to get a shot at. You have to depend entirely on tracking them, and generally you are seen before you see them. Jim put me on three good bucks, but unfortunately I missed them all. Our total bag was six elk, six antelope, one sheep, two deer, one brown bear, one silver tip, two lynx, two coyotes, one marten, besides numerous small game and trout.

We reached camp on the evening of September 14 and started out on November 1, having spent just 47 days in camp, and I don't believe a better pleased crowd ever left the mountains.

SOUTH COAST SHOOTING

By "Stillhunter."

PART I.—WILSON'S SNIPE.

IN beginning this series of articles—call them stories if you will—I am determined to follow out the same plan I had in mind when I began the series of sketches concerned with sea fishing and which have but recently been finished in "Western Field." This is to combine with the natural history of the birds and the beasts and the fishes a short story of some one experience I may have had with each.

There are few of the fishes of the South-western sea that I have not caught; still fewer of Southern California's feathered or furred game that I have not seen over the sights of the rifle or down the brown groove of the scatter-gun. For each and every one of these, as Linnaeus says, I have a separate affection, but for the game little Wilson's snipe, uncertain haunter of the marshes and the meadows, I think my love is deepest, and him and his mate I shall discuss in this, my first paper.

In California, the southern end of it at least, this is even a more erratic bird than it is in the East, where in some sections it is considered as almost if not quite a permanent resident. Here, wherever there are suitable meadows lowlying to the warm breezes, well-soaked by plenteous rains, the "jack snipe" may be found at certain seasons of the year, but when you have found him, no matter how good your gun or how well trained your dog, you are yet a long way from possessing him for your table.

If I live a thousand years—which, believe me, I have no idea of doing, nor desire so to do—I shall never forget my first experience with a Wilson's snipe. Down in Orange county, in Southern California, there is a small stream, mostly dry, but broadening out into shallow marshes here and there, which has been named Coyote Creek. Along this water course I spent many of the days between the years of sixteen and twenty. There I met my first mallard. There came down my first goose and there, more joy than all the rest, fell my first jack snipe.

I am a great adherent to the small bore shotgun, and at the time of which I write I was possessed of as fine a little 20-gauge as ever came out of the factory. Of course it was a hammer gun; the man who owned a hammerless in those days was a bloated plutocrat; and we, who did not, prophesied dire things for him in the way of getting his head blown off and like fatalities. I flattered myself that I knew the game of the region through which I hunted pretty well, and I did, as does every country lad who keeps his eyes open. One afternoon I took down the little scatter-gun and started down the banks of the creek for a rabbit or two. I remember through the clear perspective of the years that a heavy rain had just fallen, so I judge that it must have been in November, in any event not later than December, and I remember distinctly that everything was bright green; even the willows looked brighter than usual and the doves were more plentiful than I had seen them in the creek bottom for years.

I reached a flat bit of marsh, picked up a rabbit about half way across and went on down to the creek itself to get a drink, when, with twice the suddenness of a quail but without any of the noise, a small brown bird got up from beneath my feet, and, with a shrill whistle, moved off over the marsh. Instinctively I knew it was a game bird. Equally by intuition I threw the gun to my shoulder, and, as the drifting wisp straightened out, the black powder boomed in its wake. But somehow, just about the time the shot reached the place where the snipe had been the snipe was not there to catch it. I tried the other barrel with no better success. Then I reasoned that where there had been one such bird there might be more, and I was fully convinced,

from memories of Old Wisconsin days my father had described to me, that I had stumbled on a rare find—woodcock in California.

Down the creek I went. Another brown squealer got up from beneath my feet, and had not traveled twenty feet when the load of nines caught him right where he lived; in another moment he was lying in my hand, the prettiest game bird I have ever seen, before or since. Mottled brown, just marbled enough with black to make the pleasing combination found in the feathers of the grouse we used to call "pa'tridges" back along the Wisconsin River; huge dark eyes, almost human in their expression while life lasts; a long, clean, even graceful bill, so admirably adapted to the work Nature has laid out for it—all these things unite to make, to my mind, one of the finest, though one of the shyest of the game birds of the northern continent.

By and by another one of the snipe came along, and, I am sorry to say, kept on going, despite the load of nines that went after him. But ere I finished I had six, and had fired, I suppose, twelve shots to get this number, not a bad average for one just beginning to shoot snipe, yet one which I do not think I have since beaten to any great extent. I never hope to kill more than fifty per cent of my tries on these snipe, and I do not think there are many who get over half of the birds they shoot at.

Next day I came back to the bottom land—not a snipe was to be found though I beat the marsh thoroughly, and right there I went up against another wonderful bit of jack snipe lore; the way in which the birds will appear and disappear over night in a restricted locality. This is, judging from all that I have read, a more common habit in the East than it is on the West Coast. Here they are more in the way of settling down for an all winter stay in one locality than of moving about from one section of the country to another. Of course, none of them stay through the breeding season, but many remain very late in the spring, so late that I am almost compelled to believe that they do not breed until the second year. When they do go they take "French leave," so to speak, not even pausing to let their best friends, the gunners, know that they are going.

Wide, muddy reaches along the edge of slow moving streams, level open marshes, and even flat upland meadows, when the winter has been very wet, are the haunts of these birds. Rarely if ever do they appear along the seashore. But once do I remember seeing one on the beach, and that was this last summer when I shot a solitary snipe with a .22-rifle as he stood alone on the sandy slope of the sea. How he came there I have no idea; he may have been delayed in his long journey north, or he may have beaten the barrier and gotten well started on his southern way before the rest of his kind had left the Circle. The nesting place of Wilson's snipe is supposed to be in the far North, though I am not very sure that anyone knows exactly where very many of the snipe tribe do nest or could differentiate their eggs if they should find them.

That delightful writer, D. G. Elliot, has this to say of the mated pair:

"When mated the two birds perform curious evolutions upon the wing in the early morning, rising high in the air and sailing rapidly around each other, producing a strange rolling sound as they descend with great velocity to the ground. A similar manoeuver called "drumming" is often witnessed, chiefly in the autumn, when the birds are wild. One will rise to a great height and then descend towards the earth with the swiftness of an arrow, creating a sound (caused, it is generally believed, by the rush of air through the primaries) which can be heard for a considerable distance. This noise startles other birds in the vicinity until the air is filled with snipe, drumming in all directions if they are numerous in the locality. . . . . They travel always at night, preferring those usually when the moon is shining. Not infrequently this bird will alight on the topmost rail of a fence, or stump, or even on the branch of a tree, and it is perhaps more addicted to this habit when in the vicinity of its nest. This is merely a depression in the grass or bog. The eggs, about four in number, placed with their small ends downward, pyriform in shape, are grayish olive or olive brown in color, spotted and blotched with reddish brown, most numerous at the larger end."

The cry of this snipe is the same throughout its range, though that of the European snipe, its prototype of the eastern hemisphere, is said to be quite different from the *scaip, scaip* we are familiar with. This cry, so far as I have been able to observe, is never

WILSON'S SNIPE

uttered on the ground, and seldom when the bird is in full flight. It is essentially a cry of alarm, used on the first rise from the earth where the bird has been hiding. When the day is rainy, or even dark and cloudy, jack snipe move around much more freely than they do on warm, sunshiny days, and as a consequence, are much more wary and difficult to shoot. Coming up on them in time for a *shot with the wind* is practically an impossibility on such days, not that the birds actually smell the hunter's approach, but they have the wind to aid them in their rise and in their getaway, whereby they move out of accurate range of almost any shotgun before the average snap shot can get his eye on them. The rising of one bird uttering its wavering cry in such weather is the signal for all the birds of its kind in one piece of marsh to rise with it. Frequently they will move entirely out of the region in which they are feeding, but more often they will circle about,

eventually returning to the same bit of lowland, there to repeat their previous action with the next shooter who comes along.

From these habits it is easy to see that the jack snipe hunter who would achieve success must choose sunny days; furthermore, if he is wise and can find any breeze stirring, he will come into the marsh *against* it, so that when his birds get up he will have a moment's respite in which to shoot ere they get fully under way. I have heard a great deal said about the way in which a snipe will "straighten out" when he has finished the first erratic rise, so as to give the hunter a nice chance to pot him, but I have found that a jack snipe, by the time he settles into steady flight is about forty yards from the shooter and going at the speed of a ninety-horse-power automobile on a dark road at three o'clock in the morning. Of course you can hit him, for he flies on a straight line and at a dead level, but, unless you have one of those hundred-yard shotguns that poetical imaginations dream about, you will only wound him, and then, even though you have a dog, you will have a good deal of trouble finding him. I do not know that I am overly tender hearted, but I am convinced that it is a crime to let a bird or an animal wander off to die a lingering death in pain amid the tangle of the home it loved so well.

I have seen men—and I believe my father is one of them—who can kill woodcock and jack snipe and doves and quail under all sorts of conditions, but not for me the shooting of any of them where the brush is high and scattered. The game is not so bad where the undergrowth is thick and high, for then the birds are compelled to fly over it, but where it is high and scattered they persist in flying through it, and any one who has shot through damp ground grown up to stocky willows knows exactly what this means. I can kill more cottontails in a cactus patch where there is a burrow every ten feet than I can snipe or doves when they go through these young groves of slender stemmed trees. Any bird flying across the line of fire will carry away a lot of shot unless hit in a very vital spot. I have known doves to fly more than two hundred yards across open grain stubble after being shot in the side and then crumple up like bits of wet paper when they came to the end of their flight, falling quite dead to the earth. In cases of this kind in the lowlands, of course, the birds get away to furnish food for rats and skunks, dropping into the thick undergrowth to die unfound.

Woodcock, as I am told by men who have bagged many of them in eastern marshes, as a rule fly straight away from the disturber of their resting places, and this in some measure holds true of the jack snipe, though if any of these birds get a fair start they generally fly straightaway, offering the shooter a better chance than do the eastern birds. Where the willows are small and slender the snipe as a rule cut out their first zigzag flight and throw themselves in wider curves between and among the trees.

For my jack snipe shooting, as for the greater part of my work with all the birds, I prefer chilled number nines for shot, with not more than three drams of powder behind them. I find that they carry further, kill more surely and are all around more satisfactory in their execution than either eights or tens, both of which sizes have many advocates. Of course, this load is considered for a twelve-gauge gun; for the smaller sizes, sixteen and twenty, with the rare fourteen, reductions should be made in the quantity of shot as well as of powder.

The question of caliber of gun is a matter of personal preference. For my part, I imagine that I shall continue to use a small gauge, either a twenty or a sixteen, with a twelve for ducks and grouse when I am so fortunate as to get a day with either of them. The small guns are light, if they are loaded properly they carry up well, and for going through the brush and on long tramps they are preferable to heavier sizes. For several years, I shot nothing but a twenty gauge, but since game has become so scarce on the South Coast, and so wary, I have come to use a sixteen for most of my work. The sixteen hammerless of any reputable make is about as nice a field gun as I know, though from all I can learn it does not do the work at the traps which the twelve-gauges accomplish.

But, to return to the jack snipe—the best place to find them on such days as I have suggested for their hunting, is on low fresh water marshes, where ponds are not too abundant yet where the mud is soft enough for them to get full action with their long bills. It is as a rule useless to hunt for these birds where there are no holes in the mud,

for whenever the snipe are around they will make these holes. Some times I think they poke the mudflats full of holes out of sheer fun, for surely no snipe ever ate all the worms to be obtained in the full number of holes that one can make in a single night or in a cloudy afternoon.

By nature jack snipe are solitary birds, but they are occasionally met with in good sized bands, especially in the times of migration. At such times they do not seem to fly as high as do most of the other shore birds, but travel altogether by night, making frequent stops for days at a time where the location is suitable for feeding. Many curious and unreliable stories are thus aroused of their sudden appearance and disappearance in the brief interval between two days. The movements of jack snipe, and indeed of all birds, are easily explainable, either by the demand of their stomachs, the approach of the nesting season or the falling of winter upon their summer homes. Of a surety, the jack snipe is no dullard, and when he or his mate make a move there is a good reason behind it, not the mere whim of capricious wings.

"DOWN TIMBER"

THE BREEDING OF CALIFORNIA QUAIL

By Harry H. Dunn

ONE of the most ornamental birds of the whole North American continent is the California Valley Partridge, (*Callipepla Californica vallicola*), or "California Quail," as it is commonly known throughout its limited range. No species of game bird native to the New World makes so pleasing an appearance on the grounds of a large estate, or even in a good-sized flying cage, as does this little blue-coated fellow who is constantly and consistently raising his musical cry through all the Southern California hills.

With the idea in mind not so much of propagating them for sale as for my own pleasure in seeing them about my father's home place, I tried the experiment of rearing these birds in captivity several years ago. About the time I had learned a little of their habits in captivity by dear experience, I left the place and broke into the newspaper game in Los Angeles. My birds have since been scattered; doubtless many of them went back to the wild state, but I demonstrated to my own satisfaction that the valley quail can be induced to nest in captivity, to lay eggs, and probably, in due course of time to hatch her clutch, just as she would in the wild. The story of my experiment in detail follows:

The hills among which I was living at the time were low and covered with a thick growth of low underbrush, sages, chemise wood, and a sort of spicy shrub the name of which I do not know. The quail were plentiful here, as were also many small birds and rabbits, and in one of the canons, the broadest and most thickly wooded, I set a trap, one of those swinging door kind that we used to make for rabbits and "pa'tridges" back in Wisconsin twenty years ago.

This I baited with cracked corn and a few piles of bran mash. All I caught the first day was a flock of sparrows, Gambel's or the white-crowned. The time was late November, for I thought best to give the birds caught the best of opportunities to become acquainted with their new surroundings before the breeding season came.

On the second day the trap was entirely empty though the quail had eaten all the food placed outside the framework. On the morning of the third day, however, when I went out to the trap beneath one of the many huge elder trees which dot all the Southern California hills, I found three birds awaiting me, all, as nearly as I could determine, birds of the year.

These, together with six others caught during the ensuing week, were taken home, and the trap abandoned. In a low swale directly back of my house and not more than fifty yards from the back door, I made a cage for them in the following manner:

A piece of level land 60x30 feet and containing several clumps of sage brush, a plentiful growth of grass and a low elder tree, was selected. This was enclosed, first of all with 2x2 posts, ten feet high and set four feet apart. Along the bottom of these a run board was let into the ground about fifteen inches. I now think that one foot is an ample depth for this board, but it must not be omitted on account, particularly, of skunks, notorious diggers and no less notorious killers of quail, especially the young birds. In this case my runboard extended some six inches above the ground; it was an inch thick piece of white pine, well joined and nailed together at the ends.

From the ends of the posts already mentioned pieces of lithe green willow were bowed across, forming an arched roof. Doubtless hickory bows would be better for a permanent cage, but the willow is much cheaper—quite an item in the average

"LOW HILLS COVERED WITH THICK UNDERGROWTH"

country bird lover's account. The door was blocked out and a stout 2x4 pine frame put in to carry the skeleton door.

Then the whole was neatly and closely covered with small-mesh "chicken fencing," the edges overlapped and the bottom tacked far enough down on the runboard to insure no trifling wild cat or fox getting his paw in and ripping things wide open.

The door was made of netting, three feet wide, necessitating the setting in of another post, six feet high and provided with strong spring hinges, so that when opened it flew shut again immediately on being released. It swung inward into a room about four feet square and six feet high, also made of netting and corresponding to a sort of ante-room. This was intended as a double preventive of the birds' escaping, a door being made to lead from it into the main room. This scheme has many advantages with birds which never become very tame and also with birds of wild and sudden flight, but with species as docile as the quail I do not now see that it is necessary. Indeed, it seems to me that it merely takes up room and accomplishes little or nothing in the way of actual benefit, either to raiser or to birds.

As it happened, I was living at this time in a bit of country where numerous water pipe lines had been laid in years gone by and then abandoned. Consequently, inch and two inch iron pipe could be had practically for the asking, and I laid a line from the main line at the house to the cage. I made a little basin in the earth, soaked it and resoaked it, lined it with crude asphaltum from a spring in the nearby hills, run my pipe line into it and another and larger line out, and had a system whereby my birds were constantly in posession of fresh, moving water. The stream allowed to run into the cage, of course, was regulated by a stopcock at the house and never exceeded a half inch at any time. The pipe leading from the drinking pool was a full inch, so laid that at the usual water level only half of its open end was submerged. This gave abundant lee-

way for it to carry off all excess waters in case of rain or of the feed pipe becoming unduly opened. Of course, people living in places where all manner of supplies are more readily accessible, can make such a pool from cement, putting in at the same time a miniature streamlet, also lined with cement, and wandering through the shrubbery. All birds appreciate such bits of the wildwood brought home to them in their cages, but none of them will repay care like the quail.

At first it was planned to have the feeding places on movable boards, and during the wet season of midwinter this was done to some extent, but for the most part the feed was dropped on the hard spaces around among the brush. Such small barren places will be found in every brushy section, no matter how small, especially in the Southwest, and they make the best and most acceptable places on which to feed your gallinaceous birds, be they quail or pheasants.

At the time the quail were taken in the trap they were supposed to consist of six females and three males, making nine in all, but as time progressed, even before the large cage was built, it was discovered that four were males and five females. The topknot of one of the young males had been so injured as to look very like that of the female of the same age, and a casual observation had not noticed the difference.

Some time in December they were put in the new cage, having become so tame while in their smaller quarters at the house that they would crowd all about the one who fed them, eating between his feet if he stood perfectly still, but running away rapidly and with many little cries of alarm if he attempted any familiarities. They soon made themselves at home in the large cage, roosting by night in the elder tree as is their custom in the trees of the wildwood.

For feed we gave them anything, almost, that the chickens ate, save meat, but gradually we learned their preferences and their diet became cracked corn, Egyptian or Kaffir corn, wheat, and, indeed, most of the grains. They were passionately fond of sunflower seeds. Dried heads of these showy blossoms hung in the cage were cleaned of their seeds in short order. Of course it was too late to get the seed-filled heads of the wild sunflowers on which the quail had been wont to feed before their capture, but many a farmer's barn in the neighborhood gave up a goodly store of the domesticated plant, heads of which had been hung away to feed the chickens in the spring. Thrashed sunflower seed can be bought at most supply stores, and I have no doubt that these would serve equally as well, though my birds seemed especially to enjoy plucking the seeds one by one from the downhanging heads. Were I to feed them the thrashed product I should scatter it well among the grass or around the brush whereunder the birds are wont to gather before or after their regular feeding time.

And while the question of feeding is up, it should be insisted that all gallinaceous birds should be fed regularly, just as are chickens or any other stock. Only by this method, and by absolute uniformity of temper in dealing with them, can they be brought anywhere near to the domestication for which they seem, to me at least, to be well adapted.

It was the custom in the case of which I am writing to feed the birds well about four o'clock in the afternoon, again in the morning; and, if their feed was well eaten, to give a fresh supply at noon or before. This requires care as well as constant watchfulness to see that all the birds are eating well and relishing their feed. The steady, automatic flow of water is a great help in work of this kind, and should be provided wherever possible in all aviaries, whether their occupants be large or small birds.

In the course of the few brief months in which I was possessed of these quail they came to be, not a care, but a constant source of pleasure to me, an education in themselves in the ways of their kind. The person who is not interested in birds beyond the mercenary stage should never keep an aviary; if he persists in it he should be forcibly prevented from so doing, for sooner or later, he is going to grow careless and leave his birds to die of thirst or of hunger, or by the tame cat route. And, by the way, one of the most faithful ad-

juncts I had in my quail raising was an old sawed-off .44 carbine; many the marauding house cat that went into kingdom come by way of that old gun. I have it yet, and will guarantee to hit all the house cats in America if they are sent before it at distances up to one hundred yards. The house cat is a nuisance, a sneak, a thief and a murderer; let all sportsmen, all lovers of God's out of doors and its indwellers unite to wipe the cat tribe off the face of the earth.

The most interesting part of the year, in my quail cage, was the nesting season, which did not begin with the caged birds until the end of April, though in the hills the eggs are usually well on their way toward hatching by that time. As it was, only two of the females laid at all, the other three being too young or too unaccustomed to their new home to take up the duties of the springtime.

In one nest, well hid in the back of the cage, twelve eggs were laid, in the other nest there were nine. I have found dozens if not hundreds of the nests of these birds out in the hills and the usual run of eggs is fifteen or seventeen, but here the numbers were considerably less; indeed, I do not know of any female quail in captivity that have laid more than fourteen eggs in a natural setting, though birds have been induced to lay many more than this number by their owner taking away one or more eggs each day.

But when they had their nests all made, as nicely framed out of the grasses of the cage bed as any I have ever seen in the wild oat fields of the hills, they would not sit. Day in and day out the eggs lay there, added to each day until the females had finished laying and then deserted as completely as was ever wild quail's nest when wandering farmer's boy touched it with careless hand. One of the females did stay by her nest for one whole day, and my hopes rose high, only to be dashed to earth again next morning. I have since learned, however, of a young friend of mine who was acquainted with my experiment and who has since reared a fine family of seven of the birds from a sitting female very similar to mine.

A gentleman residing not far from Pasadena, California, found several young quail, just into the feathered stage, almost frozen in his barnyard one early spring morning of last year. He succeeded in raising all of these to full growth, though they do not seem to be any more tame or more nearly domesticated than are those taken in traps from the thickets of the hills.

I think that those birds of mine would have nested and reared their young birds in the next season had I been able to have the exclusive care of them during all the year, so that they would have become well acquainted with their keeper and in no wise frightened by his approach or by his movements among them.

Around many ranch homes of the Southwest there are recognized bands of quail, augmented by their natural increase from year to year, and more stringently protected by the owners of these ranches than they ever could be by any set of game laws. Such coveys as these are never shot over; they come to feed with the chickens and the pigeons, their cries fill the shrubbery and they fearlessly dot the lawn with animated bits of life. To my mind such a collection of wild birds as this remaining in and around my grounds from choice and not from compulsion, would be infinitely preferable to many caged birds or to any quantity of the half-domesticated, sheep-headed pheasants I have seen.

FROM UNDER THE BIRCH CANOE

WHAT is the eloquent song of the waves,
From under the birch canoe?
Varying notes in their myriad moods.
Has it no meaning for you?

What does it say
On a calm Summer day?

"Lapping and lipping, paddle a' dipping,
Of languorous laziness leisurely sipping.
Bare are the moments of care. Life is fair.
Soft silken sunshine in satiny hair,
My Lady lies cushioned framed. Youth's in its prime!
Entrancing, and dancing dark eyes are enhancing
A beauty recalling the olden romancing."
So murmurs the song in mellifluous rhyme.

What does it say
In the rapid's wild spray?

"Splashing and dashing, through foam fiercely crashing
The hand must command lest the craft go a' smashing.
Eddys boil, currents coil, intently we toil,
The while frothing jaws all about us we foil.
On we fly, 'do or die', the shore races by
Twist and turn, waters churn, now grazing rocks burn
On our side. Ah,—at last we have left it astern!"
This is the paean the rolling waves cry.

What does it say
'Neath the Moon's silv'ry ray?

"Though night, still 'tis bright; 'tis a time for delight
The Moon's fairy brush paints an avenue white,
To gleam and to glimmer, to never grow dimmer,
It bathes all the woodland in radiant shimmer.
My Lady, bewitching, with loose, lustrous tresses,
Coquettish, yet artless, is gracious, not heartless
Dan Cupid, canoeing, is never found dart-less."
So the ripple attunes, as the bow it caresses.

List to the eloquent voice of the waves,
From under the birch canoe!
List to the melodies, mystic and strange
The ripples are chanting to *you!*

—*F. L. Harding.*

SOME CURIOSITIES OF NEW ZEALAND INSECT LIFE

By R. Clapham.

THE Motu district of the North Island where I spent several years, far from the nearest civilization, offers great opportunities for the entomologist, or what a school boy would designate as "bug hunter."

The district was by no means overrun by the insect tribe, yet among the specimens I encountered were many that are well worthy of examination, on account of their very noticeable peculiarities and possibly a word or two on these curiosities may interest some of our readers.

We will head the list with the Kauri bug, called by the native Maoris *Kekerern.* This insect which has the appearance of a black beetle, lays claim to distinction on account of the weird and wonderful stench which it emits on being frightened, or when crushed by the hand or under foot. The sketch given here gives a general idea of the insect's appearance, but the smell, like that of the skunk, is better imagined than described.

One of the most curious of the insects which have come under my observation from time to time, is the vegetable caterpillar, called by the Maoris *Aweto.* The caterpillar when ready to turn into chrysalis form buries itself in the ground, where it assumes a white vegetable appearance, although still keeping its caterpillar shape.

This caterpillar is usually some three inches or thereabouts in length, and when burrowing in the earth, the theory is, that seeds of a certain fungus become imbedded in the skin of the insect; and as the caterpillar is then in a weak condition it is quite unable to rid itself of the pest, which grows and spreads through the entire insect's body, changing it into a vegetable substance, yet retaining at the same time the original caterpillar shape, even to the head, claws, etc.

From the neck of the caterpillar a single stem rises, growing to a height of eight inches or more, the tip of which resembles a small bulrush. The habitat of this insect plant is the roots of the Rata tree.

No more than one stem grows from the insect at a time but should it be broken off another will rise up in its place.

The natives are fond of this vegetable substance as food, and they also used it in earlier years, when burned and ground up into powder, for tattooing purposes, though of late years tattooing is going more and more out of fashion.

The body of the caterpillar never in a single instance decomposes, from which we may conclude that the change from insect to vegetable, takes place during the lifetime of the caterpillar.

Another insect which is common in the soft wood trees of the bush is the *Weta,* so named by the natives. I shall always re-

THE "AWETO"
A Vegetable Caterpillar

THE "WETA"

member my first introduction to this repulsive and dangerous looking creature, for repulsive and hideous it most certainly is, and it is capable of giving one a bite which will let the blood flow pretty freely.

I was chopping the limb of a wild fuschia tree, and as the ax sank through the soft hollow limb, a pair of long feelers and a hideous head like a skull, made their appearance shortly followed by the rest of the creature's body. I promptly concluded that a beast with such formidable jaws was sure to be a biter, and therefore inserted a small twig between the jaws which closed on it like a vice; after which I promptly beheaded the beast with the ax.

The male has more formidable jaws than the female and they also differ somewhat in general appearance. They are not possessed of wings and their covering is a kind of horny, shell-like substance.

There are many and various kinds of spiders to be seen, some of which grow to an enormous size, though I believe the only really deadly specimen is a small one with a bright red spot on its body which inhabits sandy places, the bite of which is said to cause death. The name of this spider is I believe *Katipo*.

Mosquitoes swarm along the creek beds and swampy places, but they are not so formidable or so large as the American species.

One of the worst insect pests is the sand fly which swarms in countless thousands, and which bites most viciously.

Locusts also are to be found, which somewhat resemble the European kind, more especially in the noise they make when settled on a tree or other vantage point.

It is a lucky thing that nature has supplied other wild things to keep under control these hordes of the insect world or otherwise life would soon be extinct. The "blight bird," is one of these, a small bird which lives chiefly on insects and flies, though not averse to an occasional nip at a grape or a fig.

The imported Chinese pheasants are also a great help in keeping down the pests of the insect world, especially the slugs and crickets, but they also have a strong partiality for the maize and potato crops of the settlers. The farmers I am afraid look on the "long tails" more as enemies than friends, though the sporting ones of the community forgive their depredations amongst the crops on account of the sport they afford with dog and gun.

I have opened the crops of pheasants shot on different sporting trips, and in every case they have contained great quantities of slugs and other insects, showing therefore that they must do much good in ridding the land of the insect pests. Good sport can be had with the pheasants, according to the locality hunted, though the gunner has usually to do a good deal of "leg-work" to enable him to "grass" a good bag.

THE MANTIS

Five or six brace can usually be got without expending undue energy, though many more fall to the guns of those who do not mind the expenditure of greater fatigue and labor in the attainment of their object.

To bring down an old cock as he sails across some deep gulley on the fern clad hillside, is surely well worth doing a little walking for, and as the old dog retrieves the game and lays it at your feet, the hard work and stiff walking fade into insignificance as you pick up the beautifully plumaged bird and lay him in the game bag.

One more queer insect and my visit to the "buggy" world is finished—this is the Mantis or walking twig. Like the chameleon this queer looking creature has the power of changing its color to conform with the shade of its surroundings. It is commonly found on the tea-tree scrub, and when on the young green leaves it is a corresponding color, changing to brown when it moves to the dead, brown colored portions. In shape it much resembles a twig fallen from some tree, and when it comes in contact with any one moving through the trees, it sticks tenaciously to one's clothing until pulled away. Often have I felt them on my person when creeping through the bush after pigeons, and though accustomed to seeing them day after day I never quite got over a creepy sort of feeling when I noticed one of the uncanny things hanging to my shooting coat-sleeve or holding fast to my head-gear with perhaps a couple of legs tickling my neck or face.

THE KAURI BUG

THE CALL

OH, the striving spirit falters,
All the city traffics pall;
From the radiant lips of nature
I near the primal call.

Calling me to sweet communion
With the open solitude;
With the sound of rippling waters
And the shadows of the wood.

Aye, I hear the voice a-calling,
Loudly in the city's strife,
From the hillside and the valley,
Sweet with promises of life.

Like a siren mother calling,
O'er the woodland, o'er the hill,
And I yearn for open spaces
Where the sunlight lingers still.

—*Harry T. Fee.*

BRANNAGAN was in the hospital. The Sawbones said it was a case of typhoid, and he was good for a long stay. Brannagan—our "Wild Irishman"—the best salesman in the bunch, and the Spring trade just opening up!

The Boss fairly tore his hair, and the things he said were unprintable! "The House" was his fetish, and he did not recognize the right of *anything* —neither an overruling Providence or a measly microbe— to interfere with its workings. At this time of the year every man was needed at his post, and what to do was the all-absorbing question.

There was speculation as to how the Boss would solve the problem. We considered it a good gamble and staked our money on the result. The odds were on the assistant bookkeeper to go out for Brannagan, but somehow I couldn't see it that way. Those who went back and forth to his private office reported the Boss "as cross as a bear with a sore head," so, when I was suddenly summoned to appear before him, I felt like a criminal when the judge puts on the black cap and says solemnly—"Stand up!"

The boys in the outer office shook hands with me and pulled long faces—asked if I carried life insurance, and what should be done with the remains—but I faced the music with a show of confidence I was far from feeling, not knowing why I was to be hauled over the coals, but expecting a "hot time"—let the offense be what it might. I knew also that the little stenographer, Miss Stevens, was taking his dictation at the time, and I hated to have her a witness to my humiliation. Some way I usually knew just about where she was, every hour of the day—though I fancy she did not suspect it—and in my mind I did not call her "Miss Stevens" but "The sweetest girl in the world"—which would probably have surprised her immensely if she had been a mind-reader.

As I stepped into the office, the Boss whirled around on his chair, and looking me over for a minute, suddenly burst forth with—"Forbes, you'll have to go out on the road in Brannagan's place—there is no other way."

I fairly gasped—but involuntarily began to tot up my winnings from the boys. I had taken the odds, and as I went over in my mind—"A tenner from Johnson, five from old Gordon"—I was dimly conscious that the Boss was going on—"We can't take any of the other travelers off their routes, and the more important office men can't be spared, with a rush of orders coming in. Some one must look after your work here and you will have to go out and do the best you can. We wont expect much of you"—here I sat up and began to take notice. Pleasant thing to hear before Miss Stevens, and I said to myself—"Well! If 'hustling' will count, you *may* get more than you expect." At any rate I had always longed for a chance to have a try at selling goods on the road, and here it was, and I intended to make the most of it. Again I heard his voice saying—"You can at least go over the ground and perhaps pick up some orders until we can look around and get our bearings. I'll have your route

made out today. Get your papers together and be ready to start tomorrow morning, and look sharp about it."

As I was turning to go he gave me a queer kind of a glance and said—"One moment! You may as well arrange to drop off at K—— and see what you can do with Beaver." I managed to stammer out something and get myself out of the room, but not before I had seen a twinkle of amusement in the soft brown eyes of the little stenographer. "Drop off and see Beaver!" Here *was* a facer.

Beaver used to be one of our best customers, but for some reason that no one could fathom Brannagan had not been able to get anything out of him lately and it was the office puzzle. We spent our time on "off days" trying to solve it. How much the Boss knew about it no one could tell, but we had not been able to get much out of Brannagan except that Beaver was "something fierce," and as that might mean a whole lot of things, we were not much enlightened. Beaver was a sore subject with Brannagan and one he avoided, but we knew he had done his best to placate him, and I remembered hearing him say that he ought to be called "Badger" instead of "Beaver," for he had some traits of the former, and not much resemblance to the latter, and at any rate "he wouldn't take water." And now poor little me—one of the youngsters of the force holding a subordinate position, and absolutely inexperienced on the road—was sent out to tackle him!

I decided it must be a sort of a grim joke on the part of the Boss—perhaps a means of working off his ill-humor on me. I was to be "thrown to the bears" and it went a long way toward spoiling my gratification at being picked out to take Brannagan's place, but I braced up outwardly and swaggered into the main office with my hands in my pockets, and a devil-may-care air which produced an immediate effect. The boys fell over themselves in their anxiety to know what had happened. They surrounded me crying out—"What's up, Kid?"—"You look mighty chesty!"—"Did the Boss raise your salary?"—"Did he resign in your favor?"—"Asked him up to his country place to spend his vacation, by Jove!"—growled old Gordon.

"Guess again boys"—I chaffed back—"he's given me a pot of money, and I'll trouble you to go down in your jeans, dig it up, and fork it over. Perhaps you remember that I took you—two to one—on Franklin, and *I* am going out for Brannagan."

The boys gave a whoop that I thought would bring the Boss to see what was up, and then—like the good fellows they were—they clapped me on the back 'til I was breathless, and fell to with a will to help me get my papers together. When it leaked out in the course of my preparations that I was to call on Beaver, the boys groaned again. "Need that accident insurance after all, wont he fellers"—grinned Shepherd—"Too bad to feed this tender lamb to the wolves." "The Boss must have it in for him, to send him up against a proposition that downed Brannagan!" said Gordon—and so it went on until I was ready to start.

As we were a sporting goods house and sold mainly by catalogue, I had but few samples to carry, and the next day I was on my way with price lists and so on all complete, and with what little courage I had left after the boys were through with me.

But hope revived in time, as, in spite of my inexperience, I was able to send in some very fair orders during the next few weeks—perhaps because the customers wanted the goods anyway and were ready to order, but at any rate the Boss sent me a word of commendation now and then (which I was glad to note was dictated to Miss Stevens), and the boys in the office added an occasional bit to papers that passed through their hands—"Good boy, Dick!—Who said Brannagan?"—"Keep a going, you'll soon have Brannagan beaten to a froth!"—and the like, so I began to feel rather proud of myself, and would have been quite happy if the time for my visit to K—— had not been drawing near.

The night before I reached there I blundered—took the wrong road—and found myself about midnight, dropped at a little station two miles from the town instead of at the town proper which was on another line. A surly station agent was the only man on top of ground in that region apparently, and as for any sort of conveyance that was out of the question he said. A light rain was falling and it was dark as Erebus, but there was nothing for me to do but pick up my hand-baggage and foot it into K——, as I had wired Beaver I would see him at ten o'clock the next morning.

The station agent managed to grunt out the information that I had only to keep to the main

road and go ahead, and I would eventually find myself at my destination. As I stumbled along the slippery road in the thick darkness I cursed the Boss for sending me on this fool's errand, and as for Beaver, I began to hate him with a deadly hatred and longed to pummel him to a jelly, instead of trying to sell him the big bill which the house desired.

At last the lights of K—— gleamed in the distance and I finally staggered into the hotel at two o'clock in the morning—mad, tired, and bedraggled—and turned in for a wink of sleep; but try as I might it was in vain. I tossed and tumbled until daylight, and thought over and over of the dreaded encounter. With no compass or chart to guide me, how was I to steer my bark to a safe harbor? If I only knew what reefs to look for I might avoid them, but I was all at sea. The night passed someway and I was out of bed with a dull headache, and with little appetite for my breakfast. That finished, I had time to kill and loafed about trying to spy out the lay of the land.

K—— was a flourishing country town, drawing trade from a fine agricultural district, and Beaver seemed to be *the* man of the town, in a commercial sense, with a rattling trade, and a big general store where he sold everything from thimbles to threshing machines, and from peanuts to pianos. The mention of his name and my intended call, for some reason or other evoked smiles from the hangers-on about the hotel, but they would only wag their heads knowingly and say he was a "queer fish," or "odd as Dick's hatband"—whatever that might signify—until it began to get on my nerves, already somewhat shaken by my last night's experience, and by ten o'clock I was in a blue funk, and walked into the store as I might have led a forlorn hope up to the cannon's mouth—and come to think of it, in the light of future events that isn't such a bad simile, either.

As I went in I saw a little boxed-in office to my right, with a small window in the side like a post office delivery, and through it the profile of a little fat man who was bending over a desk and scribbling furiously. He was in his shirt sleeves, with vest unbuttoned and swinging free, and minus a necktie. A battered old hat, that had evidently seen many summers, surrounded his face like a straw halo. A wisp of iron-gray hair hung over his forehead, and a pendant "chin-whisker" moved up and down like a billy goat's, as he mumbled and chewed at a huge quid of tobacco which distended his cheek like a wen.

I stepped to the window, and with the best imitation of perfect selfpossession I could muster, said: "Good morning! Mr. Beaver, I believe? and handed him my card. He blinked at it a minute, and throwing it on the desk with a snort, pulled open a drawer, reached in, and made a quick movement in my direction. The next moment I was looking down the barrel of a loaded revolver, held in a determined hand.

My heart rose up and gave one mighty thump against a picture of "the sweetest girl in the world," which I had come by surreptitiously and was carrying—unbeknown to anyone—in my left breast pocket. The Lord knows why I didn't duck or run—He knows also that I was scared stiff. Perhaps that's why I didn't move, only to raise my head and look over the revolver into two deep-set eyes, under shaggy brows drawn together in a frown that seemed to mean business.

For a full minute we glared at each other without moving a muscle. Then in a flash he had lowered the revolver and pointed it at the office floor. *Bang!—Bang!—Bang!—Bang!—Bang!*—went the whole charge in quick succession, and as though that was a signal (and I afterward decided it must have been), from behind a near-by partition pandemonium broke loose, and everything in the stock that could make a noise seemed to lend itself to swell the infernal din. Tinware rattled—"rag-time" was pounded out of pianos—corn-shellers started with a clatter—cow-bells and sleigh-bells chimed in, and a dozen music-boxes ground out popular airs. The noise fairly stunned me, and I stood as though transfixed, while the wreaths of powder smoke floated around us, and the old man bent again over his desk and scratched away for dear life.

As I stared at him a hot wave of indignation surged over me. I began to "see red"—and a murderous impulse prompted me to reach in through the little window and throttle him where he sat. My fingers itched to bury themselves in his fat neck and close there until he begged for mercy. But by degrees I pulled myself together, and as the noises began to die away I lifted up my voice and reviled him in every phrase, and with every

epithet I could muster—and they must have made a pretty strong showing. I could not remember afterward what I said; but as I went on it came over me that I had finished myself for sure—and Blank & Co. as well—in that neck-of-the-woods, and I said to myself, "D——n it! as I have gone so far, I may as well see it through, and give him everything I have in the shop. It will be the only satisfaction I'll ever get out of it." The old man paid no attention to me, and I just took a fresh hold, and sailed in again.

"You old fat-head," I roared, beating my fist on the window ledge, "you may run a lot of hand-organs but you can't make a monkey of *me*, you can gamble on that. I don't care a 'tinker's dam' if you never buy a dollar's worth of goods of Blank & Co. and neither do they, but you're not such a fool as you look, and you know mighty well that we've got the best line of goods on God's green earth. More than that, your customers know it, too, and they're crying for 'em this minute. And now I'll tell you something you *don't* know—and that is that Morgan Brothers, over in S———, have got wind of how you are fighting shy of us, and they are bidding for our goods in this county for all they are worth. You can see how easy it would be for them to draw off your trade in the sporting line, and you know what that would lead to in other lines. Put *that* in your pipe and smoke it, and be d——d to you!"

As I paused for breath, he turned his head at last, and peering out at me over his glasses drawled out: "Young man, you'd better get out of here before somebody helps you!"

I came back with, "I don't *need* any help. I can't get out any too quick to suit *me*, and if you ever see me or any other representative of Blank & Co's in your old shebang again, you'll send for 'em, and you'll meet 'em with something beside horse-pistols and horse-play, and don't you forget it. I'll leave this town on the first train out—at six o'clock—and before this time tomorrow, I'll sell Morgan Brothers a bill of goods that will make you sick. It will be 'Good-by forever' to Beaver's sporting goods trade in this county!" And with this parting shot I stalked out.

When I got back to the hotel I was trembling with excitement, and the thought of how I had put myself in a position to undo all I had done in the past few weeks on the road gave me a chill. I could hear the Boss calling me as many kinds of a fool as I had called Beaver, and I wondered how I could ever go back and face him. As for Morgan Brothers that was only a big bluff. It was true they had heard of Beaver's offishness, and had approached us about our goods, but upon looking up their commercial rating they had been found so shaky that the house wouldn't have filled an order from them for a cleaning rod without an accompanying remittance to cover. Dunn's report had made Blank & Co. all the more anxious to hold Beaver's trade. He was commercially the best man in the county—good for any amount he was likely to need, and prompt with his settlements.

Oh, I was "It" all right, and I knew it. My lunch wouldn't go down past the lump in my throat, and my favorite cigar tasted like rope as I lounged on the hotel porch and pulled away at it. I longed for six o'clock when I could shake the dust of K——— from my feet and didn't much care where I went, so it was far from this hated town that I had reached under so many difficulties, and where I had met my Waterloo indeed.

I took out the picture of "the sweetest girl in the world," and as I gazed at it all my fond fancies faded away, and my castles in Spain crumbled to dust. Some day I had hoped to pluck up courage enough to tell her how I loved her. This hope had sweetened my toil, and given me strength to work hard to gain a position where I would be justified in asking her to give herself into my keeping. Since this chance on the road had come my way, and I had had a fair measure of success, I had begun to think that happy time might not be far off. But that was over now! I would probably be bounced for good and all at Blank & Co's, and would lose even the poor pleasure of beng near her during office hours. In view of the probable outcome I was glad I had never spoken a word of love to her. Now she was free to marry a better man. "God knows they are not hard to find," I said to myself bitterly.

Just here a ragged urchin appeared at my elbow, and with a grin threw this bombshell from the enemy into my camp: "Mr. Beaver says for you to come down to the

store right away. He wants to order some goods."

Ye gods of war! Was Beaver "taking water" at last? I didn't know what to think of it, and was in two minds about going at all; but as I had nothing to lose, and everything to gain, I concluded to chance it. However I made no haste about it and took my own time—not to appear too anxious—composing myself as best I could for whatever might be in store for me.

When I presented myself, Beaver met me as though nothing had happened, and I took my cue from him. "Mr. Forbes, I want prices on some goods for the spring trade," he said at once. And you can bet money he got some good stiff ones, with no concessions on my part, for I felt that I had him on the run. He made no demur at my terms, and wound up by ordering a *carload* lot. As we stepped into the office to sign the contract I took a sly look at the floor. "No bullet holes—blank cartridges," I said to myself. "I wonder if Brannagan ran from them?"

When I folded the contract and put it in my pocket I felt so elated—there was such a revulsion from my despondency of a few hours before—that I could have cut a pigeon-wing, or danced a cake-walk if the old music-boxes had begun again to grind out their tunes; but they were as silent over my victory as they had been noisy at my defeat. Instead of wishing to choke the breath out of the little man I could have fallen on his neck and wept, but I managed to maintain a calm and dignified demeanor, thank him for the order in a conventional way, and say "Good-day."

Perhaps I didn't walk on air during the remainder of the week! I was in the clouds. I pictured to myself a dozen times a day, and in as many different ways, how the Boss would take that order, and what the boys in the office would say. I hoped Miss Stevens would know of it. Altogether I was in a fool's Paradise, from which I was brought suddenly to earth by a folded paper in a yellow envelope, thrust under my nose by an imp of an A. D. T. boy. The message read:

"Come in for over Sunday about that Beaver matter." It was signed by the Boss.

"Well," thought I, "it looks as though I was in for it, after all. I expect the old curmudgeon has taken his sweet revenge and has peached. If he has reported half I said to him, I am done for. Off comes my head. It's 'me for the block,' and good-by to mother, home and friends."

I got into my home town late Saturday afternoon, and found few of the office force about. The Boss had gone out of town for over Sunday, leaving word he would see me the first thing Monday morning, and I could get nothing out of the boys that were on hand, after they saw I expected to be called down.

I spent a miserable Sunday with my own thoughts for company, and it seemed as though Monday would never come and let me know the worst. But it did, and the worst seemed to be on hand to meet me, as I answered the summons of the Boss and found Miss Stevens at his elbow. Why couldn't I have been spared the agony of having her a witness to the brow-beating I was sure would follow.

Again—as before—the Boss turned in his chair, and said abruptly: "Mr. Forbes, are you aware that we have *never* charged a customer such prices for carload lots as you charged Beaver?"

I could only blurt out, "No!—which was the truth, although I *had* meant to give him the limit.

Again the Boss spoke: "You know we are anxious to have Beaver's trade, and to establish things on a friendly footing with him; so in view of your very unusual proceeding we have written him offering him a rebate. His reply—which I have here—is most surprising."

He began to unfold a letter. Now for it. Oh, if the floor would only open and swallow me up, before he reads all the Billingsgate of mine before "the sweetest girl in the world." But the floor stood firm and I steeled myself to his level tones, as he read:

"Messrs Blank & Co.:

Gentlemen—I know *my* business, *you* attend to *yours*. Send me the carload lot as ordered and forward invoice at contract prices. If you want to sell me goods don't send any more Brannagans. Send the Kid. He's all right."

(Signed) BEAVER.

There was a silence that you could feel when his voice ceased. Again my heart rose up and beat tumultously against the little picture in my left breast-pocket. A mist swam before my eyes, and I clutched at the desk for support.

Then the Boss got to his feet and laid a hand on my shoulder; and as my vision cleared I saw he was looking at me with kindly eyes—eyes in which gleamed a light I had never seen there before. It seemed to show me that he understood and sympathized with my youth and my ambitions. I was only a big boy after all, and for the moment he might have been my father—pleased with my success and hopeful of my future.

Then, as I steadied myself, he turned to his desk and became once more the man of business—the impersonal head of large affairs. He fumbled among his papers, and finding what he sought, said:

Forbes, I congratulate you on this deal. I don't know what means you used and I don't want to know. Beaver was a hard proposition and you have succeeded where Brannagan failed. You have evidently made yourself and the house solid with him, and we are very much pleased with the outcome. You may count on us to remember it. Now Brannagan is making a poor recovery and the doctors have ordered him South. When he is able to work again we will try and place him satisfactorily in our southern territory. In the meantime, go ahead as you have begun, and I see no reason why you cannot hold down his old job as well as any new man we might put on. As to the rebate we offered Beaver, he is a wooden-headed old duffer or he would have taken it. As it is, we don't feel that it belongs to us, so it gives me great pleasure to hand it over to you as a 'reward of merit' so to speak. You may take it that you have honestly earned it." And with that he handed me a check.

I shall never know what I said, or how I got myself out of that office (unless some happy day my wife may tell me), but as I went I looked toward the little girl sitting so quietly with her writing pad on her knee. A ghost of a smile was on her lips and a red rose bloomed in her cheek, but she looked straight into my eyes with a tender comprehension, and then I knew that although I had never spoken, "the sweetest girl in the world" had guessed my secret and rejoiced in my success.

OUR CRAFTS

A THOUSAND crafts are launched from every land,
Ten thousand sails by every breeze are fanned;
But all the crafts that hands of love have made,
And all the flags upon their masts displayed
Shall pulsate to a favoring breeze at last,
And into ports of safety shall be cast.

Then may we let some winds adversely blow,
Nor fear if angry tides shall ebb and flow.
We shall not heed the crags that we have passed
When we have reached the harbor point at last—
Woen we have sailed this life's tremendous sea,
And reached, beyond, the life that is to be.

—*P. M. Dill.*

MARCH

BEHOLD with blatant tongue, and caustic jeer,
A wild and reckless braggart comes; the air
Is filled with snow flakes, flying here and there;
The corpse of Winter, stretched upon the bier
Of Time, seems half inclined to rise and cheer
His grum and frowning son and rightful heir,
And loud applause what, now, may do and dare
March—maddest month of all the fateful year.

Uncouth his ways! a roisterer is he,
But all his shrill songs have a minor strain
That whisper of the birth of joys to be—
Of woods a-blossom, and the April rain;
Of flower-studded hill, and vale, and lea;
Of mother fields, a-bloom with baby grain.

—*Stacy E. Baker.*

THE SALTING OF SKY TOWN

BY DAN PEARSALL

HANK paused in his work of cleaning the rifles—a duty he never failed to perform no matter how long and tedious the chase had been. He rested the butt of a "30-30" on a boulder, placed his hands on the muzzle for support, kicked a coal from the fire and deftly flicked it into his Missouri meerschaum, gave a few preliminary puffs to see that it had caught, and gazed about him deliberately.

It was one of those October nights which you find only high up in the Olympics. The sky was specked with fleeting clouds, scudding before a light breeze. Back of our camp the moon was slowly creeping over the tops of the swaying firs, its beams dancing here and there in the shadows. Away off in the forest a timber wolf howled defiance and was answered by another still further away, the only sounds that disturbed the tranquility of the forest night, save now and then the crackling of a fir bough on the fire or the scratching of the hounds as they made their beds. I was tired—too tired to do the talking; we had traveled hard and far that day.

"I ain't no philosophyer like Sollermun," said Hank, as he spat copiously at the fire, "or mebbe I could give you the answer to the question I'm about t' propound."

I reached for my pipe and crammed the bowl full during the pause. Pierre, the half-breed packer, leisurely rolled a cigarette after the fashion of the Canuck and wonderingly inquired, "vat ees et fer you want t' be Solleemun? He is dead long, long time since, by gar!"

I glanced at Hank with a look of interrogation; blowing out two volumes of blue smoke he said:

"Why is it that men from the time of Adam, have made ijits o' themselves over women?"

"That is a conundrum I will not attempt to answer," I said, while Pierre solemnly shook his head and with a lick of his tongue completed his cigarette.

"Wimmin," continued Hank, "are branded the wide world o'er, 'the weaker sex.' Was it their weakness that cost Samsum his hair, or sent Marcus Anthony to his death?" Receiving no reply other than the nodding of Pierre and the yawning of a hound he went on: "No, sir! I claim that woman bein' frailer in body is stronger of mind than the ordinary critter who answers to the name of man. All! I say. Every blamed one of us mortals acts like a locoed ignoramus over a female, sometime in his career betwixt the cradle and the grave. Take the case o' Mayor Joe and the time he salted."

"Zalted what?" asked Pierre.

"Sky Town."

Pierre looked puzzled and started another cigarette. I sat up.

"What happened at Sky, Hank, and who is Mayor Joe?" I said.

"Wilkuns his name was by birth. Afterwards lengthened t' 'Joseph Pillsbury' though he never answered t' it. We used t' call him 'Mayor Joe,' 'cause he was the first, last and only Mayor Sky Town ever possessed.

"Joe was born well. Reckon he got off wrong at the start. His folks were State o' Mainers. I knew Joe—knew him well, long

'fore he made the strike at Sky. Him and me bunked t'gether a spell down in the Siskious. He never did amount t' much, though, wouldn't stay long; last about six weeks then slink away in the night like a coyote. Took t' cow punchin' once, from that t' rustlin' and slipped over into Idaho jest a few hours ahead of the vigilantes. But he had nerve; yes, nerve, gall, impudence and audacity all combined.

"But there was one brand o' critturs he was feared of. That was females. Jest let him hear the swishin' of a petticut and he'd draw himself all up in a ball like a porky-pine and never say a word, else go leap-froggin' for a thirst emporium to get a few jolts of conversation water to oil up his vocal machinery. In a card game, once, I knowed him t' get the drop on a white-livered gambler he caught phonyin' the deck, and jest as he was goin' t' make him shell out, a female of the dance-hall type comes trailin' in an' it was all up with Joe. He drops his gun and bolts for the door. He was plum scart o' caliker in any form. He *shore* was.

"The boys often wondered at this queer streak in his makeup, and it was a foregone conclusion that when that little fellow the writer folks call 'Kupid' sent the grand passion sizzlin' into his weazened old valvular organ, that he would go all to pieces and heave off this earthly coil without as much as a struggle, like a tenderfoot when a pisin filled puncher sticks a gun in his face. Naturally we all sort o' kept our eyes peeled for the fair damsel whom we had pronostercated would one day strike Joe to his innermost vitals.

"Well, sometime after the vigilantes sent Joe hot-footin' over into Idaho, he wandered up in the Lost River district. Made a strike in the hills and it was so durned high up that you needed a b'loon to get there. The dirt looked promisin' and in a few weeks we had a flourishin' town of four hundred or better, with thirteen dispenseries where one could oil up his inards, three dance halls, a hotel, and a plantin' ground already started, not t' mention the gamblin' parlors.

"Bein' as the camp was so blamed high up they called it Sky Town. Elected Joe Mayor 'count him bein' sort o' entitled t' it by right o' discovery, and 'cause no one else would accept the honor. The town flourished for a few months, then Bald Knob was struck and the bottom fell out. The inhabitants stampeded, and inside a year Sky was deserted by all except Mayor Joe and his dog. He wouldn't leave. Stayed there like a locoed greaser and pecked away at the mountain side.

"Well, one day 'long in the spring, Tommy Ankers and me was settin' in the Last Chance, down at the Knob, restin' our elbows over a little mountain water and alkali, when Joe drifts in. We asked him t' join us and sat there discussin' the days o' Sky's glory and a new strike over Rotten Cedar way. After a little a- female—a regular peach—comes in from the restaurant and calls aside Billy, the bar-keep. I looked for Joe t' bolt but narry a move did he make. Naturally I was s'prised. He looked her over out o' the corner of his eye jest like he would if he found a stray maverick in the herd. I immediately had her spotted as the female crittur we had prophesied would come and leave Joe lookin' like a sagebrush p'rarie after a sand-storm. She was a new dispenser o' victuals, jest arrived the day before from Boise.

"A waiter in a cafe!" ventured Pierre.

"The same," said Hank, "and the way she slung off the bill o' fare'd make your head swim. She shore had been up against the deal before. She was a frail little thing with a face no bigger'n a two-year-old, and brown eyes the kind that makes you dream things, and red hair, almost golden, that waved and kinked an' made you want t' smooth it down. She jest 'peared like she was made to be toted around and fed sweet things, 'stead o' slingin' grub t' a bunch o' wall-eyed miners, who couldn't any more appreciate her than a Chinook Injun.

"She seemed so kind o' out of place there in the diggin's so dainty and modest like, that it 'peared almost a plum shame for her t' have to mingle with such a' outfit o' bow-legged cowpunchers, and grime covered miners, and waxed up gamblers and painted females. I kind o' felt sorry for her.

"After a few days I could see that Joe had been hit hard. When a miner and ex-cowpuncher of forty years standin' suddenly begins t' polish up his guns, sand-paper his face, dust his clothes and wash his shirt once a week 'stead o' turnin' it, you can safely judge that the arrow o' love has pierced his heart and is stickin' there

good and fast. I ran plum into them up the gulch one evenin', billin' and cooin' like a pair o' turtle doves. Joe he jest trotted along like a yallow dog with a can to his tail. A blind man could see that he was plum shot t' pieces, and the looks he cast at her seemed t' say: 'Won't you let me be your little poodle dog? Reminded you somewhat of the expression on a dyin' calf.

"One evenin' Joe dropped into my cabin togged out like a greaser goin' t' a weddin'. He looked worried and I up and asks him what the trouble might be; was he sick or had his dog died?

"'Hank,' he says, 'I'm up against it, and want your advice on a little ticklish business.'

"'You're welcome t' it, Joe, and a plenty. I'll give it t' you straight from the jug and unadulterated. You can bank on that.'

"'Well, Hank, I want t' get married.'

"'Why, don't you do it then,' says I, 'if both parties are willin'?'

"'That's jest the trouble,' he said. 'I don't know whether she's willin' or not.'

"'Ask her and find out,' says I.

"'But I'm feared she'll say no,' he says.

"'Now see here, Joe,' says I, 'this is no game for gun play. Likewise no cause t' run a sandy. You're bound t' have your bluff called, and there's no chance t' run in a cold deck, and if you stack the cards she'll shore cut them. Put on a bold front and ask her. If she says 'no,' ask her again and keep on askin', but play your cards close and watch the deal.'

"'I'll do it,' he says, and out he goes. A couple o' nights later he drifts up to my camp lookin' like a cayuse that had been driven fifty miles without water.

"'It's all up, Hank. She says she won't marry a man that ain't got a bank account. Told her I had a couple o' thousand. "Tain't enough," she says. "My husband must have sufficient t' keep me comfortable like."'

"'Joe,' I says, 'I always gave you the straight goods, didn't I?'

"'You shore did, Hank.'

"'Now listen,' I says, 'sluff the whole deal, for if she won't have you without money, the good Lord help you if she gets you with it.'

"'But Hank, I love her and can't give her up. I never was much of a hand at ropin' wimmin folks, but I want this one—want her bad and I'm goin' t' have her! It's money she wants and by Gawd I'm goin' t' get it for her!' And with that he bolts out o' the door, leavin' me settin' there wonderin' what I would do if a feminine came buttin' it at my heart. He was all worked up; clear plum nutty, he shore was!

"He went down to the Last Chance, called that doll-faced biscuit shooter out side and asked her t' give him two weeks t' raise the dough. She told him to go ahead and if in two weeks time he came t' her with a roll o' five figures or better, "she was his'n for the askin'."

"He var one tam fool!" remarked Pierre.

Hank spat. "The same," he said. "A regular love-sick ijit, but there's no tellin' what a man will do for some wimmin, 'specially when he's been playin' a lone hand for nigh onto forty summers.

"Heard nothin' more of Joe for about ten days and had about come to the conclusion that he had gone into retirement up at Sky and given the red-headed Lady the go-by. Reckon I didn't have Joe's measure. He was cut too deep t' give up without a struggle, as events afterwards showed.

"About that time two tenderfoot miners came rollin' into town from Sky. Had a bunch o' yellow metal on them that would make the ordinary glass-house gambler squirm in his chair. Seems as how Joe had hired them a week before t' sink a hole for him up at Sky on Angel Creek; bein' flat busted they took the job. They went down about forty feet in the gravel, scratched out that bunch of shiners and said there was plenty more in sight. Ever see a stampede?"

"Oui," said Pierre, "eet var heel ef you been a packer."

"It shore was that day. Every blamed crittur from miner t' camp lady rolled a pack and hit the trail for Sky, seven miles over the mountain. Such fightin' and scramblin' I never saw. Every one was tryin' t' get there first, regardless of his neighbor. Sky Town reminded you of movin' day in April. Every dog'goned shack in the place had a sign stuck on it which read:

FOR RENT SEE MAYOR JOE

Every foot o' ground for a mile around his claim was posted, and Joe with five half-breeds held the trail. Not a soul would he allow t' enter the town. Would 'a' thought you were down in Alabamy with the Yellow Jack ragin' all around.

"The boys got t'gether and appointed a committee with Denver Dan as spokesman to wait on Joe. They had a parley and the outcome o' it was that Joe claimed Sky as his property or at least he sort o' held it in trust; bein' as he was the last Mayor of the place. If they wanted t' live in the camp, he would rent them shacks, rent in advance, payable monthly. All the land within a mile of his claim was staked out by the half-breeds. He, as their attorney, was willin' to sell part of the claims as they needed the ready cash t' work the balance. The committee agreed that Joe had certain rights that ought to be respected. If not as Mayor, he undoubtedly had by right of possession. Miners, you know, are sticklers for custom and they were not goin' contrary to it because they had the short end of the horn. They accepted his terms and by night of the next day every gol durned shack in Sky, from dance hall t' thirst parlors, was occupied, rent in advance, and the town runnin' full blast.

"'Long about 'leven o'clock Tommy and me took a stroll up the av'noo. Saw Joe and the biscuit Lady. They was sittin' on the porch of the 'Eagle's Nest.' The Lady was doin' the talkin' and lookin' at Joe in a pleadin' way—mushy like, you know the kind, sort o' makes you want t' lay down and let them walk all over you. Joe he was kind o' excited like. It was then I became sort o' suspicious. That strike o' his'n didn't seem to be on the square; but I didn't say any thing t' Tommy. Decided to wait till mornin' and see what the next play was.

"By noon the followin' day Joe had disposed of four claims. Got a rattlin' good price, too. When I heard that, I hunted Tommy up and whispered my suspicions to him.

"'What!' he says, 'you don't mean t' tell me Joe had that hole salted. If the boys get next his life won't be worth a rattler's hide in sheddin' time.'

"'You've hit the nail on the head the first pop,' says I, and told him about the Lady and the five figures.

"Then Tommy said: 'Hank, it's as plain as the nose on your face that unless we're hankerin' to be planted up there north o' town among the boulders on Angel, the thing for us to do is hit the trail south for Bald Knob.'

"'I'm of the same way o' thinkin',' I replied, 'havin' no unnatural desire to sleep in the shade of a few scrub cedars with the rattlers nestin' 'long side of me. It's clear t' my mind that there'll be h—— to pay when them miners and punchers get wise to the deal. They're drunk now and gettin' drunker every minute.' Joe had been furnishin' liquor right and left, as he said t' celebrate his strike; but I reckoned it was t' keep the boys interested so they wouldn't go prowlin' around his shaft and get too inquisitive.

"We hung around for a couple o' hours, keepin' our eyes peeled, but we didn't hear anything that would lead us to believe that the boys smelled a rat, though we expected t' hear the poppin' o' guns long 'fore we reached the Knob. Wasn't much doin' there. Two saloons runnin', and a bunch o' cowpunchers who had got wind of the strike were shootin' things up a little. We didn't linger long. Thought the best place for us was my little cabin up the gulch. This was on a Thursday.

"All day Friday we hung around the Vitrol Bar, expectin' every minute to see the boys come garootin' down the trail with the remains of the late Joseph Pillsbury Wilkuns in a sardine box, but nothin' appeared t' disturb the peaceful air of the Knob. 'Long about ten o'clock in the evenin' Tommy and me was sittin' in my cabin wonderin' what was goin' on at Sky, and speculatin' on Joe's chances o' gettin' out of the deal with a whole skin, when the door opens and the object of our thoughts drifts in. He was plum tuckered out. He shore was. Tommy ups and asks

him what's the matter; drunk or had his lead played out?

"'Nuther,' he says, 'the Lady.'

"'The Lady,' I says, 'where's she?'

"'Gone!' he says.

"'Gone? Gone where?' I says.

"'Gone t' h— for all I knows. Her and Billy, the bar-keep, vamoosed two hours ago.'

"I looked at Tommy and Tommy looked at me.

"'Well, you've your two claims and the roll you made at Sky,' he says. 'Let her go.'

"'It's gone, too,' said Joe, 'with the Lady.'

"'What!' I says, 'do you mean t' say you've allowed that frowsy-haired biscuit-shooter to hornswoggle you out o' that roll o' money? Of all the locoed ijits I ever knowed you're the biggest.'

"'I agree,' he says, with a sickly smile, 'and I reckon I'd better be movin' 'long. The boys'll be wantin' t' leave their visitin' cards at my door in the mornin'. You know, Hank, I had that hole loaded. Did it two weeks ago, the day after I was here. Had the half-breeds help me. Then hired them two tenderfeet t' make the strike. I knew they wouldn't know any different. Don't let the boys handle them too rough. They wasn't on to the game.' And with that he left. Bought a puncher's mount, and I reckon was nigh into Nevady by sun up.

"'Long about noon, the whole blamed population o' Sky drifted in. Sky Town was no more, for they had burned every shack in the place. Were they mad? Ever see a bunch of rum-crazed cow punchers after four months on the range? That was the outfit. Had they caught Joe there wouldn't have been a piece o' him remainin' big enough t' grease a hand-drill."

Hank spat at the smouldering fire.

"Woman, the right one, at the right time," he observed, "acts on man like alkali whiskey on a bad Injun; leastways that's Joe's opinion."

LYRIC

I launched my craft in the ides of June,
And sailed, on a sea of song,
For the golden shore of the Harvest Moon,
Where the sweetest dreams belong.

I dipped my oars, with a rhythmic play,
In the white of my ocean's breast,
And found, at the end of an Autumn day
The port that I loved the best.

I banked my boat on the sands of Time,
In the glow of the star-eyed night,
Where the dryad whispered a silvan rhyme
In the ear of the rose-leaf sprite.

And the dew-time fairies sung to me
The lore of the woods and mere,
And prisoned a theme, as a gift, to be
The lilt I have fashioned here.

—*Stacy E. Baker.*

THE SKUNK IN SOUTH AMERICA

By Lawrence Irwell.

WHEN coming to close quarters with a skunk, by covering up one's face, one's clothes only are ruined. But this is not all one has to fear from an encounter. The worst is that effluvium which tortures the olfactory nerves, and appears to pervade the whole system like a pestilent gas, nauseating one until sea-sickness seems almost a pleasant sensation in comparison. Men have been blinded forever by a discharge of the skunk's fiery liquid full in their faces, and on a mucous membrane it is said to burn like sulphuric acid. One naturally asks how the animal itself is protected from the injurious effects of its potent fluid. As blind skunks, which move around so rapidly that the blindness must have been of long standing, have often been found, it is reasonable to assume that these little creatures are not immune to their own weapon of offence and defence.

To those who know the skunk only by reputation, some of the expressions used above may seem too strong. To persons who have come to close quarters with the beast they will not seem strong enough. And consider what must be the feelings of one who has had the following experience—not an uncommon experience on the pampas: "There is to be a dance at a house a few miles away. A certain man has been looking forward to it and, having dressed himself with unusual care, he mounts his horse and starts, full of pleasant anticipations. It is a dark, windy evening, but there is a convenient path through the dense thicket of giant thistles, and striking it he puts his horse into a swinging gallop. Unfortunately the path is already occupied by a skunk, invisible in the darkness, that in obedience to the promptings of its instinct, refuses to get out of the way till the flying hoofs hit it and send it like a well-kicked football into the thistles. But the forefoot of the horse, up as high as his knee perhaps, has been sprinkled, and the rider, after coming out into the open, dismounts and walks away twenty yards from his steed and literally smells himself all over, and with a feeling of profound relief pronounces himself clean. Not the minutest drop of the diabolical spray has, he decides, touched his shoes! Springing into the saddle he proceeds to his journey's end, is warmly welcomed by his host, and quickly forgetting his slight misadventure, mingles with a happy crowd of friends. In a little time, people begin exchanging whispers and significant glances; men are seen smiling at nothing in particular; the hostess' face becomes clouded; the ladies cough and put their scented handkerchiefs to their noses, and after a while they begin to retire from the room. Our hero notices that there is something wrong, and presently discovers its cause. He, strange to say, has been the last person in the room to observe that familiar but disgusting odor, rising like a deadly exhalation from the floor, conquering all other odors, and every moment becoming more powerful. A drop *has* touched his shoe after all. Fearing discovery, he makes his escape, and is speedily riding home again, knowing quite well that his sudden and early departure from the scene will be quickly noticed and put down to the right cause."

In Molina's Natural History of Chile, an account is given of the way the skunk is dealt with in that country. "When one appears," it says, "some of the company begin by caressing it, until an opportunity offers for one of them to seize it by the tail. In this position the muscles become contracted, the animal is unable to eject its fluid, and is quickly despatched." One might as well talk of caressing a rattlesnake. Yet this laughable fiction finds believers all over South America and the United States.

An Argentine official, while visiting an Indian encampment, asked the chief how his people managed to kill skunks without making their own lives a burden to them. The grave old Cacique told him that the secret was to go boldly up to the animal, take it by the tail and kill it. "When you fear it not at all," he said, "it respects your courage and dies like a lamb—sweetly." The official, continuing his story, related that on leaving the Indian camp he started a skunk, and, glad of an opportunity to test the truth of what he had heard, dismounted and proceeded to put the Indian plan in practice. Here the story ends abruptly, and when the sequel was eagerly demanded, the amateur skunk-hunter lit a cigarette and vacantly watched the ascending smoke. The Indians are serious jokers; they seldom smile. This old traditional skunk-joke has found its way into many wise books, and is their revenge upon a superior race.

Many eagles have been shot in Argentina with the plumage smelling strongly of skunk, which shows that these birds when pressed by hunger often commit the mistake of attacking the most noxious of animals. The following description of an encounter between a "carancho" and a skunk was witnessed by an Argentine ranchman. (A carancho, (*Polyborus tharus*), is a large vulture-like hawk.) Riding home one afternoon, he spied a skunk shuffling along in the erratic manner usual to that odoriferous quadruped, and following it at a very short distance was an eagle-vulture, evidently bent on mischief. At each approach of the bird, the bushy tail rose menacingly. Then the carancho would fall behind, and after a few moments' hesitation, would follow on again. At length, growing bolder, it sprang forward, seizing the threatening tail with its claw, but immediately after "began staggering about with dishevelled plumage, tearful eyes, and a profoundly woe-begone expression on its vulture face. The skunk, after turning and regarding its victim with an 'I-told-you-so' look for a few moments, trotted unconcernedly away."

Skunks are believed to abound in Patagonia. Some years ago a reliable government guide was sent into the desert to negotiate with an Indian chief whose exact place of residence was unknown. Far in the interior this guide's party was overtaken by a severe storm, and the horses died of thirst and fatigue. For three months the man himself existed by eating the flesh of skunks, the only wild animal that never failed them. No doubt, on those vast sterile plains, where the skunk abounds, and goes about by day and by night careless of enemies, the terrible nature of its defensive weapon is the first lesson experience teaches to every young eagle, puma and wild cat.

Dogs will kill skunks when made to do so, but it is not a sport in which they take delight. One moonlight night, an experienced hunter went out to the sleeping place of his dogs—twelve in number. While he stood there a skunk appeared and deliberately came toward him, passing through the dogs where they lay, and one by one as it passed them they arose, and with their tails between their legs, skulked off.

When compelled to kill skunks, dogs often become "seasoned"—hardened to the work. But they always perform the loathsome task expeditiously, afterward rushing away in a great hurry with frothing mouths to rub their faces in the wet clay and rid themselves of the fiery sensation.

At one time the hunter referred to above possessed only one dog that could be induced to face a skunk, and as the little robbers were very plentiful, and frequently came around his house in their usual open, bold way, the dog mentioned had rather a bad time. This animal detested skunks quite strongly as the other dogs, only he was more obedient, faithful and brave. Whenever he was told to make an attack, he would go close to his owner and look up into his face with piteous, pleading eyes, then, finding that he was not to be released from the repulsive task, he would charge upon the doomed skunk with a blind fury wonderful to see. Seizing it between his teeth, he would shake it violently crushing its bones, then hurl it several feet from him, only to rush again and again upon it to repeat the operation, probably with a wish in his frantic breast that all the skunks on earth had but one backbone.

Far away from civilization, on a visit to a sheep-farming brother, Mr. George Cowles found among the dogs one exceptionally interesting creature. He was very big, and a

lumbering, stupid, good-tempered brute, so greedy that when you offered him a piece of meat, he would almost swallow your hand, and so obedient that at a word he would dash himself at the horns of a bull, and face danger or even death in any form, But he could not be induced to face a skunk. Mr. Cowles took him out and found a skunk, and for half an hour that gentleman sat on his horse vainly cheering on his cowardly follower, and urging him to do his duty. The very sight of the enemy gave the dog a fit of shivers; and when the irascible little skunk began to advance against him, going through the performance by means of which this odoriferous animal usually puts its foes to flight without resorting to malodorous measures—stamping his little feet in rage, jumping up, sputtering and hissing, and flourishing his brush like a warlike banner above his head—then the dog was with difficulty restrained from turning tail and flying home in abject terror. Mr. Cowles' cruel persistence was rewarded at last. Continued shouts, cheers, and hand-clappings began to stir the blood in the canine's veins. Torn by conflicting emotions, he revolved around the skunk at a lumbering gallop, barking and howling, and eventually, with a yell of desperation, with his eyes shut, he charged. One would have expected to see the enemy torn to pieces in a few seconds, but when the dog was still four or five feet from the skunk, the fatal discharge came, and the attacker dropped down as if shot dead. For some moments he lay on the earth perfectly motionless, watched and gently bedewed by the victorious skunk. Then he got up, and crept away, whining as he went. Gradually he quickened his pace, finally breaking into a frantic run. In vain the horseman tried to follow him, shouting as loud as he could. The dog refused to stop even for a second, and quickly vanished from sight—a white speck on the vast level plain soon disappearing. At noon on the following day he arrived at his owner's ranch, gaunt and befouled with mud, staggering like a drunken man. Too worn out even to eat, he threw himself down, and for hours remained as if dead, sleeping off the effects of the skunk's few drops of pestiferous poison.

THE WAY

SHALL I complain against stern Fate's decrees?
  Cry out that life is dreary and my lot
Too hard to bear, and weakly pray surcease
  Of each day's trials that they shall vex me not?

Nay, let me rise to simple kindly deeds;
  Let me stretch out my hand in friendly love;
Forgetting self in thoughts of others' needs
  And thus, through service, reach the heights above.

—*Grace G. Bostwick.*

WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB
AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME
PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WESTERN FIELD COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Offices:
609-610 Mutual Savings Bank Building.

Registered at the San Francisco Postoffice as Second-Class Matter

FRANK H. MAYER - - - Managing Editor

Matter for publication should be addressed "WESTERN FIELD," 609-610 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal., and not to individuals connected with the magazine. All copy for new advertisements, changes or discontinuances, must be in hand not later than the 10th of the month preceding date of issue, in order to insure attention.

FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the People of California we demand at the hands of our Legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

OUR NEW QUARTERS

ON February first we took possession of our new offices, 609-610 Mutual Savings Bank building, which will now be our permanent address. All communications should be sent in accordance.

USE YOUR BIG STICK

IF THE Sportsmen of Spokane can substantiate their charges against one Major Matson, a Federal employee in Alaska, it is up to President Roosevelt to use both his big stick and his official axe with promptitude. According to these charges Matson is employed in collecting and selling the eggs of wild fowl as well as the birds themselves in enormous quantities, using a gasoline launch for the better furtherance of his nefarious trade, and boasts that he is making more money out of it than his government salary amounts to.

Bring the bludgeon down, Mr. Roosevelt—and bring it down hard. The country is breathlessly awaiting that soulful thud.

A TYPICAL CASE

FOR many years we have been persistently urging upon the public that it is the duty of every well-meaning, honest and progressive citizen to immediately report to the civil authorities any and every violation of the game laws which comes under his personal notice, irrespective of the personality of the violator. It is a duty which every man owes to the community outraged thereby, to make prominently public all the facts in the case, no matter whose corns get trodden upon in the operation. But for some unknown reason there is an invariable reluctance on the parts of people generally to do their duty in this respect, and the more intelligent and socially prominent the observer, the greater this reluctance grows.

As a case in example: the Superintendent of Instruction in this State, a Mr. Hyatt, was recently in Merced and Modesto counties conducting teachers' examinations. While in Merced—according to an interview with him, reported in the Oroville Weekly Register dated December 13—he went duck hunting and learned enough about the unsavory conditions in that game-hog afflicted territory to be able to describe in detail the process of that delectable form of duck butchery known as "bull hunting." Quoting from his published statement:

"There are many Portlanders in the section, and they are known up there as 'bull hunters.' These hunters make use of trained steers to get close to wary birds. The hunters will walk along on the offside of one of these trained steers, guiding him with a short piece of rope. They then maneuver to get within a short distance of the ducks and often work about a half day in order to get within fifteen feet of the birds. When they get properly located they give the steer a hunch to move on and then turn their artillery loose on the ducks. These 'bull hunters' use a No. 4 gauge gun with four barrels, and two barrels are fired with each pull of the trigger, one shot being taken at the birds in the water and another as they rise. Just before I arrived at Merced *a local hunter made the prize shot; this is 125 birds at one killing.* There are forty or fifty of these trained steers in the neighborhood, which ships a dray load of ducks to market every day.

"There is a game warden on the ground to look after the legal aspect of the hunting. I had three or four hours' spare time just before leaving for home, and was taken out for a short hunt."

The italics are ours.

It is unnecessary to say that the whole disgusting proceeding above described is a shameful violation of law; it is only fair to presume that a man of Mr. Hyatt's professional mental attainments must be cognizant of that fact. Under the circumstances Mr. Haytt is just as guilty as the actual butchers of the ducks, being an accessory after the fact. His failure to disclose the name of the hog who slew 125 ducks at one shot, and of the game warden (!) "who is on the ground"—presumably conniving at the whole infamy since he takes no action to suppress it—is a forceful example of the lamentable dereliction of duty which we have so long deplored. If Mr. Hyatt was telling the truth why did he not tell it all? Who is the "game warden on the grounds" that allows the illegal killing and possession in one day by one individual of 125 ducks? What is the name of the "prize shot" game hog whose infamy seems to taste so sweet in the mouth of a State official who is presumed to be paid by the people to inculcate decency and order in the minds of our younger generation rather than prate in unctuous admiration of the bestiality of a degraded law breaker?

Give us specific information, Mr. Professor. We are eager to keep on teaching such creatures the lesson of decency and rectitude.

SENSIBLE MEN

THE most gratifying sign of the times is the voluntary and spontaneous movement of American farmers towards the preservation of game, our rural friends all over the country having in the inevitable evolution of conditions come to the realization of the inestimable value of our wild animals, not only from a recreative standpoint but from the view of their actual utility and imperative necessity to general agriculture.

From Maine to Washington, and from Florida to Texas, the farmers are now a solid unit in their demands for the protection and preservation of the wild birds and other game animals now universally recognized as being beneficial to the husbandman and vineyardist. In Illinois, a State where last year over $100,000 was paid by sportsmen for hunting licenses, there was unanimously passed a resolution at the annual meeting of the state grange, recommending the abolishment of all hunting privileges except the taking of waterfowl in the marshes, the grange members, all of whom are farmers, declaring that quail, prairie chickens and other game and non-game birds are becoming so scarce that they no longer are able to keep down the insects which have almost destroyed crops in recent years. And in our own State the Farmers' Institute this year made resolutions endorsing the rigid protection not only of birds, but of deer as well, heartily endorsing the efforts of the State Game Protective Association to shorten all open seasons, reduce bag limits, and impose a substantial license tax on all hunters. In Alabama the farmers are up in arms demanding most strenuously that the game be conserved, and so all along the line.

The action of our own State agriculturists is particularly gratifying to us. A great deal of sentimental bosh, as false as it was maudlin, has been advanced by the opposition to game protection. We were assured that the "honest barefoot farmer boy" would never suffer himself to be imposed on in the matter of a hunting privilege tax, however small in amount, and that agriculturists would rise *en masse* and repeal *all* the game laws if we insisted on such taxation. We were solemnly informed that larks dug up sprouting grain, that martins ate valuable bees, that quail and deer ravaged and devastated the vineyards and crops. But now come the farmers of California in convention assembled and say that all these statements are false: that martins destroy only the useless drones instead of worker bees; that larks dig up only those grains which are the breeding cells of destructive *larvae*; that quail do a thousand times more good than harm in the vineyards, and that deer are worth their weight in silver to the community. So they have not only voluntarily resoluted that they be taxed for hunting privileges, but that these privileges be cut in half by a reduction of bag limit, and today are actually the greatest factor in the cause of game protection.

Verily the world do move—and our honest, sound-sensed and level-headed farmers with it. Game protection is now absolutely assured in our land, for when the American farmer puts his hand to the plow of Progress he never turns back until the furrow is cut. He is no longer the "Man with the Hoe"; he is the man

with the gang-plow and automatic harvester. He is no longer content to make only two blades of grass grow where only one grew previously, his ambitions being measured now by tons instead of grains of increase—and at no time either ever was or is he a "Brother of the Ox."

The farmers of America are all right!

OPEN AND CLOSED SEASONS IN CALIFORNIA, 1905-1906.

WHITE—Open Season. BLACK—Close Season.

BAG LIMIT	January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.
Quail, Doves, Grouse, Snipe Curlew, Ibis, Plover, Rail — 25 in one day.												
Ducks. — 50 in one day												
Geese (male) — 2 in one season												
Trout, 50 fish (not exceeding 25 lbs. total weight) in one day.												
DEER.										Oct 15		
DOVES.		Feb 15	Feb 15									
MOUNTAIN QUAIL, GROUSE, SAGE HEN.												
VALLEY QUAIL, DUCKS, IBIS, CURLEW, PLOVER, RAIL.		Feb 15								Oct 15		
SNIPE.										Oct 15		
TROUT.												
STEELHEAD TROUT (Above tide-water closed November 1st to April 1st.)									Sept 16	Oct 16		
SALMON (Above tide-water close season extends to Nov. 15th).										Oct 16		
LOBSTER or CRAWFISH (Not less than 6½ in. long).									Sept 15			
BLACK BASS.												
CRAB (No Crab taken less than 6 in. across the back).												

N. B.—In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter (can not be longer than State Law). Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Killing an Elk, a felony—1 to 2 years imprisonment.
Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.
Smallest fee for killing Does, Fawns, Antelope, or Mountain Sheep, $50.

Close Seasons for Game in 1906 in United States and Canada

(Compiled by T. S. Palmer and R. W. Williams, Jr. of the U. S. Dept. Agriculture, Biological Survey)

BIRDS.

		State	Quail.	Grouse	Prairie Chicken.	Wild Turkey	Ducks.	Plovers.[1]	Snipe.[2]	Woodcock.[3]	Rail.[4]	Dove.[5]	Gallinule (Sora).[6]	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	All the year	Dec. 1-Nov. 15			All the year	May 1-Aug 1	May 1-Aug 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15		1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15			All the year	May 1-Aug 1	May 1-Aug 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15		2
	3	Vermont	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15				All the year	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Feb. 1-Aug 1	Feb. 1-Aug 1		3
	4	Massachusetts	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	All the year			All the year	Mar. 1-July 15[a]	Dec. 1-Nov. 15		Mar. 1-July 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15[a]	4
	5	Rhode Island	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15				All the year		Dec. 1-Nov. 15		Dec. 1-Nov. 15		5
	6	Connecticut	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15			All the year	Mar. 1-Aug 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Apr. 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug 1	May 1-Aug 1	6
	7	New York	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 15[a]			All the year	Dec. 1-Aug 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15[a]	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	7
	8	New Jersey	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15			All the year	Dec. 1-Aug 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	8
	9	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	All the year	Dec. 1-Aug 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	9
	10	Delaware	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Feb. 1-Sept 1	Dec. 1-Aug 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	10
	11	Maryland	Dec. 30-Nov. 1	Dec. 30-Nov. 1		Dec. 30-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 30-Nov. 15	Feb. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	11
	12	District of Columbia	Dec. 30-Nov. 1	Dec. 30-Nov. 1	Dec. 30-Nov. 1	Dec. 30-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 30-Nov. 15	Feb. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	12
	13	West Virginia	Dec. 30-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	All the year		July 1-Mar. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 15		Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Apr. 1-Nov. 1	13
	14	Ohio	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	All the year	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15		Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Apr. 1-Nov. 1	14
	15	Indiana	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	To Feb. 28, 1909		All the year	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Apr. 1-Nov. 1	15
	16	Michigan	To Oct. 15, 1909	Dec. 15-Nov. 15[a]	To 1909		All the year	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15		Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Apr. 1-Nov. 1	16
	17	Illinois	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	To 1909	To 1909	All the year	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Apr. 1-Nov. 1	17
	18	Wisconsin	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	To Apr. 30, 1909	To Apr. 30, 1909	All the year	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15				Apr. 1-Nov. 1	18
	19	Minnesota	To Oct. 15, 1909	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	To Oct. 15, 1909	To Apr. 30, 1909	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15		Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Apr. 1-Nov. 1	19
	20	Iowa	To Oct. 15, 1909	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	To 1909		All the year	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15				Apr. 1-Nov. 1	20
	21	Missouri	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	All the year	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Apr. 1-Nov. 1	21
	22	Kansas	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	All the year	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15				Apr. 1-Nov. 1	22
	23	Nebraska	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	All the year	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15				Apr. 1-Nov. 1	23
	24	Colorado	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15				Dec. 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15				Apr. 1-Nov. 1	24
	25	Utah	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15				Dec. 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15				Apr. 1-Nov. 1	25
	26	Nevada	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15				Dec. 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15				Apr. 1-Nov. 1	26
	27	Idaho	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15				Dec. 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15				Apr. 1-Nov. 1	27
	28	Montana	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1			Dec. 1-Aug. 1					Dec. 1-Sept. 1	28
	29	Wyoming	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		All the year						Dec. 1-Sept. 1	29
	30	Colorado	To Oct. 1, 1909[a]	Dec. 15-Sept. 1	To Sept. 1, 1907		Aug. 15-Aug. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Aug. 1		May 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 15	30
SOUTHERN.	31	North Carolina[1]	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	10 local laws			Mar. 1-Nov. 1			10 local laws	10 local laws	7 local laws	10 local laws	31
	32	South Carolina	Jan. 1-Dec. 31	Jan. 1-Dec. 31			Mar. 15-Nov. 1							32
	33	Georgia[1]	Jan. 15-Nov. 1	Jan. 15-Nov. 1			Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 15-Aug. 15[a]	Feb. 1-Aug. 1		Feb. 1-Aug. 1	33
	34	Florida	Mar. 1-Nov. 1				Mar. 1-Nov. 1				Apr. 1-Oct. 1			34
	35	Alabama	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Local laws	Local laws		Local laws		Local laws		35
	36	Mississippi	Mar. 1-Nov. 1				May 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Apr. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1		36
	37	Louisiana	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1			Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Apr. 1-Aug. 15	Apr. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Aug. 1		37
	38	Texas			To July, 1909		Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1						38
	39	Oklahoma	Feb. 1-Dec. 31		To July, 1909		Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	All the year	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	39
	40	Indian Territory	Feb. 1-Dec. 31		To July, 1909		Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1						40
	41	New Mexico	Jan. 1-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 15		Jan. 1-Aug. 1							41
	42	Arizona	Jan. 1-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 15		Jan. 1-Aug. 1							42
	43	Alaska	Mar. 1-Sept. 15				Mar. 1-Aug. 1			Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Mar. 1-Oct. 15		43
PACIFIC.	44	California[1]	Feb. 1-Dec. 31[a]	Feb. 15-Sept. 1			Feb. 15-July 1	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 15[a]		Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	All the year[a]	44
	45	Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Nov. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15			Mar. 1-Sept. 15	All the year	45
	46	Oregon	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15		Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15					Dec. 1-Aug. 15	46
	47	Washington	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[a]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		All the year	Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1				Mar. 1-Aug. 15	47
	48	Oregon	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	To Sept. 15, 1907	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	All the year	Dec. 1-Aug. 15		Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	48
	49	Alaska						Mar. 1-Aug. 1					Mar. 1-Aug. 1	49
	50	Hawaii	Mar. 1-Sept. 15				Feb. 1-Aug. 1					Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	50
CANADA.	51	British Columbia	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[a]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[a]			Mar. 1-Sept. 1				Mar. 1-Sept. 1	All the year[a]	51
	52	Yukon		Jan. 15-Oct. 1	Jan. 15-Oct. 1							Jan. 15-Oct. 1	June 1-Sept. 1	52
	53	Alberta[1]		Jan. 15-Sept. 15	Jan. 15-Sept. 15			May 15-Aug. 15	May 15-Aug. 15			May 15-Aug. 15		53
	54	Saskatchewan		Jan. 15-Sept. 15	Jan. 15-Sept. 15			May 15-Aug. 15	May 15-Aug. 15			May 15-Aug. 15		54
	55	Manitoba[1]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1							Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 15-Sept. 1	55
	56	Ontario	Jan. 1-Dec. 31	Jan. 15-Oct. 1	Jan. 15-Oct. 1		All the year	Jan. 15-Aug. 15	Jan. 15-Oct. 15			Jan. 15-Oct. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	56
	57	Quebec	Jan. 1-Dec. 31	To Sept. 15, 1909	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		All the year	Jan. 15-Aug. 15	Jan. 15-Oct. 15			Jan. 15-Oct. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	57
	58	New Brunswick		Jan. 1-Oct. 1				Jan. 15-Aug. 15				Jan. 15-Oct. 15		58
	59	Nova Scotia		Jan. 1-Oct. 1				Jan. 15-Aug. 15	Jan. 15-Oct. 15			Jan. 15-Oct. 15	Jan. 15-Sept. 15	59
	60	Prince Edward Is.		To Oct. 1, 1909				Jan. 15-Aug. 15	Jan. 15-Oct. 15			Jan. 15-Oct. 15		60
	61	Newfoundland		Jan. 1-Oct. 1				Jan. 15-Aug. 15	Jan. 15-Aug. 15			Jan. 15-Aug. 15	Jan. 15-Aug. 15[a]	61

MAMMALS.

		State	Deer.[1]	Elk.[2]	Moose.[3]	Caribou.[4]	Antelope.	Sheep, Goat.[5]	Squirrels.[6]	Rabbit	Insectivorous Mammals.	Birds Protected at a few States only.	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	Dec. 15-Oct. 15		Dec. 1-Oct. 15	To Oct. 15, 1910				Apr. 1-Oct. 1	To Apr. 30, 1910	PENNSYLVANIA	
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	All the year	All the year	All the year			Feb. 1-Sept. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 1	All the year	Kalmaks	All the year
	3	Vermont	Dec. 1-Nov. 15		All the year	All the year				Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Oct. 15-Mar. 15	Washington	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[a]
	4	Massachusetts	To Nov. 1, 1908						Mar. 1-Oct. 1	Mar. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	New Mexico	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[a]
	5	Rhode Island	Dec. 1-Nov. 15						Mar. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	Arizona	All the year
	6	Connecticut	To Jan. 1, 1911						Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	Montana	All the year
	7	New York	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	All the year	All the year	All the year	All the year		Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	Idaho	All the year
	8	New Jersey	To Nov. 15, 1909						Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Yukon	Feb. 15-Oct. 15
	9	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 15						Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	To Oct. 15, 1907	Alaska	Feb. 15-Oct. 15
	10	Delaware	To Jan. 1, 1911						Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1		Saskatchewan	Dec. 15-Oct. 15
	11	Maryland	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	All the year	All the year	All the year	All the year		Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Manitoba	All the year
	12	District of Columbia	Dec. 15-Nov. 15						Three local laws	Local laws	To Feb. 1, 1908	Northwest Dist.	Feb. 15-Oct. 15
	13	West Virginia	Dec. 15-Nov. 15						Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15		
	14	Ohio	Dec. 15-Nov. 15						Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	RHODE ISLAND	
	15	Indiana	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	To June 15, 1913	To June 15, 1913	To June 15, 1913			Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	To Apr. 15, 1909	Kalmaks	To Feb. 1, 1911
	16	Michigan	Dec. 1-Nov. 15						Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	To Feb. 15, 1911	Montana	Dec. 1-Aug. 1
	17	Illinois	Dec. 15-Nov. 15						Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	To Apr. 30, 1910	Idaho	Dec. 1-Aug. 1
	18	Wisconsin	To Jan. 1, 1911						Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	To Feb. 1, 1911	Yukon	Dec. 1-Aug. 1
	19	Minnesota	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	All the year	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	All the year			Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	To Feb. 1, 1911	Alaska	Dec. 1-Aug. 1
	20	Iowa	All the year	All the year					All the year	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	To Jan. 1, 1911	Saskatchewan	Dec. 1-Aug. 1
	21	Missouri	All the year						All the year	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	To Jan. 1, 1911	Manitoba	Dec. 1-Aug. 1
	22	Kansas			To Mar. 15, 1909				All the year		To Feb. 28, 1907	Ontario	Dec. 1-Aug. 1
	23	Nebraska	Nov. 15-Aug. 15	All the year	To Mar. 15, 1909				All the year		To Jan. 1, 1911	Quebec	Dec. 1-Aug. 1
	24	Colorado	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	To Jan. 1, 1911				Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15		To Jan. 1, 1911	Nova Scotia	Dec. 1-Aug. 1
	25	Utah	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	All the year	All the year	All the year		To Jan. 1, 1911	All the year		To Jan. 1, 1911	Oregon	Dec. 1-Aug. 1
	26	Nevada	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	All the year	All the year	All the year		Dec. 1-Nov. 15	All the year				
	27	Idaho	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	To Mar. 1, 1911	To Mar. 1, 1911	To Mar. 1, 1911		To Oct. 15, 1907	All the year				
	28	Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1						All the year				
	29	Wyoming	Dec. 1-Sept. 1										
	30	Colorado	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	To Nov. 1, 1907									
SOUTHERN.	31	North Carolina[1]	Jan. 1-Dec. 31						Local laws				
	32	South Carolina	Jan. 1-Dec. 31										
	33	Georgia[1]	Jan. 1-Dec. 31										
	34	Florida	Mar. 1-Nov. 1										
	35	Alabama	Local laws						Local laws				
	36	Mississippi	Mar. 1-Nov. 15										
	37	Louisiana	Mar. 1-Nov. 15						Mar. 1-Feb. 15		To Feb. 1, 1907		
	38	Texas						To July 1, 1908			To Mar. 14, 1911		
	39	Oklahoma	All the year					To July 1, 1908			To Jan. 1, 1911		
	40	Indian Territory	All the year					All the year			To Jan. 1, 1911		
	41	New Mexico	Dec. 1-Sept. 15	All the year				To Mar. 1, 1911	All the year		To Mar. 1, 1911		
	42	Arizona							All the year				
PACIFIC.	43	California	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	All the year			All the year		All the year[a]	All the year	All the year		
	44	Nevada	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	All the year			All the year	To Mar. 15, 1909	All the year		To Mar. 15, 1909		
	45	Oregon	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	To Nov. 15, 1909			All the year	Dec. 1-Aug. 15			To Mar. 1, 1909		
	46	Alaska	Feb. 1-Sept. 1		Feb. 1-Sept. 1				Feb. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Oct. 1		
	47	Hawaii									To Mar. 14, 1911		
CANADA.	48	British Columbia	Dec. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[a]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	All the year		
	49	Yukon	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Jan. 1-Oct. 1					
	50	Alberta[1]	Jan. 15-Sept. 15	Jan. 15-Sept. 15	Jan. 15-Sept. 15	To Oct. 1, 1911		Jan. 15-Oct. 1					
	51	Saskatchewan	Jan. 15-Sept. 15	Jan. 15-Sept. 15	Jan. 15-Sept. 15	Jan. 15-Oct. 1		Jan. 15-Oct. 1					
	52	Manitoba[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1					
	53	Ontario	Nov. 15-Nov. 15	Jan. 15-Oct. 15	To Oct. 15, 1910	To Oct. 15, 1910		Jan. 15-Oct. 15					
	54	Quebec	Jan. 15-Oct. 15	Jan. 15-Oct. 15	Jan. 15-Oct. 15	Jan. 15-Oct. 15		Jan. 15-Oct. 15					
	55	New Brunswick											
	56	Nova Scotia	To Oct. 1, 1910		Dec. 15-Sept. 15	To Oct. 1, 1910							
	57	Prince Edward Is.		To Jan. 1, 1912	To Jan. 1, 1912	To Jan. 1, 1912		Feb. 1-Oct. 15[a]					
	58	Newfoundland											

1. Details local exceptions. 2. Details open season. 3. Additional open season included in following list: Dove: Indiana, Aug. 15-Oct. 1. Plover, Rail: Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 20. Snipe: New Jersey, Mar. 1-May 1 (Wilson snipe only); Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 20. Woodcock: New Jersey, Mar.1-Aug. 1. Duck, Goose, Brant: Pennsylvania, Apr. 1-31; Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 20; Indiana, Oct. 1-Dec. 15. Mudhen (Mudhen, bantam, sora, rail, gallinule, purple, mudhen, wheeler, widgeon, and marsh hens, green, brown), Mar. 15-Apr. 15. Big Game: Unorganized Territories, July 15-Oct. 1. Caribou: Northwestern Quebec, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. Squirrel: Kentucky, June 15-Sept. 15; Indiana, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. 4. Except west of Blue Ridge, Jan. 1-Nov. 1. 5. In 10 counties to Mar. 15, 1909. 6. Altitudes above 7,000 feet, Mar. 1-Sept. 15. 7. Alaskaska county, to Sept. 1, 1910; Isle of Wight and Southampton counties, Feb. 15-Sept. 1. 8. Except south of Canadian Pacific Railroad between Manitoba and Manitoba boundary, Nov. 15-Nov. 15. 9. Except coastal quail, to Nov. 1, 1909. 10. Upland plover only. 11. Except sora. 12. Except wood duck. Limitations, to July, 1909: Massachusetts, to Sept. 1, 1911; Virginia, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 13. Doves only. 14. Swan only. 15. Except swan. Rabbit: Ontario, Oct. 15-Sept. 1; Wisconsin and Wyoming, all the year. 16. Except with dogs or ferrets. 17. Every only. 18. Except coot. Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 19. Except upland plover: Massachusetts, coastal July 15, 1912; New Jersey, Oct. 1-Aug. 1; Tennessee, Jan. 1-Aug. 15; Kentucky, Jan. 1-July 15. 20. Except in southeastern Saskatchewan, Dec. 1-Oct. 1. 21. Except coast east of the Canadian, to 1909, Sept. 1-Oct. 15. 22. Except in southeastern Manitoba, Dec. 1-Oct. 1. 23. Except in southeastern Ontario, Nov. 15-Nov. 15. 24. Except in southeastern Quebec, Dec. 1-Oct. 1. 25. Except coast east of the Canadian, to 1909, Sept. 1-Oct. 15. 26. Except in southeastern Nova Scotia, Dec. 1-Oct. 1. 27. Except south of Canadian Pacific Railroad between Manitoba and Manitoba boundary, Nov. 15-Nov. 15. 28. Except coastal quail, to Nov. 1, 1909. 29. Upland plover only. 30. Except wood duck. Limitations, to July, 1909: Massachusetts, to Sept. 1, 1911; Virginia, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 31. Doves only. 32. Swan only. 33. Except swan. Rabbit: Ontario, Oct. 15-Sept. 1; Wisconsin and Wyoming, all the year. 34. Except with dogs or ferrets. 35. Every only. 36. Except coot. Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 37. Except upland plover: Massachusetts, coastal July 15, 1912; New Jersey, Oct. 1-Aug. 1; Tennessee, Jan. 1-Aug. 15; Kentucky, Jan. 1-July 15. 38. Except in southeastern Saskatchewan, Dec. 1-Oct. 1. 39. Except in southeastern Manitoba, Dec. 1-Oct. 1. 40. Except south of Canadian Pacific Railroad between Manitoba and Manitoba boundary, Nov. 15-Nov. 15. 41. Except coastal quail, to Nov. 1, 1909. 42. Upland plover only. 43. Except wood duck. 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Except in southeastern Manitoba, Dec. 1-Oct. 1. 111. Except south of Canadian Pacific Railroad between Manitoba and Manitoba boundary, Nov. 15-Nov. 15. 112. Except coastal quail, to Nov. 1, 1909. 113. Upland plover only. 114. Except wood duck. Limitations, to July, 1909: Massachusetts, to Sept. 1, 1911; Virginia, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 115. Doves only. 116. Swan only. 117. Except swan. Rabbit: Ontario, Oct. 15-Sept. 1; Wisconsin and Wyoming, all the year. 118. Except with dogs or ferrets. 119. Every only. 120. Except coot. Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 121. Except upland plover: Massachusetts, coastal July 15, 1912; New Jersey, Oct. 1-Aug. 1; Tennessee, Jan. 1-Aug. 15; Kentucky, Jan. 1-July 15. 122. Except in southeastern Saskatchewan, Dec. 1-Oct. 1. 123. Except in southeastern Manitoba, Dec. 1-Oct. 1. 124. Except south of Canadian Pacific Railroad between Manitoba and Manitoba boundary, Nov. 15-Nov. 15. 125. Except coastal quail, to Nov. 1, 1909. 126. Upland plover only. 127. Except wood duck. 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California Game and Fish Protective Association

Organized May 26, 1900

President,
H. T. Payne, 725 Baker Street, San Francisco.

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Audobon Society of California—W. Scott Way, Sec., Pasadena, Cal.

Caliiornia Rod and Gun Club Association, 316 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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Cloverdale—C. H. Smith, Sec., Cloverdale, Cal.

Colusa—S. J. Gilmour, Sec., Colusa, Cal.

Corning—Mason Case, Sec., Corning, Cal.

Covelo—H. W. Schutler, Sec., Covelo, Cal.

Deer Creek—Jos. Mitchell, Sec., Hot Springs, Cal.

Fort Bragg—Thos. Burns, Sec., Fort Bragg, Cal.

Fresno—D. Dismukes, Sec., Fresno, Cal.

Grass Valley—John Mulroy, Sec., Grass Valley, Cal.

Healdsburg F. and G. P. Ass'n—J. H. Kruse, Secretary, Healdsburg.

Hollister—Wm. Higby, Sec., Hollister, Cal.

Humboldt—Julius Janssen, Sec., Humboldt, Cal.

Jackson—O. H. Reichling, Sec., Jackson, Cal.

Kelseyville—Chas. H. Pugh, Sec., Kelseyville, Cal.

Kern County—E. F. Pueschel, Sec., Bakersfield, Cal.

Kings County—S. S. Mullins, Sec., Hanford, Cal.

Lakeport—B. F. McIntyre, Sec., Lakeport, Cal.

Laytonville—J. G. Dill, Sec., Laytonville, Cal.

Lodi—Greer McDonald, Sec., Lodi, Cal.

Lompoc—W. R. Smith, Sec., Lompoc, Cal.

Los Angeles—L. Herzog, Sec., Los Angeles, Cal.

Madera—Joe Bancroft, Sec., Madera, Cal.

Marysville—R. B. Boyd, Sec., Marysville, Cal.

Mendocino City—O. L. Stanley, Sec., Mendocino City, Cal.

Mohawk Valley F. and G. P. Association—Fred King, Sec.-Treas., Cleo, Plumas County.

Monterey County Fish and Game Protective Ass'n—B. Ramsey, Sec., Monterey.

Napa—W. West, Sec., Napa, Cal.

Nevada City—Fred C. Brown, Sec., Nevada City, Cal.

Oroville—G. T. Graham, Sec., Oroville, Cal.

Oxnard—Roy B. Witman, Sec., Oxnard, Cal.

Paso Robles—T. W. Henry, Sec., Paso Robles, Cal.

Petaluma—Jos. Steiger, Sec., Petaluma, Cal.

Pescadero—C. J. Coburn, Sec., Pescadero, Cal.

Porterville—G. R. Lumley, Sec., Porterville, Cal.

Quincy—T. F. Spooner, Sec., Quincy, Cal.

Red Bluff—W. F. Luning, Sec., Red Bluff, Cal.

Redding—Dr. B. F. Belt, Sec., Redding, Cal.

Redlands—Robert Leith, Sec., Redlands, Cal.

Redwood City—C. Littlejohn, Sec., Redwood City, Cal.

Riverside—Joe Shields, Sec., Riverside, Cal.

San Andreas—Will A. Dower, Sec., San Andreas, Cal.

San Rafael—H. E. Robertson, Sec., San Rafael, Cal.

Santa Ana—J. W. Carlyle, Sec., Santa Ana, Cal.

Santa Barbara—E. C. Tallant, Sec., Santa Barbra, Cal.

San Bernardino—F. C. Moore, Sec., San Bernardino, Cal.

Santa Clara—J. H. Faull, Sec., San Jose, Cal.

Santa Cruz—R. Miller, Sec., Santa Cruz, Cal.

San Diego—A. D. Jordan, Sec., San Diego, Cal.

San Francisco Fly Casting Club—F. W. Brotherton, Sec., 29 Wells Fargo Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Sanger—H. C. Coblentz, Sec., Sanger, Cal.

Santa Marie—L. J. Morris, Sec., Santa Marie, Cal.

Santa Rosa—Miles Peerman, Sec., Santa Rosa, Cal.

San Luis Obispo—H. C. Knight, Sec., San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Salinas—J. J. Kelley, Sec., Salinas, Cal.

Selma—J. J. Vanderburg, Sec., Selma, Cal.

Sierra—Dr. S. H. Crow, Sec., Sierraville, Cal.

Sierra Co., F. and G. Association—F. B. Sparks, Sec., Loyalton, Cal.

Siskiyou—W. A. Sharp, Sec., Sisson, Cal.

Santa Paula—Dr. R. L. Foplin, Sec., Santa Paula, Cal.

Sacramento County—A. Hertzey, Sec., Sacramento, Cal.

Sonora—J. A. Van Harlingen, Sec., Sonora, Cal.

Stockton—R. L. Quisenberry, Sec., Stockton, Cal.

Susanville—R. M. Rankin, Sec., Susanville, Cal.

Sutter Creek—L. F. Stinson, Sec., Three Rivers, Cal.

Truckee River F. and G. Ass'n—F. M. Rutherford, Truckee, Cal.

Ukiah—Sam D. Paxton, Sec., Ukiah, Cal.

Vallejo—J. V. O'Hara, Sec., Vallejo, Cal.

Ventura—M. E. V. Bogart, Sec., Ventura, Cal.

Visalia—Thomas A. Chaten, Sec., Visalia, Cal.

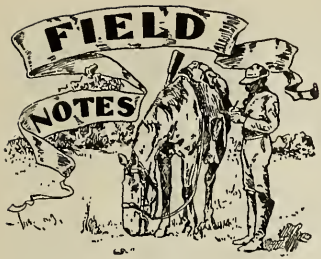
Watsonville—Ed Winkle, Sec., Watsonville, Cal.

Willits—Chester Ware, Sec., Willits, Cal.

Woodland—W. F. Huston, Sec., Woodland, Cal.

West Berkeley—Charles Hadlan, Sec., West Berkeley, Cal.

Yreka—F. E. Autenreith, Sec., Yreka, Cal



WHERE IS "BEAVER JACK"?

SCORES of his friends among the ranchers and trappers at the foothills of the Bitter Root mountains are asking the question.

"Beaver Jack," as he is known from the Montana line to Puget Sound is John C. Ulery, a native of Oregon, who has followed the trail of deer and bear in the mountains east of Spokane since 1890.

He has been missing since November 10, when he visited the forest reserve rangers' cabin at the fork of the Lochsa and Selwa rivers, 30 miles above Kooskia, Ida. He told the rangers he had located a band of elk in the mountains and that he intended going after some and would return in ten days.

As "Jack" did not come back C. H. Blossom and a party of hunters went into the mountains. On reaching the trapper's cabin they found a lot of fresh elk meat and near it the man's rifle, which had not been used in several weeks.

"Jack" never carried small arms, depending entirely upon his rifle for protection, and the presumption is that after killing the elk he proceeded to carry the carcass to his cabin, taking a shoulder "pack" at a time and that, on making the second trip he was attacked by mountain lion, which abound in the district, and was either killed or so severely injured he died alone in the forest wilds.

Search has been made by W. E. Parry, who is "packing" in the Bitter Roots for a party of railroad surveyors, and forest range riders and ranchers, who are under the impression that what is left of the body of the hunter is under the six foot blanket of snow which covers the mountains.

"Beaver Jack's" family came from the east over the old Oregon train in the '60s, settling on the Willamette river near Portland, where the boy born in Oregon followed trapping all his life. His death, if this is what he met, unprotected and alone in the Bitter Roots, will be deeply regretted by sportsmen all over the Northwest.

* * *

"Tom" Hopper, frontiersman and b'ar slayer of Spokane, is making ready for his annual exploration of the wilds of northern Idaho, and he purposes to push through to the headwaters of Fourth of July Creek, where black bear and cougar are believed to be plentiful this season because of the heavy snows and alternating thaws in the mountains. The veteran sportsman will be accompanied by Pierce Johnson and it is expected to pass from four to six weeks in the hills. The party, including the camp cook, will make the trip with pack horses and seven trained bear hounds will be used on the chase.

"Indians from along the border tell me there are all kinds of bear at the headwaters of the creek," Hopper said in outlining his plans to the writer, "and I'm going up to see whether they know what they're talking about. The Indians up in that country are pretty well posted, though, when it comes to big game and I guess I'm taking no chances except those that naturally follow with bear and cougar."

On his return from northern Idaho in April Hopper will organize a party or nimrods for a grizzly bear hunt in the mountains out of Fort Steels, B. C. This promises to be one of the big hunts of the year. It is expected that several prominent sportsmen from the eastern states and Canada will join Hopper and Dr. McBride of North Dakota on the trip. The hunters will be accompanied by Hopper's entire pack of hounds, each of which has taken part in bringing Bruin to bay.

President Roosevelt penetrated the mountain wilds in southern British Columbia in 1888, accompanied by a guide named Huppner, now a resident of Spokane, and he pronounced it one of the best natural big game preserves in this country. The district has not been hunted much in the last five years, because of many shooting grounds near at hand, but it is believed there will be a number of big parties this year, as reports from the interior indicate black, brown and grizzly bear are numerous and that well beaten deer trails may be seen in almost every direction. The Indians, who are friendly and able to make themselves understood in English say also that bighorn, or mountain goats, are plentiful, while the streams and lakes literally teem with fish and wild fowl.

* * *

"Make the Spokane river the greatest trout stream in the country," is the slogan of the Spokane Fish Protective association, the head of which is Judge W. E. Richardson. If the aims of the organization are realized, the state fish hatchery at Dartford, Wash., will be enlarged, enabling it to operate the year around, in which event it is proposed to place from five to seven million trout a year in the stream.

The Spokane river is perhaps the most remarkable stream in the United States from the fact that in its winding of 120 miles from its source in Lake Coeur d' Alene, nestled among the hills of north Idaho, to its mouth at the confluence of the Columbia river, it has a fall of 1,224 feet, and presents a series of falls, which for beauty and grandeur of environment cannot be approached in any other part of the country.

"Our executive committee will take up the matter of securing additional appropriation for the state hatchery at the coming session of the legislature,"

said President Richardson, "and it is our purpose to obtain at least $10,000 a year to enlarge the plant and carry out the work on a larger scale. At present the hatchery has $2,000 a year, and with this amount excellent work has been done. Cut-throat trout are raised at our hatchery and as they are a gamey fish excellent sport is furnished. We are considering the advisability of placing land-locked salmon in some of the thousand lakes in the Spokane country, and it may be that eastern brook trout will be imported the coming spring."

Judge Richardson added that application will be made to the government for fish, and in this, he said the association will have the endorsement of the entire congressional delegation from Washington, Idabo and Oregon.

Sportsmen of Cashmere, Wash., west of Spokane, are also making efforts to secure the establishment of a state salmon hatchery. A committee composed of E. C. Long, J. M. Francisco and A. A. Wright has been named to raise funds and representatives will be sent to Olympia to lay the matter before the legislature.

This together with the fact that the sportsmen's associations in Washington, Idaho, Oregon and Montana, as well as those in British Columbia, are leaving nothing undone to protect the inhabitants in these waters during the closed seasons means that lovers of the rod need have no fears the supply of game fish in the Northwest will ever become exhausted; in fact, it may be said that better sport than ever before will be afforded this and in the coming years.

"ENAKOPS."

THE NEW YORK SHOOT

The New York State Shoot will be held on June 12th, 13th and 14th at Syracuse, N. Y., under the management of the Masonic Temple Gun Club. In cash and merchandise between $4,000 and $5,000 will be offered as prizes. It is the belief of the management that this will be the largest shoot ever held in the State of New York.

COAST HANDICAP SHOOT

The Spokane Rod and Gun Club has accepted the offer of the Interstate Sportsmen's Association to hold the Pacific Coast championship shoot in this city September 10th, 11th and 12th.

A COMMENDABLE ENTERPRISE

THE Provincial Government of British Columbia is now being strongly urged by Dr. W. T. Hornaday to set aside the fine mountain area between the Elk and the Bull Rivers in the Fernie District of southeastern British Columbia as a game and forest reserve. The region in question is that visited by Messrs. Phillips and Hornaday in September, 1905, concerning which and their adventures in it, they have recently published a book, entitled, "Camp Fires in the Canadian Rockies." Beyond question the territory described must be highly picturesque and attractive from a scenic point of view, and also well stocked with mountain goat, mountain sheep, grizzly bear, black bear and other animals. The mule deer which once were numerous, have been shot out until that species is now rare, and of elk only a few solitary individuals remain. Marten, mink and wolverine are still fairly plentiful. The works of Nature as found in that region are extremely interesting, and the country as a whole, if preserved in its present natural wildness, would make a grand resort for camping parties, of Nature-lovers and photographers. It would be in every sense a paradise for camera enthusiasts, desirous of photographing mountain scenery and both large and small game in its wild haunts.

Dr. Hornaday has drafted a bill and submitted a map showing the bounderies of the proposed reserve. The reservation as proposed by him would be about thirty (30) miles in length by fifteen (15) miles in width, and would therefore contain a total area of about four hundred and fifty (450) square miles. The region thus delineated contains no coal nor other valuable minerals, no agricultural lands and no timber of commercial value, so that, commercially and industrially, the people of British Columbia would make no sacrifice in carrying out the idea proposed The reserve is situated between two main lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and would be accessible from three points, Michel and Fort Steele on the South, and Banff on the North.

Owing to the natural conditions of the country, it would be entirely possible for two game wardens to effectually protect the reservation. Mr. Hornaday proposes that the enabling act shall designate the mountains between the Elk and the Bull Rivers as the "Goat Mountain" and the reservation as "Goat Mountain Park."

From the encouragement and sympathy which the author of this move has received, there is some reason to hope that the scheme may be carried into effect.

NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

SPRAY FROM SPOKANE

By August Wolf.

WILD animals and game birds have not been so numerous in years as they appear to be this season in eastern Washington, northern Idaho, northeastern Oregon and southern British Columbia. Cougar, bear and lynx are common in the Idaho wilds, less than 50 miles east of Spokane, while south of Spokane the lakes and streams are literally alive with geese, ducks and swans. Hunters returning from Adams, Whitman and Franklin counties report that the cut over wheat fields are the feeding grounds for thousands of geese and ducks and the sport is all that can be desired. There is also good rabbit hunting in the Palouse country, south of here.

As an instance of the big game hunting in northern Idaho it may be mentioned that L. D. Snyder of Orofino, killed 19 mountain lions so far this season, while Brock Daugharty of Clark's Fork, has nine cougar and three lynx pelts on stretchers at his cabin. John Austin, a rancher of Rock Creek, Ida., has "bagged" 57 coyotes since October 1. He has a pack of four hounds. Two are stag-hounds, the others being crosses of the stag and grey-hounds. Elmer Emerick, a coyote-hunter, caught a black eagle measuring seven feet in a trap near Dr. Borgia a few days ago. The eagle weighed 46½ pounds.

Reports from the Weippe country in Idaho are that the heavy snows in the mountains have driven many elk, deer and other big game into the valleys, where food is plentiful and accessible. Deer and elk are more numerous now than they have been for many years, and many huntsmen are in the fields. J. W. Snyder, living near Medimont, Ida., brought down a buck, weighing 200 pounds, the day before Christmas, after a chase of three hours, while hunters from Spokane and Wallace "bagged" several smaller ones the same day. Chief of Police Moran, and William Ames, Dr. H. M. Sampson, W. E. Atkinson, Frank Hames, Lee L. Partner and Albert Filson each secured a deer near Eastport.

Bear and antlered game are affording fine sport north of the Blue mountains in northeastern Oregon, while in southeastern Washington, Nimrod and his fellows are gathering pelts and heads nearly every day. John Kelly, known in these parts as "Trapper Jack," and his brother Jefferson, are making a trip down the Grand Ronde river from Island city to Lewiston, Ida., trapping along Looking Glass, Wallowa and Patha rivers for big game. They have discovered several bear brakes at Elbow canyon and their friends in Spokane and at Freewater, Ore., are feasting on bear steaks. They are making the journey in a house boat, carrying a ton, including tents, traps, guns and utensils. They are planning to put in the entire winter on the great waterway and expect to net several thousand dollars from the sale of bear pelts.

Hunters in Stevens county, north of Spokane, and in southern British Columbia are also having good luck these days. Big game has been protected, particularly in this part of Washington, and everything points to a successful season.

Only one fatality has been reported so far during the year, that being at Pine Creek, Wash., where Raymond Cone, a youth, was accidentally shot and killed by his playmate, Fred Sly. They were rabbit hunting on the Sly ranch the morning of December 24th, when young Cone started a rabbit, and called on his companion to shoot. Sly aimed at an apparently safe angle from the bluff, but the rifle ball struck a rock and glanced, piercing Cone's heart, killing him almost instantly.

* * *

There is every indication that feathered field game will be more plentiful the coming season and those following as every precaution is being taken to protect the birds in Washington. This not only by the officers, but by Sportsman in Spokane and other points. The state game wardens at their annual meeting in North Yakima discussed various matters so that concerted action may be taken in urging the legislation to enact better state laws. Gov. Albert E. Mead, who is also deeply interested, has appointed a committee to investigate the workings of the officers of fish commissioner, game warden and forest commissioner. The methods of conducting the affairs of the offices are to be remodeled, so as to make the work more effective and at the same time less expensive.

Game animals and birds are not decreasing in Washington, thanks to the state officials and sportsmen, and every effort is being made to propogate the various species, the latest being a consignment of 12 dozen pairs of genuine Bob White quail from Kansas. They were shipped to M. D. Baker, game warden of Benton county, at a cost of $10 a dozen, and paid for out of the game protection fund. Under favorable conditions a pair of quail will raise a dozen each season. They will be protected until September 15, 1908. The penalty for shooting them before that is a fine of from $5. to $50.

Quail were introduced into the northwest in 1870

by Henry C. Riggs, a pioneer sportsman, who is passing the evening of his life with his children at Emmett, Ida. Two crates, each containing 38 birds, and costing more than $100 for transportation were sent to him from Independence, Mo., December 26, 1870, but the birds did not reach Kelton, Wash., then the terminal of the Union Pacific, until January 30, 1871, and it was early in the spring when they were received at Boise, the journey being made by stage. Owing to the severity of the weather many died in transit, and the rest were distributed on Dry Creek and the Payette and Boise rivers.

Other shipments were made from Missouri later, and as an experiment valley quail were imported from California, but the latter were too tame and fell prey to cats and wild animals. The Missouri species, however, took kindly to the climate of Idaho and Washington and multiplied rapidly and today the descendants of the birds, brought in by Mr. Rigg's out of purely philanthropic motives at a considerable expense in those days, probably number into the hundreds of thousands in the northwestern states.

* * *

Capt. Frank Fromm, probably the most expert shot in the Northwest, has re-organized the Spokane Rifle and Revolver club, with quarters in the Finley block, where a 20-yard range has been established for revolver and rifle practice. No piece larger than 44-caliber will be allowed and smokeless powder must be used. Medal shoots will be held monthly and it is expected to have a 200-yards outdoor range next spring. The club has a membership of 15, which will be increased to 50 at the February meeting.

The Kettle Falls Rod & Gun club had an old-fashioned turkey shoot shortly before Christmas and to be neighborly the officers invited some of the huntsmen of Pinhook.

"We might as well be sociable," said Bert Sparks, and officers of the club, "besides we'll show the Pinhookers how to shoot."

The others agreed and a formal invitation was dispatched by a courier. The "bid" was accepted. The result was somewhat surprising to Kettle Falls, as the visitors carried home 15 of the 17 turks, in this order: Richard Brady of Pinhook, 9; George Williams of Pinhook, 5; Frank Miles of Pinhook, 1; John Wilson and Bert Sparks of Kettle Falls each captured a bird. The return shoot at Pinhook on Washington's birthday promises to be a lively one.

* * *

State Game Warden H. Rief has raised several questions, in which the residents of the districts where big game abounds are deeply interested, and it is certain that the incoming legislature of the State of Washington will be urged to enact laws with a view to straightening out several tangles. These are the problems Mr. Rief has propounded to the attorney general:

"Is there such a thing as 'domestic venison'?"

"Can game animals, protected under the laws of the state be taken into captivity for the purpose of breeding, so that their progeny may ultimately be placed upon the market and sold as food in the same manner as the meat of domestic animals?"

Mr. Rief's contention is that if these questions are answered in the affirmative there is nothing in the laws of the state to prevent enterprising dealers from gathering together game animals and going into the business on an extensive scale.

Assistant Attorney General Booth has delivered an opinion to the effect that game animals born and bred in captivity can be placed upon sale without infringing upon the law; that the animals thus owned do not come under the head of game as interpreted by a statute, which expressly forbids the offering for sale or barter at any time of the year a certain class of game, under which is listed the various kinds of game found in Washington. He added that no animal of this description can be taken during the open season, held in captivity until tamed and then offered for sale in the market. The opinion covers only such animals as are born in captivity from parents captured and domesticated.

However, there is a statute to be considered and it is an open question if a person offering game animals for consumption will not lay himself open as a violater of the law, even though the animals may have been born and reared in captivity. The statute does not recognize "domesticated game," and there is a section (5372) which expressly states that any person who shall offer for sale any moose, elk or caribou killed in this state, antelope, mountain sheep or goat, deer or the hide of any moose, elk, caribou or deer, or any grouse, ptarmigan, partridge, sage hen, prairie chicken or quail at any time of the year, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and liable to punishment. The law also makes it unlawful for any person, corporation, hotel or restaurant to buy or expose for sale any of the animals enumerated in the foregoing.

However, while, it would appear to be difficult to find a loophole by which the so-called "domestic venison" can be sold or bought without violation of the law, Mr. Booth says there has never been any law to define the exact status of "domestic venison."

That is what has caused more or less confusion and it is expected the next legislations will solve the vexing problem for once and all time.

* * *

More laws for the protection of fish and game in Washington was urged by the state wardens at their meeting in North Yakima, west of Spokane, December 6, when recommendations were made to the legislative committee to be incorporated into the new state game law the legislature will be asked to enact at its next session. These changes were suggested:

That the minimum salary of game warden shall not be less than $50 per month, and actual traveling expenses.

That game fishing or markets be closed until 1908. That it is illegal to ship game to any market.

That the season on brook and mountain trout be changed west of the Cascades, to open May 1 and close December 1. The season on this particular game is now opened under the April 1 and closes November 1.

That fishing for trout less than five inches in size in streams above tidewater be prohibited.

That the closing season on bass, perch, pickerel, etc., be changed to March 1 to May 1 inclusive.

That all ditch owners put in screens.

That all hunters not only hold licenses, but must carry same on their person.

That the bag limit on deer be reduced from four to two, and that the season be opened 30 days earlier and close 30 days later than the season covered by the present laws, which is from September 1 to November 1.

That the hunting of chickens in Kittitas county be prohibited until 1908, and that the season throughout the state be regulated on all upland birds, this to be left to the legislative committee, to which each county will report as to when the season will be closed in that particular county.

That the entire section be repealed. This section covers the late shooting of geese.

That markets be prohibited from selling game of any description during the month of November.

That it is a separate offence for each animal or part thereof found in a person's possession during the period when the law is on covering the particular class of game. As the present law stands only one fine is imposed if any amount of animals are found in a persons possession.

That the hounding of deer be probibited.

That the hunting or killing of game on islands of a certain size and lakes be prohibited, the section be amended, giving the warden of the county authority to take from such locations for stocking purposes.

* * *

John L. Riseland, state fish commissioner of Washington, has filed a report of the joint conference commission on fisheries of Washington and British Columbia with Gov. Albert E. Head, reciting in part the following clauses:

"It is the belief of both commissions that if its recommendations are carried out the sockeye salmon industry in Puget Sound and British Columbia, which has been rapidly declining, will be rehabilitated. The British Columbia fisheries commission will make the following recommendations to the Dominion government:

"First: The gill nets in the Fraser river and in the waters and the straits inside shall not exceed 60 meshes in depth.

"Second: The gill nets in all British Columbia waters shall not exceed a maximum length of 150 fathoms.

"Third: Fishing in the Fraser river above New Westminster bridge shall be limited to bona fide resident white settlers along the river above the bridge during the sockeye season, or from July 1 to August 25 of each year.

"Fourth: That in the off years, that is, the three years following the big run, a weekly close season shall be maintained on the Frazer river beginning at 6 a. m. Saturday and ending at 6 p. m. on the following Monday from July 1 to August 25.

"Fifth: That the existing absolute close season in British Columbia in the Fraser river for sockeye salmon from August 25 to September 1 shall be maintained.

"Sixth: The establishment and maintainance of a largely increased staff of fisheries officers on the British Columbia spawning grounds and the prevention of abuses for Indian tribes who have heretofore destroyed large numbers of salmon upon the spawning grounds."

* * *

Charles Sweeny, president of the Federal Mining and Smelting company and head of the Exchange National bank of Spokane, has bought the steam yacht Czarina, built for Charles S. Bryan of New York, a year ago, and will rechristen her Emeline in honor of his youngest daughter and enter her through the Port Townsend custom house as coming from Spokane. Mr. Sweeny and members of his family and a party of New York friends will start in a cruise in the West Indies in January.

The Emeline is 172 feet over all, 140 feet on the water line, 22 feet beam and 8 feet 6 inches draught. The feature of her construction is that her plates are five-eights of an inch thick, the idea being that she could be converted into a gunboat without the necessity of having extra strengthened plates fitted under her decks. Without extra preparations she could carry an armament of two 3-inch rapid fire guns, one starboard and one port, two 6-pounders, one mounted forward and the other aft, and four machine guns on the bridge deck. The state room accommodations were designed to accommodate a small number of guests comfortably rather than to have a large number of small staterooms. The yacht is fully equipped with refrigerators and ice making plant.

* * *

Sportsmen in Spokane, headed by Al Wiesemann and Dr. Henry Power, who recently called the attention of readers of sportsmen's journals to the wanton destruction of game birds and their eggs in Alaska, have cause for rejoicing, as T. S. Palmer having charge of the game preservation in the bureau of biological survey connected with the department of agriculture of Washington, D. C., has sent a letter to Mr. Wiesemann asking for the names of the offenders. Mr. Palmer adds in his letter:

"I should be greatly obliged if you would send us any facts relative to this destruction of wild fowl and their eggs, or any information in your possession which can be used to prevent the recurrence of the practice."

Mr. Wiesemann gives the name of Major Matson, employed by the federal government in Alaska, as one of the principal offenders, adding in his letter that the official had boasted while in Spokane last year that he makes more money from the sale of wild ducks and eggs than he does from the government. Mr. Wiesemann adds that Major Matson has a gasoline launch which he uses in his work and that he goes to the nesting places daily for eggs, collecting them by the barrel and selling them to miners for food. He also boasted of shooting boat loads of young ducks in the marshes.

Dr. Alexander of New York, a close friend of President Roosevelt and member of the Boone and Crockett club, says in his letter to Dr. Power, referring to the Spokane sportsmen's complaint of the destruction of Alaska game:

"I am very much interested in all such matters and I know that the president is also. I shall be very glad to help you in every way I can and shall be glad to see that any petition you desire to send

on the matter is placed in his hands. I will also bring the matter up before the Boone and Crockett club. It was through this club that the game laws for Alaska were passed, and the president is a member very much interested in the doings of the club. Besides, we have members who look after just the sort of thing you desire. Send on your petition and I shall place it where it will do the most good."

The petition, signed by more than 200 sportsmen in this part of the country interested in the protection of game fowl and their eggs, has been forwarded to Dr. Lambert, and it is now expected that the federal government will take some action to stop or at least check the flagrant destruction of game in the far north.

"It is not in Alaska alone that the nests are robbed," Mr. Wiesemann said to the correspondent. "It has lately come to our notice that the nests at Moses Lake, west of Spokane, have been robbed in a systematic manner by those who are looking for eggs for food. One woman told me they had no trouble in getting all the eggs wanted early in the season, but lately were forced to break more than a hundered eggs before they could secure enough for breakfast. We have laws to cover this, of course, and we intend to see there is nothing of this sort repeated next season, if it is possible to prevent it."

* * *

Wild swans, geese and ducks have probably never been so numerous at Moses and other water bodies in the "land of the thousand lakes" as they are this season. Heavy snows and cold winds in the Northland drove the fowl to the stubble fields in the central and eastern parts of Washington. They are also plentiful along the Columbia and Snake rivers, south of Spokane, where good-sized bags are not uncommon.

* * *

The real sportsmen are satisfied with less than the number of birds allowed by the state law, but market hunters and ranchers utilize every known means of destruction, except machine-guns, in their greed to obtain the tempting prices offered by dealers, who supply the hotels, restaurants and markes, not only in this state but also those adjoining.

* * *

Sportsmen who have hunted over the best preserves in this and other countries declare there is not a better territory for a variety of fur and feathered game anywhere and lovers of the gun, rod and nature in Spokane have taken it upon themselves to check the destructive work of the pot-hunters and poachers. Hunting out of season has been effectively checked by the game wardens of the state, supported by the sportsmen and the courts, and the market hunters will now receive attention.

* * *

"With the support of the Boone and Crockett club we will be able to do much to check the destroyers in Alaska," Mr. Weisemann said, "and our own organizations in Washington will take care of the intruders in this state. We will fight them to the last ditch, even if it takes every dollar we have in the various sportsmen's clubs' treasuries."

AUTOMOBILING

By Arthur Inkersley

THOUGH the heavy rains of Winter and the resulting muddy roads naturally have the effect of reducing pleasure-motoring greatly, they only serve to emphasize the value of the automobile as a means of getting about a city. While luckless pedestrians were paddling about San Francisco during the December storms that made the streets a chaos of slush, the fortunate owners of motor-cars were borne rapidly and securely to their destinations. The covers of their smooth-going vehicles protected them from the flying mud and rain while they had the great advantage of being able to proceed straight to the places they wished without having to depend upon the slow and circuitous lines of street cars crowded to a highly uncomfortable and dangerous degree. Many a poor, weary, footsore pedestrian, owning no horse but Shanks' mare and no carriage but a public car, has enviously watched, while standing long minutes at a corner, the easy, smooth, rapid glide of the automobile that could cover a score, half-a-hundred or a hundred blocks before the miserable, over-laden, hazardous street-car ever came in sight.

Many of the automobile dealers of San Francisco are said to be in favor of holding an exhibition early during the present year. They desire to have it under the auspices of the Automobile Club of California and, while they wish to make it meet expenses, they will be content with no profit but such as may reasonably be expected to accrue from an exhibition of all the various types of motor-cars at a time when unusual attention has been drawn to the automobile and its capability.

On previous occasions the idea of holding a motor-car exhibition has been suggested and discussed but the dealers were not united enough to carry it out. Now, however, circumstances are much more favorable. Many new agencies have sprung up since the fire and many more cars are available for the purposes of an exhibition. The general interest felt in automobiles is stronger than it ever was before in San Francisco and motor-cars are used by business men in their daily work to an extent that was not dreamed of formerly. Such exhibitions have been held most successfully in New York and several other large cities and have resulted in a surprising amount of business for the dealers. Los Angeles is to hold a show on the 21st and 22nd of the present month, and, so far as can be foreseen, it bids fair to be highly successful, even though its brilliancy will be diminished through the lack of a building having enough floor-space to accommodate all the cars that the various agents wish to exhibit.

It is true that just now not many of the 1907 models have reached San Francisco, but soon they will be coming in rapidly and by the end of February specimens of nearly all the notable cars manufactured in the United States will be on view in the salesrooms. As the large exhibitions in the cities of the Eastern States will be over at the end of February. Many classes, models, etc., will be available for display here.

Though the Great Fire deprived San Francisco of the Mechanics' Pavilion, which, on account of its great area, was always used for specially large meetings, conventions or exhibitions, it is said that two garages, having a floor area of 15,000 or more square feet, are in course of construction and will be available in a few weeks. These garages, finished and decorated in a handsome manner, will be more suitable for a motor-car exhibition than the old Pavilion, which was a ramshackle, draughty, cheerless sort of place, used for every purpose sacred or profane. Epworth League and Christian Endeavorer conventions, six-day bicycle races, French masked balls and faked prize-fights followed each other rapidly, producing in the mind of the spectator a confused image like that of a kaleidoscope.

L. P. Lowe, chairman of the executive committee of the Automobile Club of California, recently wrote to the Mayor of Oakland a letter in which, while admitting that some men operate automobiles in a reckless manner and should be punished, he drew attention to the fact that the drivers of milk, bread and express wagons often proceed at a rate that is highly dangerous to pedestrians, yet one does not hear of them being brought to book. The automobile is under much better control than any horse-drawn vehicle and can be stopped more quickly. No discrimination should be made against the operators of automobiles as distinguished from drivers of other vehicles but all should be treated justly. In each case the surrounding circumstances, rather than the actual rate of travel, should be taken into account. Any user of a highway who is endangering the safety of others should be checked and punished. It is not the technical violation of a law limiting the rate of speed at which vehicles may travel that is the important matter, but whether or not the safety of any person is endangered.

In this connection it may be noted that it is an established principle that no one shall use his own property in such a manner as to endanger or damage the person or property of another. Under the common law of England and the United States every one has the right of freedom from injury by the acts of another. When an intentional assault is committed on the person of another, the injured has a right of action for damages for the wrong. Negligence is punishable criminally when another is

injured, and, if he should die, a charge of manslaughter will be maintainable.

An automobilist is liable to a charge of criminal assault if he drives his car into others and injures them through negligence or recklessness. So far as physical hurt from a collision between a motor-car and a pedestrian goes, the automobilist has the best of it and feels that he has. Though he may be criminally and civilly liable under the law, he is not very likely to be hurt personally and his consciousness of immunity from personal injury tends to render him disregardful of the safety of others. The pedestrian has rather a poor time of it in his contest with vehicles of all sorts in American cities. In crossing streets drivers rarely make any serious effort to avoid running into him but expect him to scurry away. Even if a pedestrian should stand still on a spot, many drivers would run him down if he refused to move, though he had a perfect right to remain there. It is a mistake to suppose that the streets are for vehicles and the side-walks for pedestrians and that pedestrians are mere interlopers and have no rights on the streets. Though vehicles may not be permitted on the side-walks, pedestrians may use the streets freely and, though they must exrcise reasonable care in doing so and must not contribute to accident by their own negligence, they are protected by law against the negligence of the operators of vehicles, whether drawn by animals or propelled mechanically.

Many operators of an automobile behave as if they thought that, after they had blown a warning blast on a horn, it behooves everybody within sound of it to look to his own safety and absolves them from all further liability in the matter. But this is not so. A man is not obliged to jump and scurry for cover like a scared jackrabbit because an automobile-operator toots a horn. It still is the duty of the automobilist to use every effort to avoid injuring any one. In a case for the recovery of damages for injuries caused by a motor-car accident a Circuit Judge of Lansing, Mich., said:

"The best of alarms working continuously would not excuse the driver from exercising reasonable care and as much care as though no alarm had been sounded. People on the street are not required to run at the tooting of a horn, for their rights are equal to those of the blower of the horn."

The State of Pennsylvania has on its statute-books one of the most exacting regulations about automobile signals and their use. It reads:

"Every motor-vehicle..... shall be provided with bell, horns or other signal device. Every operator or user thereof shall sound the gong or other alarm when approaching a street-crossing or road crossing."

According to this law, an automobilist driving through open, level country, and able to see for hundreds of yards ahead of him, must sound his alarm on approaching a crossing, though not a soul may be within hearing of it. About six months ago the police in one of the towns of Pennsylvania took advantage of this requirement of the law and caught a dozen motorists a day neglecting it. While the requirements of a law should be clear and exact, they should not be finical or absurdly minute and they should not demand the performance of unnecessary and useless acts.

During a week in December the moving pictures made by Miles Brothers of Fernando Nelson's record-breaking Columbia car as it approached the spot near San Luis Obispo where supplies of gasoline and lubricating oil were taken on, the car looked over and two fresh drivers substituted for Al Hall and Ed Himmelwright, were exhibited at the Colonial Theatre, San Francisco. On one of the nights, named "Motorists' Night," many automobilists were present, bringing with them horns, etc. The Hovey-Boushey cup was presented by the Manager of the Colonial to Fernando Nelson, and gold watches were given to Al Hall, Ed Himmelwright, Bert Saunders, Clarence Diehl and Ralph McLeod. Al Hall and Ed Himmelwright drove the car to the stopping-point near San Luis Obispo; Bert Saunders and Clarence Diehl piloting it thence to Los Angeles. Ralph McLeod accompanied the car during the whole trip as the representative of the Diamond Rubber Company, Nelson's car being fitted with Diamond tires. His services were not needed, as the wrapped tread tires did not sustain a single puncture.

At the annual meeting of the California Chauffeurs' Association the folowing officers were elected: J. Jarvis, President; Arthur C. Hull, Vice-President; C. Willeford, financial secretary; H. Blakeslee, recording secretary; H. R. Glenn, treasurer; W. Hoff, conductor; E. B. Ely, doorkeeper. A dinner will be held on Monday evening, January 7, to waich the Park Commissioners, the Police Commissioners, Mayor Eugene E. Schmitz, the Captain of the Park Police, the Police Inspectors of Automobiles, L. P. Lowe and C. C. Moore (members of the executive committee of the Automobile Club of California-, and others will be invited. It is intended to hold a frank discussion of the condition of automobiling in San Francisco.

At last it seems as though the much-talked-of boulevard between San Francisco and San Mateo would soon be an accomplished fact. A. J. Frey, private secretary of R. P. Schwerin, (the President of the Automobile Club of California and chairman of the committee that undertook the task of gathering the fund for the construction of the boulevard), at the end of the Old Year said that the contractors were making their preparations. The San Francisco part of the boulevard will be built by the Parkside Realty Company, which will complete the work as rapidly as possible. It is expected that the boulevard will be open as far as Uncle Tom's Cabin (formerly Fourteen-Mile House) early during the present year. Considerable work has already been done on the San Mateo County part of the boulevard which is intended not only for automobiles but for light pleasure vehicles of all sorts.

EIGHT OARED ROWING

By Arthur Inkersley

AT ETON, the greatest of British schools, the boys are divided into two main classes, "wet bobs" and "dry bobs." The "wet bobs" go in for rowing, while the "dry bobs" play cricket and other land sports. Eton is far and away the greatest rowing school in the world, a large proportion of famous British oarsmen being old Etonians. Dr. Edmund Warre, for many years Head Master of Eton College, was a noted oarsman at Oxford in his undergraduate days and was commonly esteemed the best coach of an eight-oared crew in England. Since Dr. Warre spent the whole of his working life as an assistant-master or Head Master of Eton, his services were always available to coach the Eton Eight. Among the many assistant-masters at Eton, there are always some "old Blues," that is, men who have rowed in the Oxford or Cambridge University Eights, and they devote much pains to teaching the young Etonian how to row. Each of the "Houses" where the boys board is represented on the River by an eight-oared crew and the Eton Eight is picked from all these crews. Similarly, the Oxford and Cambridge University Eights are chosen from the eights of the various colleges at these two Universities.

The Eton Eight probably rows in as excellent form as any eight to be seen anywhere in the world and always attracts great attention at Henley Regatta, where it enters for the Grand Challenge Cup and other trophies each year. As I have no records at hand, I cannot say whether Eton has ever won the Grand Challenge Cup or not, but thirty years or so ago I remember seeing the Eton crew pull in the final heat for that historic trophy. Eton has won the Ladies' Challenge Cup and other prizes at the Henley Regatta. When a member of the Eton Eight goes to Oxford or Cambridge, he is almost certain to get a place in the University Eight, in which case he is pretty sure to find himself in the company of three or four old Etonians. Occasionally a young man who rows in perfect form and is an excellent waterman as well misses his place in the Eight of his University because he is not up to the weight required in a 'Varsity crew. If two men are of equal skill, the heavier is always chosen for an English 'Varsity Eight, unless the heavier man should be of a height and bulk that would render it difficult to turn the boat satisfactorily. The heaviest man in a crew is usually put No. 5 and from him the men taper off in weight to either end of the boat, the only places where light men are found being at bow and stroke.

The characteristic sport at Oxford and Cambridge Universities is eight-oared rowing. Cricket, golf, rugby football, association football, lawn tennis, fox-hunting, drag-hunting, racquets, court tennis, several varieties of handball, track and field sports, etc., flourish and have their ardent devotees, but rowing is the supreme sport, arousing far the keenest interest among the undergraduates themselves and among the public at large. To row in the University Eight and get his "blue" (dark blue in the case of an Oxford man and light blue in the case of a Cambridge man) is the ambition of every athletic undergraduate. The early part of the training of the University crews is done on the Isis and the Cam but about three weeks before the Inter-University race both crews take quarters on the Thames near London and practice daily on the course between Putney and Mortlake. The principal London newspapers publish long articles daily on the condition, performances and prospects of the crews, these articles not being written by men whose journalistic experience has been limited to the police courts, the morgue, the race track, the pugilistic arena and the saloons there to adjacent, but by men who have themselves been members of famous crews.

Eight-oared rowing is the purest of amateur sports. The men who engage in it are amateurs and are coached by amateurs. A professional boatman may adjust a stretcher or help in getting the boat into or out of the water, but he offers no suggestions about the rowing.

Still less does he associate on equal and intimate terms with the oarsmen and instill into them professional tactics. Nearly all the eight-oared rowing in England is done on the Thames or the Cam and few men have any opportunity of enjoying it anywhere else than at Oxford, Cambridge, Henley or London. Hardly in any other place can an English oarsman find the eight-oared boat, the crew and suitable water in combination.

The Thames is, of course, the headquarters of British rowing. Situated on its banks are Oxford, each of whose twenty colleges has an eight-oared crew on the river. Henley, where the great regatta is held; Radley and Eton, the two principal rowing schools; and London, where the inter-University boat-race is rowed and where are the headquarters of the Leander, Thames, London and other famous rowing clubs. The Cam at Cambridge has been made practicable for rowing by widening and otherwise improving it, but is actually an unsatisfactory river for the sport. Oxford men certainly have much the finer river and partly to this advantage may be attributed the greater list of victories to their credit.

The Inter-University boat race is rowed over a distance of four-and-a-half miles on tidal water,

with the tide but against the stream. The two crews start abreast. At Henley the races are rowed in heats, two or three crews pulling in each heat. On account of the great number of boats (twenty or more) that take part in the College races at Oxford and Cambridge, and the narrowness of the rivers, it is impracticable to row breast races and heats would prove interminable. A very peculiar kind of contest found nowhere else in the world except perhaps in some Australian cities, has been devised to meet this difficulty. It is called the "bumping" race.

The order of the boats being determined by their position at the end of the previous season's racing, the last boat (to describe an Oxford bumping race) takes its place just above Iffley Lock, which is about 1¼ miles distant from the finishing line. The penultimate boat takes a position two boats' lengths (about 120 feet) above it; the next boat is stationed two lengths higher up the stream and so on. To enable the boats to maintain their positions, stout stakes are driven into the bank at the proper distances. To each stake a rope of given length is attached and at the other end of the rope is a bung, which is held by the coxswain till the starting signal is given. At the last gun, the coxswains drop the bungs and the crews start rowing as hard as they can, each endeavoring to overtake the crew ahead of it and to avoid being caught by the crew behind. If a boat touches with its nose the boat ahead of it, the crew is said to have made a "bump;" and both crews (the bumping and the bumped) pull to the bank and leave a clear course for the boats following. Next afternoon the boat that made the bump goes up one place and the boat that was bumped goes down one place. The racing continues for eight days, with the intermission of one Sunday; and the order after the last night's racing is over is the order of the boats for the year. The boat at the head of the line, if unbumped, or the second boat, if it catches and bumps the head one, is known as the "Head of the River," and is regarded as the best College Eight of the year.

Eight-oared rowing has naturally spread to the Australian Universities, the Professors and Lecturers at which are graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, and several young Australians, on going home to England, have won places in the Oxford or Cambridge Eights. Each of the three chief Australian Universities—Adelaide (South Australia), Melbourne (Victoria) and Sidney (New South Wales)—has a representative eight oared crew and an annual inter-University boat-race is held

The most suitable course for a rowing race is a river of moderate width and not too rapid a stream. If a river is a mile or two wide, it is difficult to define a course on it and impossible for spectators to get a satisfactory view. The Thames is the ideal river for boat-racing. It has banks on which spectators can stand conveniently and a towing path along which the more enthusiastic can run. It is narrow enough to see across comfortably and the force of its current has been brought down to reasonable limits by locks .

Rowing has never taken much hold in California because of the lack of suitable water. San Francisco Bay is too large and its currents are too strong: in summer (the natural rowing season) it is swept by violent winds that make the exercise a burden instead of a pleasure. There is no suitable river and rowing on a muddy slough, bordered by beds of tules, is rather dreary. The lower part of Oakland Creek is cumbered with steamers, ferry-boats, schooners and other obstacles. The upper waters of the Creek are smoother and less crowded and here the members of the Alameda Boat Club and of the University of California Boating Association practice and race.

Though a Boating Association has existed for some years among the Berkeley undergraduates, the sport has never attracted them greatly.

The boat-house on Sessions' Basin, East Oakland, was burned a few years ago and the oarsmen were greatly handicapped by the loss of their boats and equipment. In 1905 there was a three-cornered contest between crews representing the Universities of California, Stanford and Washington, one race taking place on Oakland Creek and another in Richardson's Bay, Sausalito. A crew of the University of California has competed at Seattle, Portland and in the waters of British Columbia. Arrangements had been made for a similar contest in 1906, but the earthquake shattered them as it did so many other things.

Now, however, owing mainly to the indomitable efforts of E. M. Garnett, the Harvard coach of the University of California crews, boating is stronger than ever before at Berkeley and at Stanford as well. The Boating Association of the University of California is affiliated with the Association. Students and rowing is a recognized sport. More than this, J. W. Slattery, the graduate manager of the University of Washington; F. W. Turner, President of the Stanford Boat Club, and E. M. Garnett have drawn up an agreement providing for races between fours and eights representing the Universities and Freshmen of Stanford, California and Washington, to be rowed on Richardson's Bay in the spring. If either Stanford or the University of California should win the 'Varsity Eight race, the winner is to meet the Eight of the University of Washington on Lake Washington on Decoration Day. If this agreement is ratified by the students, the first eight-oared races ever seen on the Pacific Coast will take place this year.

The Alumni of the University of California have been asked to contribute to a fund for the purchase of eight-oared boats from Cornell University, from which an option on three shells has been obtained. The Manager of the student body of Stanford University has been authorized to expend $500.00 on boating and the veteran rowing coach, Dan Murphy, has been asked to take charge of the Palo Alto oarsmen. Arrangements have been made to buy an eight-oared boat from the Lynn Boat Club, Mass., and used in only one regatta.

Both at Stanford and the University of California there is plenty of excellent material for oarsmen; and once a keen spirit of rivalry for victory on the water is aroused between these two institutions, the undergraduates will strive as eagerly to gain a place in the 'Varsity Eight as they now do to represent their Alma Mater on the football field. Th

members of 'Varsity crews will receive sweaters and big letters in the same manner as do the members of the baseball nine or the track team.

The course on Richardson's Bay, to the north of Sausalito ferry-slip, is almost always smooth in the morning and a large number of spectators can watch the races from the shore. Rowing is a sport that has a much more wholesome effect on participants and spectators than baseball or football. In baseball the partisans of one nine are continually endeavoring, by yelling and shouting, to mislead and disconcert the opposing players and they exult when they succeed in doing so. In football (especially the inter-collegiate game) both coaches and spectators encourage foul tactics and dirty tricks that further the success of their team. In a rowing race each crew has an opportunity to do its best; the shouts of the spectators are merged into a confused roar that serves to stimulate both crews. It is hardly possible for the oarsmen to treat their opponents unfairly or for the spectators to exhibit offensive partisanship. Fouls are rarely committed, and, if one should occur, it is generally palpable and is seen by so many persons as to be beyond all denial. Baseball and football are full of fine points upon which heated partisans will never agree and which promote dissension and bad feeling. The result of a boat-race is scarcely ever in doubt and admits of no dispute.

Eight-oared rowing is the acme of pleasure-rowing; it is the sport carried to its highest point of development. It is true that there is at Eton a ten-oared boat named the "Monarch" and I believe that the London Rowing Club has or had a twelve-oared shell but these are regarded as mere eccentricities; the representative crews both of Eton and the London Rowing Club pulling in eight-oars. The adoption of the eight-oar by California Universities will place them on a level, in this respect, with other colleges in the English-speaking world and will acclimatize in California one of the most healthful and invigorating of sports.

GOLF

By Arthur Inkersley

IN SPITE of the bad weather on Christmas Day, the qualifying and first match play rounds of a handicap tournament were played on the links of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, the following eight qualifying—R. I. Bentley, H. A. Blackman, W. H. La Boyteaux, R. J. Woods, S. L. Abbot Jr., Captain J. S. Oyster, Charles Page and Major T. W. M. Draper.

In the first round of match play R. I. Bentley, (receiving 2 strokes), beat H. A. Blackman 1 up; W. H. La Boyteaux beat R. J. Woods, (receiving 4 strokes), 2 up; S. L. Abbot beat Captain J. S. Oyster, (receiving 4 strokes), 3 up; and Major T. W. M. Draper won from Charles Page by default.

In the second or semi-final round played on Saturday, December 29, W. H. La Boyteaux beat R. I. Bentley, neither receiving a handicap, 1 up at the eighteenth hole; and S. L. Abbot beat Major T. W. M. Draper, (receiving 16 strokes) 1 up at the nineteenth hole.

In the final round played on New Year's Day W. H. La Boyteaux (receiving 6 strokes) beat S. L. Abbot.

The opening day of the New Year is always a busy one among the male members of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club. January 1 of the present year was a clear, bright day and attracted a fair number of golfers out to the Ingleside links. Four competitions were decided on the scores made during the day. The most important of these was the annual competition for the Liverpool Gold Medal, which carries with it the medal play championship of the club for the year and is, of course, a scratch event. Thirty-six holes were played during the day and of these the first round, made in the morning, was reckoned for the Liverpool Medal, B. D. Adamson won with 86, S. L. Abbot being second with 90.

The 36-hole medal play handicap was also won by B. D. Adamson, who played from scratch, with a score of 86, 92, total 178. S. L. Abbot wes second in this event also, with a score of 90, 96, gross 186, less 6, net 180. Captain J. S. Oyster's score was 193, less 12, net 181.

The scores in the 36-hole medal play handicap and in the 18-hole handicap against bogey are shown in the table:

Competitors		36 Holes-Gross	
Handicap.	36 Holes Net.	18 Holes Against Bogey.	
B. D. Adamson		178	
scr.	178	10	down
S. L. Abbot		186	
6	180	11	down
Capt. J. S. Oyster		193	
12	181	10	down
R. J. Woods		206	
24	182	11	down
R. I. Bentley		204	
12	192	11	down
L. F. Monteagle		213	
20	193	11	down
H. A. Blackman		206	
12	194	11	down

Maj. T. W. M. Draper			206
12	194	11	down
A. J. Owen			207
12	195	12	down
W. H. La Boyteaux			212
16	196	9	down
Charles Page			212
16	196	15	down
C. J. Stovel			238
36	202	13	down
C. F. Mullins			
		12	down
H. C. Breeden			*
		*	down

* No Returns.

As appears from the table, W. H. La Boyteaux proved the winner of the 18-hole handicap against bogey. He also captured the Christmas Day 18-hole handicap match play tournament, in which he won from S. L. Abbot, as already stated.

The second annual competition for the championship of the California Women Golfers' Association wil be held this spring on the course of the Los Angeles Country Club, the first competition having taken place on the Ingleside links of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, early in 1906. Mrs. R. Gilman Brown of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club won the championship. Mrs. Walter Scott Martin of the Burlingame Country Club being the runner-up. The annual championship contests are held in Northern and Southern California alternately.

The annual competition for the men's golf championship of the Coronado Country Club will begin on the course at Coronado Beach on Monday, February 4; and the annual competition for the women's championship on Monday, February 11. This is the third year that these competitions have been held. In 1905 Walter Fairbanks of Denver, Colo., won the men's championship; and last year James Gardner of Coronado was the winner. The woman champion in 1905 was Miss Rosamund Saltonshall of Boston, and in 1906 Miss Jarecki was the winner. The championship trophies, on which the winners' names are engraved each year, are handsome hammered silver pitchers eighteen inches high, which must be won three times before becoming the property of the winner. The champion each year receives a replica in solid silver, fourteen inches high. The men's and the women's trophies are exactly alike. The runners-up and the semi-finalists receive medals of the Coronado Country Club.

THE RETURN

INTO his Undine-haunted bay,
Where mer-gems gleam, and rushes grow,
Behold, the wild goose wings his way.

Home! through the sun-lit aisles of day,
Where scented breezes blithely blow,
Unto his Undine-haunted bay.

To Pannish pipes, to vernal lay
No man may hear, no man may know,
Behold, the wild goose wings his way.

Lithe streak of graceful, speeding gray,
He wends the path his kind may go
Unto his Undine-haunted bay.

O'er where the hemadryads play
To where his own home waters flow,
Behold the wild goose wings his way.

Though unseen things bespeak him stay,
And fair streams rise to lure him low,
Unto his Undine-haunted bay
Behold, the wild goose wings his way.

—*Stacy E. Baker.*

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes, for him alone."
—Byron.

FIELD DOGS

WHETHER it is that less field dogs are being broken, that the quail shooters are beginning to better understand the value of the dog in hunting these birds, or that on account of the protection given the quail by the non-sale law the supply has increased and thereby multiplied the number of quail hunters, there has been a greater demand for field dogs this season than I have ever known in the State before. This demand has been so far in excess of the supply that dozens of would-be purchasers have been unable to supply their wants. Dozens of letters have been received and personal applications made by parties who were unable to find what they wanted.

There is a chance for some one, who will raise and break for private shooting a class of dogs full of hunting sense and devoid of the nervousness of the field trial candidate, to establish a good business in that line. The average sportsman has to be educated in the use of a field dog for some time before he can either appreciate or handle a high-class dog. For that reason the fast, wide ranging, nervous dog is not what he wants, nor in fact what he needs to begin with. If he goes afield with such a dog he is disappointed with him, and disappointed with his day's shoot. He cannot control him and cannot keep him where he thinks he ought to be. The result is, that, be the dog ever so good, in the hands of the inexperienced man he becomes spoiled and is soon worthless. The result is that the dog is condemned because of the lack of experience of the man. No man can work a fast, high-strung, nervous dog and keep his mind on the size of the bag he hopes to make without spoiling the dog in a short time. The dog, therefore, for the inexperienced man to begin with should be what the field trial man calls a "plug" hunting dog. In other words a slow, non-excitable, quiet worker that will practically handle himself. After a season's work with such a one as this he will begin to understand the higher benefits to be derived from the use of a better animal. He will occasionally see even the sluggish worker strike a beautiful attitude on his points, worth to his growing love more than all the birds he has bagged in the day's hunt. He will then begin to see his dog's faults and try to correct them, and gradually take as much interest in the work of the dog as in the work of the gun. When he arrives at this stage of appreciation he will have learned how to handle a good dog and feel that something with more dash, more go, and more fire in him would materially add to the pleasure of his day's sport. When he has thus fitted himself to enter the higher school of sportsmanship—and not till then—will he fully appreciate a high-class dog, or will such a one be of any use to him. There are a few men, it is true, that may begin with the high-class field trail winner as a shooting companion. But they are men of such a keen appreciation of animal intelligence that a fine cast, or a snappy, stylish point so appeals to their finer sensibilities that they almost forget that they have a gun in their hands in their admiration of the picture. Such

men will watch every movement of their dog, and if he varies in the least from their ideal of perfect performance, he will be promptly corrected and kept under perfect control. But such are a very small minority of the inexperienced sportsmen.

It is for this reason that trainers fail so often to make sales of really good dogs; whereas if they would try to supply the demand for the slow, quiet, methodical worker in the first place, they would find ready sale for their better dogs a year or two later to the same customer when he had learned to appreciate and handle one.

Such dogs as the average man should begin with can be raised, broken and sold at the price the beginner is willing to pay. The mortality among puppies of this character is small. They are not nervous and excitable, and they train with but little work. You and I will call them "plugs," but they will point staunchly and they will retrieve. They are the objects by which the kindergarten lessons in upland shooting are learned, and as such they are necessary to prepare the beginner for the higher school wherein he learns to handle and appreciate the perfect high-class performer.

MORE ABOUT FIELD TRIAL JUDGING

AM pleased, since writing the article on "Class and Classy," published in the January number of Western Field, to see an article in The Sportsmen's Review by our old field trial patron, Judge Post, of Sacramento, that touches strongly on the same subject. The Judge says:

"For several years judges were 'class' mad. Handlers on horseback, dogs holting or continually off the course; handlers hundreds of yards apart, refusing to obey the judges' orders to get together; dogs placed without ever pointing a bird; handlers with all sorts of whistles strung about them, some blowing them to keep their dogs out, which must have confused the dogs broken to 'come in' at sound of whistle; toy pistols or guns once in awhile shot over the dogs; retrieving abolished for fear these 'classy' animals' sensibilities might be wounded; broken dogs, like Mr. Walter Updike's, given no credit for having brains enough to assimilate education, and a number of other things tolerated by judges that in the opinion of many thoughtful, competent trial sportsmen tended to defeat the improvement of our pointers and setters."

For several years, when writing of the field trials, I have scored the judges for awarding places to the kind of dogs the Judge complains of. By some I have been criticised for thus daring to set up my judgment against that of the men in the saddle, while others who really agreed with me, have told me: "It does no good, and that it is better to stand by the judges in the interest of the trials."

Such playing to policy will never improve the conditions Judge Post and a good many other members of the club complain of, nor will it develop high-class dogs. The sportsmen's press must be the forum of the sportsmen, and if honest criticism cannot be had in such publications because it is not "good policy," or may hurt the feelings or ambitions of certain patrons or judges, then the objects and benefits of these publications are lost. Honesty, says an old maxim, is the best policy. If we believe in this truism let us begin by being honest with ourselves and manfully acknowledge that we have run a foolish fad into the ground; that we have drifted away from the purposes for which our club was organized and that instead of developing high-class, brainy field dogs with bird-sense enough to seek in the places where they are to be found, nose enough to point a bird before he has run over it, and stamina enough to be a companion for a day's hunt, we have been encouraging disobedience, lack of training, nervous racing machines and, as Judge Post very aptly puts it, without "brains enough to assimilate education." We of the Pacific Coast have not been alone in following this Will-o-the-wisp that has been flitting over our field trial grounds under the nom de guerre of "class." Our Eastern brethren have been chasing the delusion just as frantically as we have. And who is to blame? Primarily the judges, but not much more so than the reporters, who either were incompetant themselves, or else "for policy's sake" were afraid to tell the truth because it might hurt some judge's or owner's feelings. Then for "policy's sake" he praises the decision and writes in glowing words about the wonderful "class" of Bondclipper's entry. If some member of the club, whose brain is not yet affected with this class mania, has the courage to say that he does not like the decision he will be told to keep quiet for it is necessary "to stand by the judge in the interest of the trials." So the judge, encouraged by a timid press and timid members, imagines his new-found fad is just the thing, and at the next opportunity lets out another link and the situation grows worse and worse. Bondclipper may be pleased to read the glowing accounts of his "classy" dog, but in the end, he like the club, is the loser, for it leads him to breed his best bitches to this brainless racer with the result that the progeny are worse than their sire.

The field trial should be to the development of the hunting dog what the race course is to the development of the roadster. In other words it should be conducted for the purpose of bringing out and demonstrating to the breeder and the sportsman the uses and benefits in the field of the best physical conformation and mental attributes that can be transmitted by careful breeding and through intelligent education during the plastic months of their training.

I yield the palm to no one in my love for a fast and wide ranging dog, but from the moment he leaves his handler he must carry his brains with him and show me that he is using them in every move he makes. He is cast off to find birds, and he must stay out until he finds them, seeking only in such places as a dog "with brains enough to assimilate education" will soon learn are their haunts, and as soon as one of these places is hunted out go in the most direct manner to another without wasting his time racing back and forth over unproductive ground. He must show that he knows and cares where his handler is, and, if occasion demands, he must be prompt to obey him. This is the only kind of a fast and wide ranger that an experienced sportsman would want for a hunting companion, and by the same token it is the only kind that should receive credit in a field trial. If a dog's range is not conducted upon these lines, with a fixed purpose to find birds promptly and with as little waste of his energy as possible, then his range is without purpose and an injury instead of a benefit.

But this characterizing as "class" this wild purposeless racing over the field is not the only thing that has been working an injury to our field dogs. Slovenly, unsteady point work has also been allowed to pass current because forsooth, the dog was "classy." And so has the rankest kind of bolting and disobedience been covered up with the same mantle.

Is it not time that we cut this word out of our vocabulary, or at least long enough to learn its proper meaning and to apply it only where it is really deserved? Is it not time that we place the rules of the club in the hands of the judge and demand of him that he renders his decisions strictly in accordance therewith, and with all of his notions of "class" left out of the reckoning?

WHAT THE CALIFORNIA DOGS HAVE DONE AWAY FROM HOME

DURING the year just passed three of our California fanciers have sent their dogs away from home to try conclusions with the dogs of other lands. These were J. E. Terry's Kilgarif, by Orion—Mary Lou; same owner Kil's Blue Bell, by Kilgarif—Iona S. and Shasta Daisy, same breeding.

The two young bitches ran in the British Columbia derby with 14 starters and easily accounted for first and second. Kilgarif at the same meeting won the all-age with 13 starters, and later made good by annexing the championship.

A month later the same two young bitches won first and second in the Pacific Northwest derby. Wallace Bruce Coutts had the honor of handling them in these performances, and he has been stepping a little high ever since. And he has a right to, too.

The other two gentlemen, Mr. W. W. Van Arsdale and Mr. H. B. Smith, entered the game a little farther east, Mr. Van Arsdale winning second with Avalon, (California Bellboy—Peach Blossom) in the all-age of the Eastern Club's trials, and dividing third in the same club's subscription stake, with Policy Girl, (Dave Earl—Top's Queen) Mr. Smith won second in the same club's derby with Colton by Doctor Daniels—Lottie Ripstone. They were all handled by Charley Babcock. Still later Babcock landed Avalon in the first money in the all-age stake of the Texas trials. This is by no means a bad showing for the earthquake year.

SETTERS AND POINTERS IN THE FIELD TRIALS

IN the field trials of 1906 there were in the stakes where the two breeds competed 883 starters. It will be interesting to the fanciers of the two breeds to note how close the percentage of winners in each breed compares with the percentage of starters. The starters were: setters 606 and pointers 277.

Setters: Percentage of starters 68.6.
Pointers: Percentage of starters 31.4.
Of the firsts the setters won 70 percent.
Of the firsts the pointers won 30 percent.
Of the seconds the setters won 73.8.
Of the seconds the pointers won 26.2. percent.
Of the thirds the setters won 64 percent.
Of the thirds the pointers won 36 percent.
Of the fourths the setters won 65.6 percent.
Of the fourths the pointers won 34.4 percent.
Of the total wins the setters won 68 percent.
Of the total wins the pointers won 32 percent.

A difference in the total wins of only six-tenths of one percent in favor of the pointers between the percentage of starters and the percentage of winners in all places. But the setters had the best of it in the firsts by one and one-half percent and five and two-tenths in the seconds. But these differences are so little that it can be said so far as the percentage of starters is concerned the two breed broke even for the year.

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 40 cents per line for first issue, and 30 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line. Cash must be sent with order to insure publication.

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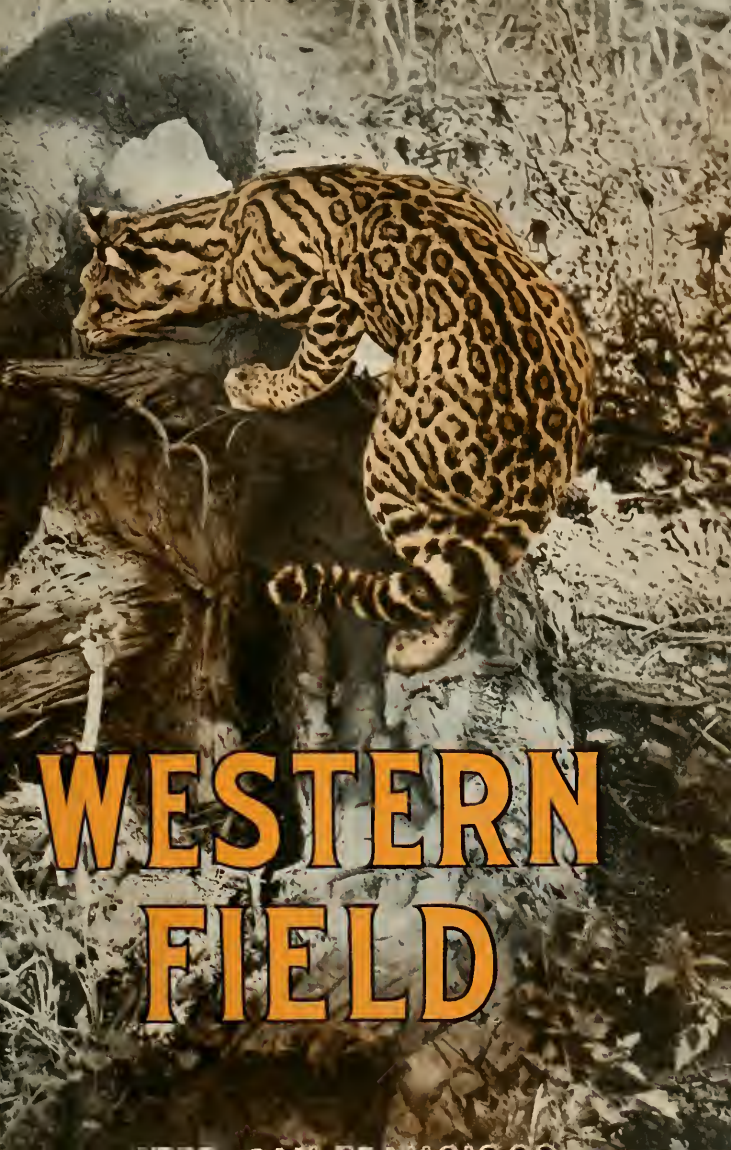
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Vol. 10 MARCH, 1907 No. 2

A JOYFUL SONG

THE earth is such a goodly place,
The sky above so fair;
Dame Nature sheds with kindly grace
Such beauty everywhere!
My neighbors smile across the ways;
My friends make haste to greet;
I seem to see a kindly gaze
In every face I meet.

Whenever Trouble comes along
I bar his Lordship out,
And mock his sadness with a song
So glad, he turns about.
And Sorrow, when she sees me smile,
Cares not with me to dwell,
For whether gay or sad the while,
She can not really tell.

I laugh at Poverty's harsh knock
When e'er he stops beside
My cottage door; it is no shock
To see him step inside;
For he and I are old, old friends,
The precious things he's taught
Mean more to me than wealth e'er lends—
The joys denial's brought.

And so I sing and work away
With happy heart and light;
God is so good—so kind alway—
So gracious in His might!
The earth is such a joyful place,
My way so plainly lies;
I follow it with humble grace
And calm, contented eyes.

—*Grace G. Bostwick.*

HEAD OF HORNED RATTLESNAKE

FREAK REPTILES OF THE SOUTHWEST

By Prof. Raymond L. Ditmars,

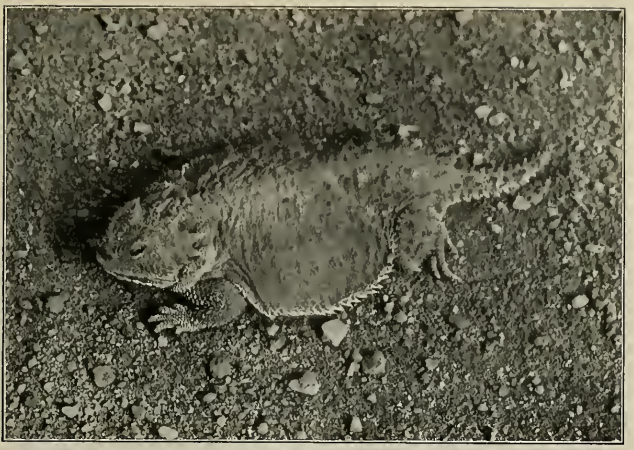
Curator of Reptiles, New York Zoological Park.

FROM the point of view of the reptile enthusiast, or the herpetologist, as he is technically called, the Southwest is the most interesting part of the United States. The great American Desert is the headquarters of an imposing aggregation of reptilian forms. And these are distinctly different from the cold-blooded creatures found in other portions of the United States.

As a rule the desert lizards are fitted to burrow their way beneath the surface of the yielding soil upon short notice. The greater number of them are strictly diurnal. Rushing over the sun-baked dunes by day, they shovel their way beneath the sand as night approaches, disappearing with alacrity by use of a sharp, scoop-shaped snout. Most of the desert snakes are slender. Thus they are able to skim over the soft soil. One thick-bodied exception gets over the ground by means of a remarkable series of laterally thrown loops, imparting the effect of a *walking* motion.

Pallid colors prevail among the desert reptiles. These show the inevitable trend of evolution where creatures live upon a glaring sun-bleached soil. Consequently, the lizards and snakes of the arid regions may be said to "mimic" their surroundings to a wonderful degree. They are difficult to distinguish unless moving. The writer remembers a number of horned "toads" sent him from a section of the Painted Desert. The soil was pink, scattered with white pebbles, and every reptile in the lot was pinkish with irregularly scattered white spots.

It may not be generally known to the popular observer, that the proverbial horned "toad" is actually a lizard and that this name really stands for a genus containing sixteen species of these creatures. While these toad-like creatures are extremely stout of body with a very short tail, quite unlike the ordinary lizard in outlines, they are rapid runners. With the waning of the day they dig their way beneath the sand, employing the snout like a plow blade. They feed upon insects, protruding a sticky tongue in much the same fashion as a toad. The horned lizards are classified principally by the character of the head spines or horns. On some of the species these are mere tubercles. Others, like the Regal Horned "Toad," (*Phrynosoma regale*), and the Pacific Horned "Toad," (*P. coronatum*), well merit the popular name. The former is found in Arizona and has a perfect crown of flat spines. Most extraordinary is a habit displayed by the horned



HORNED TOAD. (*Phrynosoma orbiculare.*)
Really a Lizard. An Imposing Aggregation of Species is Found in the Southwest

COLLARED LIZARD. (*Crotaphytus collaris.*)
Is Remarkable in Running at Wonderful Speed Upon Its Hind Legs

OSCELLATED DESERT LIZARD. (*Uma scoparia.*)
This Creature Runs at Amazing Speed

lizards generally, and this consists of ejecting a stream of blood from the corner of the eye when the reptile is irritated.

More elongated than the horned "toads" and consequently having the configuration of a typical lizard are various species of the deserts known as the "zebra-tailed lizards," "whip-tails," "race-runners" and "sand swifts." These represent various genera and most of them are amazingly quick in their motions. The zebra-tailed lizard, (*Callisaurus draconoides*), runs with its tail curled over the back and as the under-surface of the appendage is vividly barred with black and white, has prompted the common title. One of the most freakish of the strictly desert species is the Oscellated Lizard, (*Uma scoparia*). Its scales are so minute the body appears satiny while the pattern is unique for a reptile, being composed of close-set rows of eye-like spots covering the entire upper surface. To assist it in running over the yielding sand, this lizard has a well developed spiny fringe along each side of all the toes on the hind feet. It is not uncommon in southern portions of the Colorado Desert and when disturbed dashes away at great speed for a moderate distance when it as suddenly stops and plows its way into the sand by means of the scoop-shaped snout. A large specimen is six inches long.

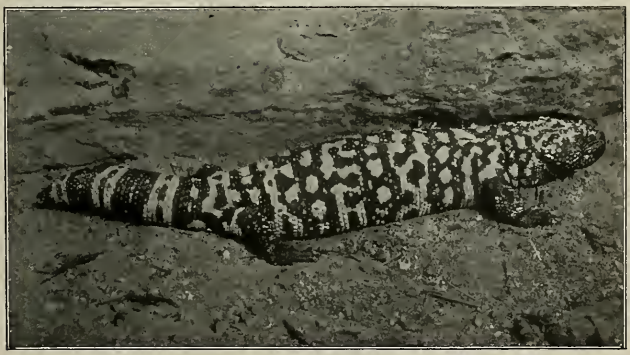
The Race-runners, (*Cnemidophorus*), are strong-limbed, long-tailed lizards that are invariably striped when young. Several species occur in the Southwest. The adults assume a spotted or tessellated pattern. They attain a length of twelve to fourteen inches. When frightened they run at such speed as to appear like a mere streak. They have received their appellation from the habit of basking in wagon roads, waiting until the horses' feet are almost upon them,

then darting ahead a short distance, persistently repeating this performance as if inviting a race.

Among the lizards of the Southwest the Gila Monster, (*Heloderma suspectum*) is possibly the most interesting as it is the only *poisonous* lizard of the United States. This, and a closely allied species, (*H. horridum*), found in Mexico and Central America are the only known venomous lizards in the world. Despite numerous emphatic assertions to the contrary the Gila Monster is a highly dangerous reptile, capable of inflicting a bite that might cause the death of a strong man, though owing to the peculiar structure and situation of its fangs the poison apparatus is not so formidable as that of a snake. All of the teeth of the lower jaw are grooved and fitted for the injection of a glairy secretion in longitudinal glands situated at their base. In biting offensively the Gila Monster seeks to roll over on its back while it retains its hold with bull-dog tenacity. This is its most effective method of injecting the virus. The fangs of a serpent—exactly like hypodermic needles—plant the poison at once, and deeply. Thus we may appreciate the degree of danger from this ugly looking lizard as compared with the venomous snakes. If its venom is artificially injected (hypodermically) into small animals, they quickly die with symptoms tending to demonstrate that the virus is a powerful heart poison.

As a captive the Gila Monster becomes very tame and may be handled with perfect freedom from danger. New arrivals are nervous and vicious, snapping from side to side when disturbed. They can seldom be indueed to eat anything but raw eggs. The species is most abundant in the valley of the Gila River, in Arizona. A large example is twenty inches long.

Though snakes are considerably less evident in the deserts proper than the lizards, the Southwest is a veritable paradise for serpents. It is here that we have a nucleus among the different species of western rattlesnakes. Harmless serpents abound in the valleys and ever prevalent, as is the case all over North America, are the striped snakes, representing several species of *Eutaenia*. The latter may always be told by their keeled scales, with three yellowish stripes upon a darker ground-color—a stripe on the middle of the back and one on each side of the body. In some localities these perfectly harmless snakes may be found literally swarming, a condition explained by their power of multiplication. They are *viviparous*, giving birth to as many as seventy-five young in a litter, though the usual number varies from twenty to thirty. The



"GILA MONSTER" (*Heloderma suspectum.*)
The Only Poisonous Lizard Found in the United States. The Fangs are on the Lower Jaw

young are ingenuously secretive and not at all particular as to food, thriving as well upon a diet of earthworms as upon young frogs and toads. An accompanying photograph shows a snake of this kind and her litter. One of the most peculiar of them is Marcy's Striped Snake, (*Eutaenia elegans marciana*), a variety of serpent found on the Pacific Coast. The striking pattern might lead a popular observer to brand the reptile as venomous. The body hue is straw color, with three narrow yellow stripes, but most extraordinary are longitudinal rows of square black spots arranged in "checker-board" fashion the entire length of the body. This snake is common in Arizona, thence extends eastward to central Texas.

Though not a reptile of the strictly arid regions, the Rubber Boa, (*Charina Bottae*), found in the Pacific States from Oregon to southern California, deserves some reference. It is a glossy little serpent, uniform brown or gray in color and seldom growing to a length of more than twenty inches. Yet it belongs to the same family as do the great boas and pythons of the tropics. Its tail is nearly as blunt as the head. Particularly interesting is the fact that it ranges farther from the Equator than any other member of its family.

As a typical creature of the deserts we may take the Horned Rattlesnake or Sidewinder, (*Crotalus cerastes*). It is one of the smallest of the rattlers and its bite should not be followed by fatal consequences if the usual precautions for snake poisoning be followed promptly and systematically. There is no mistaking this snake. Over each eye is a blunt, erect horn formed by the enlargement of the supraocular shield. The coloration is pallid, in keeping with the desert soil.

Living in situations where it is often

A Striped Snake and Her Family.
The Species of *Eutaenia* Bring Forth their Young Alive and in Large Numbers

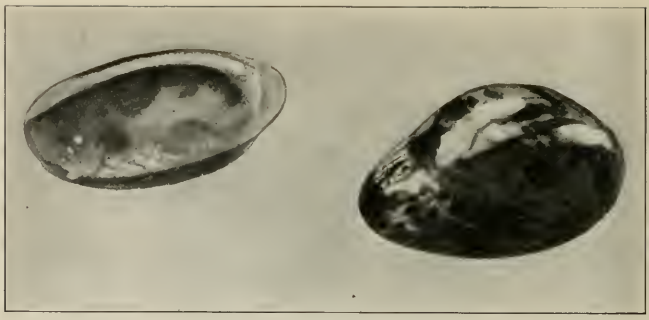
The "Rubber Boa"
A Dwarf Representative of the Family of Giant Constrictors

necessary to cross stretches of yielding sand, the Horned Rattler, when in a hurry, moves in a fashion eliciting one of its common names—"Sidewinder." It does not crawl, but throws forward one lateral loop after another, causing it to get over the ground in a manner appearing more to the observer like a "walk" than the motions of a serpent, the reptile moving off in an oblique direction to that in which the head is pointing. Here we have an admirable example of adaptation of a thick-bodied, apparently clumsy looking snake to a desert life, and seeming an ingenuous and inevitable trend of Evolution with creatures of such configuration: for the desert vipers of the Old World progress in exactly this fashion.

MARCH

WHERE March, the fair-haired boyden romps in glee,
With locks outstreaming on the bracing breeze;
Her joyous laughter echoes through the trees,
Which ope their buds to smile responsively.
The pussy-willow, too, comes out to see
What is a-stir; and, too, the busy bees
Forsake their sticky cells and drowsy ease,
To wanton with the winds, so boisterous free.
The whole wide Earth is pulsing with new life
And Winter stern now sees his power wane;
For Spring advancing urges equal strife;
They struggle each the sovereignty to gain;
But Spring in March an ally finds, secure;
She lends her blustry aid and vict'ry's sure.

—*Donald A. Fraser.*



Black Abalones

THE "JAP" WAR ON OUR ABALONES

By Bert Clifford Smith.

JAPANESE abalone fishermen are sounding the crack of doom of those beautiful shell-fish which four or five years ago made the sea-cliffs of Southern California an iridescent glow with their radiance. Armed with a short-handled knife the little brown diver is exterminating the abalone and soon, if the vandalism continues, these wonderful shell-fish will have entirely disappeared from this coast.

Less than five years ago abalones clung to the rocks along this south coast in almost countless millions. Now the full grown shell fish are fast disappearing, the meat shipped to the Orient to make Mongolian soup, and the shells to make handsome curios for our tourists to rave over. War has been declared upon the little abalones, and ere long the rapacious "Jap" will have cleaned up the last baby from the dangerous ledges. The Japanese engaged in the trade are growing rich. That they are breaking the law does not deter them, as it is most difficult to apprehend the men at work; and as they simply scoop the meat from shells which are under the legal size and allow the bright coverings to sink to the ocean's bottom, there is scarcely any evidence to bring a conviction. California's fish laws forbid having in one's possession an abalone shell less than fifteen inches in circumference around the outer edge—if red abalone; and not less than twelve, if black abalone. But State or Government laws have no terrors for the Japanese fishermen, and in spite of the protection thrown around the bright, vari-colored shell-fish, the rocks are being stripped, and soon the last abalone will be taken unless the law intervenes.

Most picturesque is the fisher life of the Japanese, who dwell in quaint little settlements along the coast. The miniature villages have a foreign charm which is amusing and attractive. The fishers live an exclusive life and are a law unto themselves. From Monterey to San Diego they ply their trade, in and out among the bays and inlets, and there is hardly a cove which has not been scraped bare by the industrious little vandals. White's Point, near San Pedro, shelters a large colony. They live on the meat of the abalone, with a few pounds of rice to help it down. Their expenses are next to nothing and they are reaping a golden harvest from the trade in the bright shells.

Another tribe of the brown men have settled at Laguna Beach, and here their operations are carried on extensively. Secure from molestation they swarm up and down the quiet

coast, gathering tons of meat and quantities of shells, and as they are almost immune from detection, ply their trade unconcernedly. Almost any morning of last summer they could have been seen just off Abalone Point, Orange County, where the fish are now more plentiful than at any other spot on the Southern coast. They have a small gasoline launch which keeps in the offing and at the least sign of danger takes the poachers to a safe distance off shore. Thousands of undersized abalones were taken during the months of August, September and October, and all of the meat was shipped to China. They worked industriously from dawn until dark and were idle not a moment of daylight. As a result of their assiduous labors many of the smaller ledges were bared before the end of the summer and they are now beginning to work on the mighty bluff which has been the home and breeding ground of the abalone for many moons.

Rowing close into shore in their dory, the Japs poise gracefully in the bow and watch for a good opportunity to work. With a knife in their teeth they dive into the blue waters among the rocks, stay beneath the surface several minutes, and emerge with arms full of abalones, sometimes as many as seven being taken at one dive. Should an alarm be sounded, the dory pulls quickly outside the rocks, the little black heads can be seen swimming directly toward the boat which at once puts off to the launch. Often they will quit operations for a day when they fear they are being watched, or will dispose of the undersized abalones and return and fish legitimately.

Half naked the men dive into the foam which combs the black rocks and angrily

"Jap" Abalone Thief's Cabin, showing Shells Heaped Up

A Dangerous Reef where the Abalones Still Exist

lashes the seaweed. The "Jap" is fearless and swims with ease where others may not venture. Hovering always as close as possible is the dory, while the launch keeps in the distance. The divers work like beavers and with feverish haste load the shell-fish into the boat. This diving is especially hazardous and several have been lost among the rocks in their efforts to locate the bright-hued shell fish.

One of the divers at Laguna Beach is equipped with a regulation diving suit, with which he is enabled to stay under water for a considerable time. But the little "Japs" do not look kindly upon the rubber clothes, choosing rather to brave the elements unhampered. The man with the diving helmet goes down into deep water and takes the large specimens found there. His work is less hazardous than that of his companions who work among the rocks.

Abalone fishing has become a dangerous sport. Years ago it was tame enough, but now when the fish is found only around the most inaccessible ledges the work of the fisher folk is perilous in the extreme. Sometimes a steel bar or chisel must be used to pry off the shell fish clinging by suction to the rocks. From among myriads of sea anemones, urchins, and clustering ocean flora, the diver, with eyes wide open, selects his prey and never comes to the surface with less than enough to feed a good sized family.

Keen eyes are necessary to the diver, who must detect the moss-covered abalone from a thousand similar objects on the face of the rocks. The exterior of the shell is dull and can only be discovered by the fisher who is an expert at spying out its hiding place. What

Japanese Abalone Pirates at Work

to the novice would appear as an excrescence on the rock, the trained eye of the "Jap" knows at once to be the abalone. Even more difficult is it to find the baby fish.

Close to the ocean the "Japs" have built a tiny cottage. So substantial is the piling which forms its foundations that the waves beat unceasingly against it, and the spray leaps in mad white caps above the tiny roof without harming the dwellers, as the cottage is securely lined and sheds every drop of water. Sunbeaten, warped racks line the miniature wharves built by the Japanese for landing purposes. These are utilized to dry the flesh of the shell fish. Ovens have been scooped in the face of the cliffs and the meat is cooked to a turn here for canning purposes. Tons and tons of shells lie around waiting for the curio man. These are sold to American dealers who afterward polish them and place them on the market. These shells have artistic possibilities which have not yet been realized. German button manufacturers have expressed a desire to buy them, and a ready sale could be found in other markets were it not for the fact that the little men dispose of them readily in the local marts.

There are seven Japanese abalone fishermen in the Laguna village and these divide the spoils from the industry. The others are only laborers and roustabouts who work for so much a day. It is said the seven "Japs" frequently clear from $1000 to $1500 a month from the proceeds of the sale of meat and shells, and sometimes the profits are almost double this amount. The meat brings $280 per ton, and the shells $50 per ton. Where the abalone abounds a highly lucrative business can be waged. The Japanese, however, control the trade along California's Southern Coast, and thus far no others have been able to make a success of it. Unfair methods of gathering the fish, laws ruthlessly broken, and an utter disregard for the fate of the abalone, work together for the enrichment of the "Japs," who, when the fish is exterminated, will be ready to retire with a fortnue.

California's present Legislature will be

asked to frame a law to prevent the diving process by which the voracious little "Japs" obtain the abalones. Realizing that by this means many tons of the valuable shells are being taken, influential men of Southern California are preparing to petition the Legislature to prohibit the practice of obtaining abalones by diving. This would give the shell-fish a new lease of life. Perhaps if the little fish which still cling to the rocks are let alone for the next four or five years, these will grow and save their species from destruction.

HEIMWEH

BACK to the hills of home!"—with sickness of soul I cry
Out of the sad, wild yearning that filleth my heart to o'erflowing;
Back to the hills of the highland. Ah! back to the pine-trees growing,
With their dark tips pointing—the woods' own spires—straight to the clear, blue sky!

Back to the pure air, sweet as the breath of Heaven!
Back oh! back to the winding trails where the dusk of even lingers!
Where the shadows reach and gather close my dreams with pitying fingers,
And God's sure love encompasseth with peace the soul's pure leaven.

Back to the dear old hearthside—the warmth and cheer of yore!
Back, oh! back to the hearts that throb and thrill with the joy of loving—
That long for the band, to clasp it close and yearn for the smile's quick proving;
And the silence—sweet as the kiss of death when life's long journey's o'er.

—*Grace G. Bostwick.*

THE SONG OF THE CLERK

AH me! but it's many a mile from town
To where the torrent comes racing down
Into the frothing pool;
But I hear its music and feel its spray,
And some fine morning we'll up and away—
Away to the hills so cool.

For oh! the summer was made for man,
And the hills and valleys are part of the plan
Laid out by a Master hand
That never meant us to simmer and sweat
On office stools, or worry and fret
Whilst summer is o'er the land.

So, one fine morning we'll up and away,
With rod and creel and company gay,
Away to the hills so cool;
To where the torrent comes racing down
(O, joy! that it's many a mile from town)
Into the frothing pool.

—*Henry Morey.*

Capturing Big Horns

By Will Frakes.

FOREWORD

Friends and Critics:—

Here I am again with one of my "wonderful" stories. I did not know that they were wonderful until I was told by a literary naturalist that they were the most wonderful mass of exaggerated nonsense that he had ever read; and that it was wonderful that I ever got them published.

Being somewhat stung by this, I mildly asked him what part of the story he thought was overdrawn.

"Why," said he, "it was all bad, but that part where you said you led the sheep home such a distance, no one could believe that."

Feeling that I would like to have some one brag on the story just a little, I asked another man what he thought of it.

"Oh, I hardly know," said he, with a tired look, "it's true you have a little sense, but it's so badly scattered you can't write up a good story. What made you say that a sheep never jumped over a precipice? You know very well there are plenty of men that have seen them do it many a time, and the fact of your denying it proves that you never saw a sheep in your life, let alone capture one."

Humiliated, I hunted up a reporter. He will be keen for a story, thinks I, and will blow me up to get me to talk. "Well," said I, "I have just returned from another mountain sheep hunt."

"Have, eh!" said he, with a pitying glance. "I s'pose then we will soon see a lot more rot in the magazines about you capturing another big-horn."

Crushed, but not quite discouraged, I asked him what part of the story he thought was particularly rotten.

"Oh," said he, "there wasn't any of it that would go down; but you should have known better than to have said there were no ibex here. Why, there isn't a prospector on the desert but what's seen 'em. And then, saying that you captured the sheep entirely alone. You know very well that you couldn't handle a mountain sheep; you should think a little before sending in such stuff as that for publication."

Heart-broken, I tried to get out of town without seeing any one else; but as I was leaving, I heard some one say: "There goes that chap that took those old goats out and stuck some mountain sheep horns on their heads, and photographed them."

I went home with a headache, fell into a feverish slumber, and dreamed that I was a type-writer being beaten to death by an amateur sheep hunter.

But, in spite of these horrible reflections on my reputation, I still declare that the story was true in every particular. That I did lead the sheep home across the desert for many a weary mile just as I said I did. That a mountain sheep does not, and will not jump over a precipice. That there is not a single ibex on the whole desert, nor never was. That I captured the sheep alone, and had the fights and tussles with them just as I said I did.

And now, I advise all type-writer and pencil hunters to raise the window and get out their smelling salts, for I captured more sheep on this hunt than I did before, consequently there was more excitement; and I fear the darlings could not stand it unless they were in a measure prepared.

When I was hunting last year I did not see but a few people on the desert, and as I always hunt alone, and the heat spoiled all my pictures, I had to ask the public to take my word for most of the adventures I had with the sheep. On this hunt, however, the desert was alive with prospectors, and there are plenty of reliable witnesses that saw me every few days and know that I hunted and captured my sheep entirely alone. Besides I have any amount of good pictures this time, and four live mountain sheep here at home that any one may see that cares to come and look at them.

WILL FRAKES.

IT was about the 1st of June, 1906, that I began to look around the country, to see if there were any sheep on any of the old ranges that I might capture without going so far out on the desert. I first went to Newberry Springs, which is headquarters for the Indians, and where they come every summer for the especial purpose of hunting sheep. They kill everything they can, big, little, old and young; and sell the heads, hides, and meat to any one that will buy them, in open defiance of the law.

From Newberry I went to Sheep Springs, eight or ten miles farther south, which has been a favorite watering place for sheep since they and the spring have existed. I stayed there all night, and looked around over the surrounding country till noon the next day; but the last track has disappeared forever. The old trails that have been used for centuries are getting dim, and but for the bones that are lying around, there is little to tell that

Sheep Heads at an Old Indian Camp

such magnificent game animals ever existed in this locality.

From there I went five miles west to Cane Springs, another old watering place for big-horns, but there were no sheep. I then went ten miles farther west to Ord Mountain, where there are two or three springs that the sheep have always watered at. I stayed there two days and went all over the mountain, but the last sheep had either been killed or left the country. Disgusted, I returned home.

It is a great shame, a great pity, that these vagabond Indians have been allowed to murder them. Later on a few may drift in from the Colorado River, but even if they do the noble Red Man is still sneaking about the desert with about as much respect for our laws, and as much decency, as a band of coyotes, and they are just about as beneficial to the country.

I rested for two or three days, and on June 17th I packed two horses and started east across the desert with the intention of finding sheep before I came back, even if I had to go to the Rocky Mountains to do it. When I go on a hunt I do not take so great a variety of articles as most people do. Bacon, beans and flour are the principal parts of the load. So long as a man has plenty of these staple foods he will never starve to death. If there is any room for nicknacks stick them in the pack, but don't forget that pork and beans stick stanchly to the ribs. Such articles as tents, folding cots, beds, sheet-iron stoves, kettles, pots, pans and ovens are a mere nuisance. My hunt clothing consists of two shirts, two pairs of overalls and two pairs of moccasins; half of these are on me, the other half in the pack. My bed is a single blanket; and with a few cooking utensils I have a load that I can pack and unpack in a very short time.

The first day I went to the Caves, a deep, rocky canon which the Mojave River has cut through a range of mountains. This was once a famous place for sheep, and was where I captured my first big-horn. But since the Salt Lake Railroad has been put through it the sheep have all disappeared. After satisfying myself that there were no sheep in that locality, I decided to go to Rigg's Tanks, which are eight or ten miles east of Soda Lake.

I traveled along Clark's railroad most of the way in order to get water for myself and horses. At one of the little stations I asked a man if he knew where there were any mountain sheep. He said he had not seen any, but that he knew there were some away off on a certain mountain, for he had heard them jumping off the cliffs when he came along there. I told him I wanted no better evidence than that, that they were there—and started for Rigg's Tanks.

These tanks were once a great place for sheep. They are situated in an almost inaccessible rocky canon where no horse or cow could ever go. But when I got to them they were nearly dry, the water was very bad, and there were no sheep.

I hardly knew what to do, but concluded to strike for the Avawatz Mountains, out near Death Valley, where I caught most of the sheep last year. I knew the Indians had been in there hunting, but I thought maybe there might be a few sheep left, so I packed up the next morning and started for the blue top of

Where I Caught My First Big Horn

the Avawatz that seemed to be quivering in the air nearly 50 miles away.

The second evening I arrived at a small spring on the south side of the mountain, and a miner that was camped there told me that he had not seen any sheep, but that there was a small spring, up the canon a mile or two, where he had seen a few tracks not long ago.

The next morning after breakfast I hobbled my horses and turned them loose, for feed was rather scarce in that locality, and then started up the canon to find the spring and have a look at it. I walked carefully along, keeping a watch on the sides of the canon for any sheep that might be there, and also an eye on the ground for the track of any that might have crossed the ravine. I had walked about a mile without having seen anything, when I came to a turn in the canon and saw some green bushes on the side of a hill several hundred yards farther up that I knew indicated water.

I stopped at once and took out a pair of powerful twin telescopes that I always carry, and resolved to give the country a thorough search before I went any farther. When I pointed my glass at the side of the mountain I saw a young buck sheep standing on some rocks looking directly at me. For all my carefulness and caution, the ever alert and watchful animal had caught sight of me the very moment that I came into view.

I sat very still and watched him, hoping that I might lull him into the belief that I was nothing dangerous; but he was not so easily fooled, for after taking one deliberate look he evidently thought that he had better be going—excuse me, I mean that he instincted that he had better be going, for I have been raked over the coals for saying that a sheep could think. Well, my critics, maybe he can't; but go out and try to capture him, and see if his ability to take care of himself—that is governed by his "instinct"—isn't more than a match for all the efforts that you can put forth, guided by the qualities of your reason.

But by whatever means he was enabled to know, the sheep undoubtedly felt that he was in danger, for he very promptly hurried to the top of the mountain with all possible speed. There he stopped and had another look at me, and then disappeared among the rocks.

A sheep, when not very badly scared, will sometimes run over the summit of a hill and after a few minutes come back and peep over,

"Through My Glass I Saw a Young Buck Sheep

apparently to see if he can catch his enemy on the move. (A deer will sometimes do this same trick.) Thinking that this sheep might come back to have a final look at me I remained quiet for a few minutes, but he had evidently seen all of me that he cared to, for he did not show up any more.

I examined the rest of the surrounding country with my glass, and as I did not see any more sheep I went up and had a look at the spring. There were quite a number of tracks around it but they all looked as though they might have been made by the same sheep; yet it was so rocky and hard around there that I could not tell for sure. The outlook for sheep was not very pleasing, but it was the best I had found on the trip, so I decided to stop there a few days and try to catch that sheep anyway.

The next thing to do was to find a safe place for a hidden camp as close to the traps as would be safe. There were several places near enough where I could hide from the sheep, but the wind was uncertain. I well knew that if they once got the scent of me they would not come back there again for a long time. So I built several fires and carefully studied the air currents by the smoke for the rest of the day. I found that the wind either blew up or down the canon, and that the smoke did not reach up on the side of the mountain so far as the spring, and as the sheep would most likely come down the hill from above the water, the chances were that they would not smell me.

So I went back to the miner's camp, got my

horses, and moved up to the spring that evening. I then took my horses back to the other spring, for although sheep will not generally scare at loose horses, there are some sheep that will run as far as they can see one. And sheep were too scarce to take any chances.

It was after dark when I got back to camp that night, and I was up at daylight the next morning to begin preparations to capture the sheep, and also to take some pictures. I first set my traps, then wove in some more brush to make my hiding place better, made a peep-hole for my kodak, and was ready for a big-horn.

(To be continued.)

DOWN BY THE OLD LOG POOL

OH, I long for a waft of the woodland,
For a breath of the redwoods cool;
And the creek's soft, singing melody,
And the little wild birds' twittering glee
Down by the old log pool.

Oh, I long to see the red sun rise
Over the green-topped hill;
And to hear echo back from each mountain wall
The far, faint tattoo of the quail's drum-call,
While all save the brook is still.

Oh, I long to wander, rod in hand,
When the rosy dawn is breaking;
And in the clear, blue sky above
With whistling, creaking wings, the dove
Her fieldward flight is taking.

Oh, I long to steal down stealthily
Where the oak upriven lies,
And where the murmuring ripples go
To the deep, dark silent pool below,
To cast my eager flies.

There's a flash and a dash, a scurry and splash,
And at my line a stout pull—
As, with leaping rainbowed body bare
There flashes an instant in the air
The king of the old log pool!

He's off in a headlong, maddened rush—
I can feel the tough rod bend,
And the long, lithe body's frantic feel
At the spurring touch of the stinging steel,
And the high-pitched song of the shrieking reel,
As he breaks at the pool's far end.

He circles and doubles and dashes swift,
For the battle's not won yet;
And he still fights hard with a waning strength
Till I draw his gasping, supine length,
Half-struggling, to the net.

Others may sing of their shooting,
Of triumphs 'neath nature's rule—
But I long for a bout with a gamy trout,
When the stout rod bends and the reel runs out,
Down by the old log pool.

—*Roy Brazel Miller.*

AFTER THE UPLAND KING
(A Day With the Mountain Quail in Shasta)

By Tom Veitch.

THE manzanita, that had closely bordered the road for the last mile, gave way and we drove into an open swale of perhaps two acres—all green with the lush new grass and studded with grey rocks a foot or so in height. A jack rabbit hopped into the chapparal at the farther edge, and my eye, awakened by the movement, discerned our first bevy of quail.

There were about a dozen—much larger than our cheery valley friend, and the markings on their coats showed more plainly. As we alighted one of them gave a warning whistle, and the bevy started running for shelter. Knowing their aversion to flight we ran briskly across the swale after them, but before we were in range they had disappeared into the brush and we could hear their whistling farther up the hillside.

Two of us started up through the stiff chaparral. We knew from experience that these little feathered followers of Pan were not to be hunted with dogs, for they seldom lie, and though they may be numerous, one must keep in steady pursuit to obtain a good bag.

The brush soon became so thick that I was reduced to crawling, and totally lost my companion. At frequent intervals I could still hear the quail whistling, but apparently another bevy, for the sound came from further to the left, from a sparsely wooded bluff. I made my way as quickly as possible over the rough rocks toward the whistling and started a bevy of perhaps half a hundred running nimbly over the ground and jumping from rock to rock before me. Here my day's sport began.

Following this bevy along the bluff, getting a shot now and then, I started others and soon had one or two hundred birds ahead of me in the brush. The birds persistently refused to fly, running with remarkable speed whenever I appeared within range, and placing every rock and bush possible between themselves and my gun. The man who declares as a pot-hunter anyone who would shoot any game bird on the ground has not hunted our wily mountain quail. I have always found that it is as difficult to hit him running at full speed over rough ground, as it is to stop one of his valley brethren in his smooth flight over an open field. Further, the hunter of the upland bird is usually winded from his pursuit and not in fit condition for accurate work.

I remember well, when following the birds ahead of me, I suddenly came to a rocky open place and saw a bird swiftly running ahead. I fired twice, but each time he was safely behind a rock, and before I could reload had disappeared in the brush. More than once during the morning my shot struck stone and wood instead of feathers and flesh, and by noon I was so thoroughly tired that I found it quite convenient to clamber down the bluff to a little stream and rest there for an hour while I ate my lunch.

On count my bag numbered twenty-two birds, three of which were valley quail that had strayed to the higher ground.

On my way back to the road and the team I easily rounded out my limit, and although every vestige of the birds I shot that day has long since disappeared, the memory of that enjoyable morning when I pursued the Upland King is with me yet; to afford me pleasure in my idle moments, and to cause me to hope that sometime my clear winter morning in the Sierra foothills will be repeated.

IN THE YOSEMITE

CALIFORNIA'S GARDEN OF THE GODS

Photos by Miss Bruckman

Photo by Jas. Maynard, Jr.

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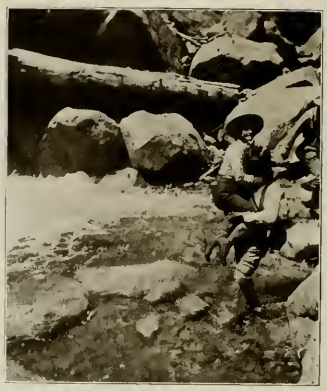
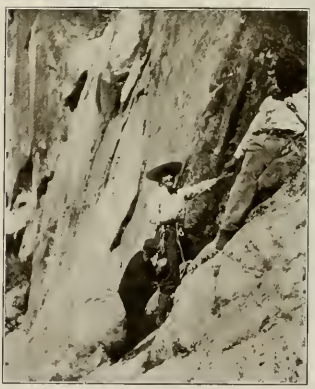


Photos by Miss Bruckman



SOUTH COAST SHOOTING

By "Stillhunter."

PART II. THE RABBITS OF OLD FERNANDO.

I SUPPOSE there are rabbits and rabbits in the world; in fact I have met a few of them, but I do not believe I have ever met any more entertaining rabbits than those that dwell in the shadow of the ruins of old mission San Fernando, not far from Los Angeles, in our Italy.

Men of the old days, men who shot the pea rifle and the muzzle loading shotgun (which was, oftener than not, only a rifle bored out) have dinged in my ears o'er many a sunburned hillside the joys of rabbit hunting in the snow. From these I gleaned that their idea of sport was closely akin to that which delights our Uncle Edward and his merrie men across the seas as well as the War Lord of the continent when he is on a peace footing.

In the first place I do not like snow, and in the second place I wish, sometimes at least, to give the thing I hunt something like an equal chance with the man who carries the gun. For these reasons, and for others which may appear later to you as plainly as they do to me now, I am for the rabbits of the West Coast and the way we who care for the sport hunt them here.

In Southern California, on the coastal side of the range—all the territory these articles are supposed to cover—there are three varieties known to the rabbit hunter. One, and by far the most commonly seen if not the most abundant, is the long-eared jackrabbit. He is a dweller in the open plains, a believer in fleet feet when pitted against craft and guile.

Then there is the cottontail, the same little beast, save for minor differences, that Uncle Remus and Brer Johnsing have been hunting in the south and the east for lo, these many years. He is a frequenter of cactus patches here in the West, a lover of deep holes well walled in with thorny hedges the most enthusiastic hunter dislikes to penetrate. The Molly Cotton is the common rabbit of all the New World, and a more cunning animal, in the way of scents and general wariness, especially when much hunted, it is hard to find among the lesser and more peaceable dwellers in the wild.

Back in the hills, where the cactus has given way to a dense cover of sage and chemise brush, are to be found the little blue "sage rabbits", without peradventure of a doubt the finest flavored of all the savory meats of Southern California hills.

All of these species of one kind require widely different methods of hunting for their killing. Rarely through the Southwest there are to be found places where the rabbits of all three converge, and where the hunter may have his choice of the kind of rabbit shooting he most prefers. One of these is, or rather was, some six years ago, the old San Fernando wash. Once, no doubt, this was a roaring river; now it is a dry, sandy streak through a fertile valley, here kissing the feet of the hills, there plunging through some wide barley field, until at last it loses itself in one of the gores of the mother range.

In winter it is yet enough of a torrent to leave an underground stream quite sufficient for the verdure along its banks. Where it is wide and very sandy, and grown up here and there with scattered clumps of low wild shrubs, the jackrabbits haunt the flat. Where it rises to the mesa's edge and the cactus begins to show, the cottontails have made their homes for so many generations that their burrows literally honeycomb the earth. Yet further back there is sage brush and other sorts of tangle along the slopes of the hills, and there the sage rabbits are scattered, here a pair, there a pair, never plentiful, but just thick enough to add zest to the hunt for them.

Through this valley and along beside this wash there lie twin lines of steel, the Southern

Little Blue Sage Rabbits

Pacific's pathway into the northern end of the State. Scattered along the railroad are little towns, not many, but enough so that the rabbit hunter can have a good time with his rifle and his rabbits without having to take a long journey from his desk or from his ticker in the City of the Angels.

I say rifle advisedly, for I do not like the idea of shooting a rabbit with a shotgun; it tears the little, tender body very badly, and it certainly does not require any great amount of skill on the part of the hunter to knock the rabbit over, even on the run. The crowd of us who used to shoot over the Fernando wash and later through the hills of Orange county, down around what was once the country seat of Madame Helena Modjeska, were .22 rifle cranks. We weren't anything to brag on as shots, though most of us knew how to hunt every kind of game that lived in the country we frequented, but we enjoyed the game, and we got the rabbits at decent ranges and with due justice to the fluffy-tails, so, what more should we want?

I remember very well leaving Los Angeles one November morning, some three weeks after the first rain had fallen, on a drive to San Fernando after rabbits. The grass was just greening on the hillsides, and, as we had made a late start, we determined to loaf along, and do our shooting in the afternoon, returning if need be, by night.

Mac drove, his Winchester .22 thrown through his knees and sticking out under one arm, the typical old-model, long-barreled rifle put out of this factory in an early day. I had just got a new .32 caliber gun of the same make, and was taking it along—after rabbits, mind you!

Well, we drove, and we drove, and we rested, watering the horse in the stream which was just beginning to feel its way down the bed of the old wash, a sort of forerunner of the floods that were to come when once the rains had worked their will in the hills.

At length we arrived at what looked to us like a good place for rabbits. Four or five elder trees were grouped together at one edge of the wash, and under these we tied up the horse. Then we lay down in the shade, smoked "brown-paper" cigarettes, Mexican fashion, for an hour, and then, because we

were boys and impatient to be in the game, we moved out into the wash a bit after noon. Now, if I were going to repeat the trip, I should wait until shadows had begun to be longer than the sun rays.

Once across the wash we beat, according to our custom when hunting together, about two rods apart, with the full understanding that we were not, under any consideration, to fire toward each other. I have since found this to be a very good rule to follow, even when with older and more experienced hunters than we were then.

We saw absolutely nothing during the first trip across save a few fresh coyote signs, but on the way back there were doings a plenty. In the middle of the course we followed back, there grew a very high and very dense clump of brush and cactus combined. Some of the brush was a sort of buckthorn, the roots of which had been washed down from the higher hills and had taken hold in the soft sandy soil of the wash. It was a nasty tangle, about one hundred yards wide by two hundred long. We realized that we could never beat through it, so we decided to split a little further apart and completely circle the obstacle.

I had gone possibly half way down the brush tangle when up jumped a jackrabbit, not from within the shrubbery, but from the shade of one of the outlying individual bushes. The jackrabbit is no hider, no skulker among the underbrush; he is up and doing in his game. And this particular jack ran some fifty yards and sat up. I drew down on him, rather amazed at his stopping so soon, when I saw him prick up his ears, drop down as flat on the ground as he could get and literally shrink into the shadow of a mass of brush. He seemed to vanish, so small he became.

And then, passing down the same open space through which the jack had gone, came a coyote. He swung into the open trail about ten yards from me and up the wind. Of me he suspected nothing, but the instant he struck that open space he smelled rabbit. Immediately his trot became a walk; he moved ever so cautiously, and, about the time he had reached a point half way between the jack and myself, the new .32 spoke abruptly. The ball was badly placed, but it shattered one hip, and with one backward leap he was struggling on the ground. Another shot from a few steps nearer finished him.

Gathering up the coyote, I moved on around the upper end of the brush patch, arriving at the open space above just in time to see a cottontail make his last jump at the crack of Mac's rifle. Then, I realized that the .32 was far and away too big for such work. Afterward I landed one cottontail with the big gun, and what there was of that rabbit would not have fed a canary bird, if canary birds ate cottontails.

The little blue brush rabbit of which I have spoken, however, is of quite another manner of life, and he must be hunted accordingly. As may be imagined, the hunting of jackrabbits, where they are plentiful, with either a .22 or a .25-20 rifle, is great sport; in fact I am inclined to believe it is the greatest sport the South Coast offers to the enthusiastic rifle shot, barring the fact that the big rabbits are of no use to the hunter once he has killed them.

On the other hand, the brush rabbit of the higher slopes is a past master in the art of hiding and of dodging around a clump of brush so rapidly that even a snapshot with a shotgun is sometimes puzzled to allow for his vagaries. For such rabbits as these, frequenting as they do the thickest of brush-covered hillsides, there is but one method of hunting and that is by stalking, armed with a .22 rifle, preferably a repeater. Not often is a second shot offered by an uninjured rabbit, but frequently when the first shot has taken but partial effect, a second cartridge may prevent the little animal from getting into its burrow and so not alone depriving the hunter of his game, but permitting the rabbit to die a long and painful death in its dark home.

As evening drew on, on this trip I started to tell about a few paragraphs above, we tired of the wash. I had killed a jackrabbit with the big gun and two more cottontails had fallen to the little rifle. Then we decided to wander back into the hills a bit and try for the blue brush rabbits. Once there, my .32 was of little use, but I carried it along, because I had nothing else to do. And on the side hill there above the wash I saw some very fine still-hunting for those little rabbits. None of these creatures are larger than a man's two fists doubled up, and they do not afford an overly large target, even when sitting quiet in the shadow of some shrub on the side hill.

The fall of the year is the time of all times

to hunt rabbits in California del Sur. Then, when the rains have fallen, changing all the hills from sepia to emerald, the bunnies round into a fatness one could not by any imagination expect of so thin an animal as are some of the hill rabbits during the long dry summer. There is little of that hunting round about the rims of farms in the Southwest that is so common in the East, for the reason that the farms of California are differently constructed, and the man who gets his cottontail, his jackrabbit or his sage brush bunny honestly, with a rifle, earns his game in every instance.

BREAK O' DAY

OVER there on the horizon
  Comes the sun's first eager ray,
And the misty clouds are rising
  To salute the break o' day;
And I hear a sort of chirping,
  Just as low and sweet and clear,
Nature's tuning up and perking
  The young morning atmosphere.

In thick-strewn diamonds lies the dew
  Like angel's tears as bright,
The brooklet counts her rosary, too,
  In swift-flung shining light.
Like shadowed leaves the minnows dart
  Through running silver, deep,
While from the grass wee scared things start,
  To pause and shyly peep.

The lingering shadows in the trees
  Grow fainter—fainter yet,
As on the early morning breeze
  Wafts breath of violet.
The blossoms open up their hearts
  The glad sunshine to woo,
While from the earth sweet incense starts
  To thrill the warm air through.

—*Grace G. Bostwick.*

TOM ROUSE'S BEAR STORY

By H. T. Payne.

"SPEAKING of bear", said Tom Rouse, as he raked a baked potato out of the hot ashes of the campfire, "reminds me of the little tussle we had with a big grizzly back in the sixties on the east side of the Tehachapi mountains." Tom broke his potato in two, dug out the salt can from the camp mess and took a bite a little too big and so much too hot that he had to roll it about for some time before he dared to either chew or swallow it. When he at last succeeded in clearing his mouth, he exclaimed: "Gosh, boys, but that was hot, but no hotter than the time we had with that bear. Wait till I finish this spud and I'll tell you all about it."

Tom Rouse was an old hunter, and while sometimes the boys thought he "put a little too much risin' in his dough", they still knew that he had an enviable record as a bear hunter and carried a few unmistakable scars to bear mute witness to encounters a little too close for anyone with less courage than Tom was known to possess. The day's hunt had been very unsuccessful and accordingly the little group around the campfire was rather dull, so Tom's promise of a good bear story at once commanded attention; for they all knew that when Tom Rouse characterized an encounter as a "hot one" it was sure to be entertaining.

After Tom's baked potato was finally stowed away and his pipe lighted, he began:

"If any of you have hunted on the east side of old Tehachapi you'll remember the big rock cliffs. We were camped close to the south end of these cliffs, just where the wall was broken down with the earthquake of '51 and left those two big leaning rocks in the form of a tent. I wasn't there in '51 but I'm inclined to think that the Indians lied about the earthquake putting those rocks in that shape. My experience in San Francisco last spring was that earthquakes aren't particular about piling things up in a useful way, any more 'n a bronco mule is about what becomes of you after he had given you a broadside from his business end. My belief is that them rocks were put in that shape by the good Lord for the very purpose of saving Bill Piper's life. No earthquake could have made calculations on any such a race as Bill had, but the good Lord could, and I believe he did.

"Well there were three of us in the camp, and me and Lige Dickens had left Bill Piper to keep camp and had gone to look for bear. Lige had gone up on the ledge of rocks where he could look down while I took along the side of the mountain about fifty yards below. We had nearly reached the northern end of the ledge when I heard Lige whistle. I looked up to the top of the ledge and there was Lige waving his hand to me to go back as if he was in a big hurry about it. I stood still and listened and looked ahead of me but I could neither hear nor see anything, while all the time Lige was waving his hand frantically for me to fall back. But I was looking for bear, and if there were any of 'em near I didn't want to retreat without seeing 'em and at least getting a shot. The brush was pretty thick and about as high as my head so that I couldn't see more'n ten or fifteen feet ahead of me, but I wasn't going to back out until I knew what was there. Lige was about sixty feet above me and some fifty yards away and was therefore looking down so he could see what was doing. At last when he saw that I wasn't going to retreat he called down: 'It's two big grizzlies—and they're not fifteen feet from you!'

"At the sound of Lige's voice I heard a snort and the breaking of brush right in front of me. I made a jump to get behind a clump of brush, but my foot

The Big Rock Cliffs on the East Side of Old Tehachapi

caught in a vine or something of the kind and I was just falling beyond the brush when the end of the nose of one of the bears hit me in the side and knocked me clean out of his way and over against the dead branches of a fallen tree. May be you think I wasn't scared. Well, I was, but not half so much as that bear. The two of them had been waddling along leisurely up to the time Lige called to me. His voice scared them and they broke into a run, not knowing that I was right in front of 'em, so that when I tripped and fell before the leader just in time to be caught by his nose he didn't realize what he had run into, and hadn't time to stop to investigate, but went tearing through the brush, snorting at every jump. As soon as they had passed me, and before I had extricated myself from the dead tree and recovered my rifle, I heard Lige shoot. Our guns in those days were muzzle loaders and of course he had but the one shot and the bears went on.

"As soon as I had assured him that I was not hurt Lige began reloading, telling me not to follow them too close as I would have no show with them in such thick brush After reloading he followed along the ledge, while I had no difficulty in following their trail from below, which was taking a direct course for our camp. Every minute or two I would look up to Lige—who was now keeping pretty well out of sight—for directions as to where and how far the bears were ahead of me. A grizzly never runs far at a time, when he does run; and he never runs when he thinks he is in close quarters and can see his adversary, and very seldom after he is wounded, unless it's after the fellow who did it, so I expected any moment to come onto them.

"When I had been so unceremoniously knocked out of the way I didn't have time to see how big the brute was but Lige said one of them was a monster, and this being the case I didn't propose to let him get away,

so I kept following 'em up pretty close. We had got to within less than two hundred yards of the camp when Lige motioned that they were right in front of me. While I was working up cautiously Lige raised his rifle and fired. At the crack of his rifle I again heard the brush snapping and rushed up to get a shot at them myself. But the brush at this point was considerably higher than my head and quite thick, so it was difficult to see any distance at all. Lige motioned me to come up closer to the cliff. At the same time Bill Piper rushed out from the camp, calling to know what was up. Lige holloed to him to get back out of sight, that the bear was coming right toward him. Just at this the big fellow broke into the open where our camp was located, and seeing Bill made straight for him. Bill drew a bead on him and fired but failed to stop him. I tore through the brush as best I could and reached the open just in time to see Bill running around the rock tent with a fifteen hundred pound bear not more than ten feet behind him.

"The two leaning rocks that formed the tent were close up to the perpendicular ledge, and a lot of other rocks in falling had piled up between them so as to form a high connection with the ledge. Over this Bill came scrambling as fast as he could and down the side toward me with the bear too close a second for Bill's peace of mind. 'Go round again!' I holloed as I fired at the bear's throat over Bill's head. My shot hit him hard in the sticking place and he half rolled down to the level ground. As he recovered his feet and made after Bill I called to Lige to look out for him as he came over again, and drawing my revolver rushed up to close quarters. In less time than it takes to tell it I saw Bill coming over this course on the second lap. Lige had reached a point not more than ten feet from the hurdle over which they were coming and nearly above them, and I had gained a rock within six feet of the course. On account of the bear stumbling from my shot Bill had gained a lead of fully twenty feet, and the bear, weakened from the three good shots that were now in him, wasn't taking the hurdle as clean as he did on the first lap. As Bill came over I called to him saying: 'Keep it up Bill! If you gain as much the next lap as you have on this you'll have him by the tail.' As the bear appeared Lige caught him with a good shot from above in the neck, while I, reaching to within four feet of his ear, directed my fire for the brain and he went down like a felled ox, hitting the ground at the bottom of the rocks with such a thud that further shooting was unnecessary. Billy however, had taken my advice and came over the hurdle for the third lap with such a rush that he almost landed on the dead bear, while Lige, from his perch on the cliff, called out: 'Bill wins in the third round; time one minute and twenty-seven seconds.'"

As Tom seemed to have finished his story and began raking in the ashes again, one of the boys asked:

"What became of the other bear?"

"Oh", said Tom, "the little fellow kept right on when the big one took after Bill. As soon as Bill had recovered his wind we all three took his trail and got him within less than half a mile of the camp. But that's another story", he said, as he raked another potato out of the fire, "and I'm not going to let this spud burn for the sake of a young grizzly that didn't weigh more'n five hundred pounds."

GREATER SAN FRANCISCO

FORGETTING the things of the past,
We rejoice in the city resultant.
The clattering hammer and blast,
Are promising things more abundant.

—*G. T. Meeker.*

WHEN THE SALMON WERE ON THE RIFFLES

By F. M. Kelly.

IT was just at the edge of night when we reached the little cabin by the riverside in the heart of the great hills. The sight of it was welcome, for it is six miles at least from the stage road by a trail that is not altogether of the best. Our packs had grown heavy, too, before we had done the half of the distance, and the steam rose from our clothes as we sweated along and absorbed a goodly share of a thick, drizzling rain, which fell as though it would continue until doomsday.

Once within the cabin, though, before a roaring fire, as we dried out and inhaled the fragrance of hot coffee in the making, we forgot the discomforts of the trail, and thought only of our chances during the following days. It was my first trip with Tom C——, and after we had dined and were burning tobacco, we began to exchange confidences. There's nothing like a hearty appetite appeased, with a good pipe on top, to warm a man up when he is miles from nowhere. I came to know that Tom had hunted game in different parts of the world, and knew American big game from Mexico to the Arctic Circle. Consequently, it was late when we sought the blankets. That first night we were both somewhat restless on the spruce; and Tom averred next morning that a continuous procession of shadowy things would keep passing across his vision, even assuming the shapes of grotesque and impossible-looking bears.

We found the rain still falling; and the hills looked bleak and smoky in the gray of the dawn as we started from the door of the cabin. We were looking forward to tender steaks and luscious haunches of venison during the balance of our outing, when our quest would be for some thing more unlikely to be met with. By noon we had returned to camp with a spiked buck. We dressed it that afternoon, and kept to the fire.

Sometime during that night the rain ceased; but the woods were not altogether inviting even when breakfast was finished, and we felt wet before we started out. It was nearly four o'clock when we left the bush, where the shadows were commencing to deepen. We had seen plenty of "sign"—droppings in the bush, and half-eaten salmon along the river, and were fairly well satisfied with the day's tramp. Several days of the same luck, however, began to take the edge off our enthusiasm. We had every reason to believe that bear had been fishing along the river each night, although we were unable to locate one of the breed between times. Evidently there were bear close enough to us on several occasions, and a dog would undoubtedly have nosed one or more out, but a dog we had not, for both of us like to score on our own merits—the result being that we get poor enough bags now and then.

At length we came to the conclusion that, if we could not go out and stumble on a bear, we would try and see if a bear would not come out and stumble on us. By this time the weather had turned fine and cool; and the moon being at the full, we arranged to pass a night by the river, near one of the favorite riffles.

We took up a position on the right bank, from where we commanded a clear view of a broad stretch of beach about fifty yards distant from us. At this point the river is some fifty feet wide, about a foot in depth, the riffle being easy and some seventy feet long. Just below this riffle there is a deep, black pool; and below this pool there are several long runs of very swift water. By the time the salmon reach the pool on their way up river, they are generally used up through battling with the rough boulders; and red and bruised,

they are inclined to make of the pool a halting-place. As a result, the fish are there in considerable numbers; but not for long do they linger; theirs is a set purpose—to get as far up stream as possible, to spawn and die. Along the easy riffle then seemed to be the favorite resort of the nightly visitants; for the salmon, leaving the pool, appeared to work up that in larger numbers than at any other shallow stretch of the river. Behind the beach the bank sloped up for three or four feet to a small clearing, which was fringed with heavy timber. On this clearing our eyes were fixed.

Hour after hour passed. I remember now that they went drearily slow as we shivered and waited. We did not like to look at the watch we had with us; for marking the time on such occasions makes it drag unreasonably.

For some little time we had been thinking of giving it up for the night, of making our way back to the cabin as best we could, but hating to be beaten so badly, we refrained.

We both saw the dark mass almost at the same moment, as it moved across the shadows of the clearing; and felt that we were to be rewarded at last as we almost held our breaths, tightened grips on our rifles and watched the great hulking thing approach the edge of the bank, where it loomed large in the moonlight, and looked slowly up and down the river, to see if all was right. Apparently assured that everything was favorable, it gave a grunt, as of satisfaction, and ambled leisurely down the bank and out onto the beach. It was a good shot; but even after the long waiting, we both desisted. We wanted to watch the game for a spell, knowing that it couldn't very well get away. There again we were served famously. The grunt of satisfaction seems to have been a "come on" as well; for as the bear crossed the gravel toward the water, another one emerged from the black of the trees and was within killing possibility of a rifle. It was much smaller than the first one; so we made the pair out to be an old she bear and her cub.

The old bear was soon in the water, noisy enough as she floundered about, making swift lunges now and again as an unwary salmon chanced within striking distance. Rarely did she miss; and the squirming fish, impaled on her sharp claws, would be hustled ashore to the cub at the edge of the river, where it waited to partake of the catch and be taught a lesson of the wilds. Until life became extinct the cub would bite at the fish, the old one in the meantime watching and growling with pleasure, occasionally feeding herself.

For some time we watched the old bear instruct the cub. When the moment arrived it was arranged that Tom was to take the cub, and myself the old one. As our rifles went to our shoulders it was hardly possible for either of us to miss; for the moon was very bright and sighting was easy. Almost simultaneously the reports rang out. The cub never moved. Not so the old bear; she was made of sterner stuff. A fearful snarl of rage came across to us; up she went to full height, struck blindly in agony at the air with her fore-paws, then tore at her breast where the soft-nose entered, and fell—a shivering mass, upon the body of the cub. We looked at the watch. It was one o'clock. Since twilight we had waited.

THE FROST

GAUNT-VISAGED ridges, Sphinx-like, cold and dry,
A cheerless stretch of morass, fen and fell,
The river sleeping in its silent dell,
A heavy line of frost-steeped clouds on high:
These are the features of the still gray land
Whence sounds no lay of love, no song of spring—
These and the biting sting
Of Winter's hand.

S. A. White.

AN EASTER SONG

LENT in the garden was over,
And down through the scented aisles
Crowded the sweet Spring blossoms,
Arrayed in their Easter styles.

A choir of feathered songsters
Trilled a hymn from the silver birch;
And the blue-bells tinkled a merry chime,
Calling the flowers to church.

In purple, white, and yellow silk
The crocus maids were gay;
But when Miss Hyacinth appeared,
All eyes were turned her way.

The daffodil in cloth of gold,
With narcissus in white,
Bewildered little snowdrop
'Till she paled in sheerest fright.

The rustling leaves had opened
Bright parasols of green;
While violets gazed with wide blue eyes,
In wonder at the scene.

Then down the aisle a lily came
And sweet her rosary told,
As reverently she touched the pearls,
And kissed the cross of gold.

A clover, that beneath the fence,
Had peeped to see the style,
Hied quickly to her meadow home,
The grasses to beguile.

When asked "What Easter fashions
In bonnets did they wear?"
She said: "They all wore diamond dew,
With sunbeams in their hair."

—*Agnes Lockhart Hughes.*

The Desert's Shrines of Gold

SEEKING THE DESERT'S SHRINES OF GOLD

By MARY H. COATES.

A JOURNEY to the desert is, in one respect, like putting your hand into a grab-bag; It is certain to yield surprise of some sort. Then again, the desert hamper is a wizard's pack, glitteringly brimful; and too, its presiding genius has a fatuous prediliction for jugglery.

No matter what you desire, whether your quest be for coveted sun-gold, or to discover regions "soggy with the precious metal," or to trail down traditional hidden doubloons cached centuries ago by Spaniards retreating from an Indian rebellion, or still more ancient Aztec treasure, or just a desert outing for whatever it is worth, the result may fairly well be foretold as something unexpected.

The happy anticipated may be realized and multiplied astonishingly, or turn into the disagreeable; the unexpected accident may hold a delight at the end, or the "find" may be gold of an unthought of and unmarketable sort, yet be a grand surprise, and loyal to this characteristically uncertain and everything may be counted a factor, from sand to sunshine and cloud.

It was rain which served as the leading strings to a charming surprise—the winter rains of 1904-5, when the Gila river made its bridge wrecking record; rains which came

not in soft hesitating showers, but in downpours, over abundant, numerous, boisterous.

The rain even inserted a side-switch surprise, too. This was when fearsome respect for drenchings in an unaccustomed climate forced the Rambler to forego for the time being all cherished plans for exploring desert wilds, and instead, to stay indoors, and for exercise to pace the broad sheltered patio of the Mexican casa—which in reality was an unplanned chance for observing wondrous electric display of desert thunderstorms, something new to a Westerner.

Sometimes some of these storms were preceded by intensely illuminated sunset clouds, which would fade till ominous blackness hooded the sky, and upon this inky, velvety curtain the lightning sketched its instantaneous cryptograms in realistic, startling and varied processions. Once the show included a pair of golden deerhorns, immense, many prongs and perfect, which seemed to have pushed forward straight through the darkness, to blaze but an instant and dissolve; and once a great barrel of electric gold hurtled lumberingly across the black sky.

But with the coming of Saint Patrick's Day came a herald—one neither heard nor grasped, yet undeniably omnipresent, announcing the departure of winter. Straightway the showers disappeared; and as promptly a bustling, busy wind swept the mire from the streets and roads, whisking it off in a day almost, actually making a dry-shod path in twenty hours.

The ashy, drab-brown-gray essence of Tucson's winterscape shrank into insignificance before the advancing courier, the unclouded sky. Sunshine! To a tenderfoot it was a discovery and a revealing. Sunshine may be sunshine the world over, but this was an air-sea made up of globules of living, palpitant floating gold. Doubly fair it was with its enticing hints of the springtime secrets; the secrets of a glad rain-remembered desert land.

These days of gold were ushered in through dawns cloudless yet gorgeously marked with the desert's peculiar sky scarfings of shrimp, pearl, maroon, ivory, brown, copper, petunia—tints and combinations with a lustre as of burnished metal.

Daybreak and sky splendors if one could view them free of housetops. Ho, and away to the wilderness! Here, an orange for a jug, now a biscuit, and yes, the field glass. A hand carrier was quickly filled and the Rambler hastened to the burro corral. Docile, sure-footed Pedro was headed northward out of Tucson.

"Now, Pedro, we'll keep the road three or four miles, then climb that spur for the sky scene; and then we'll—" but no, the heavy rains had not opened up any shining veins, nor uncovered a nugget-pocket, nor yet a trace of ancient doubloons. "Oh, well, we've the gold of the morning sky."

Pedro winked a listening ear and trotted soberly along, the while reminded variously that the right of way was not entirely free even at so unpopular an hour. Quail fluted loudly the traveler's coming; magpies in garrulous flocks jeered and hurled epithets, resenting this invasion of their chosen preserves; jack rabbits paused—jack rabbits so ridiculously big that they might easily have posed as Pedro's younger brother—stopped and stared in mild reproof before scudding to covert.

In every direction there was cacti and grease wood, sand and grit; and along the fertile soil of the washes bands of feathery, briery low mesquite trees. From the spur peak the outlook was far reaching, covering plain, river and mountain; and for foreground, the valley of the Santa Cruz, which makes a natural pivot to a circle of mountain ranges, each range standing for a point of the compass; and the whole view unclosing in the growing morn as an open book.

Against the westward sky the Tucson mountains were as a garland of purple pansies; in heightened contrast to the Northward Santa Catalinas, which presented cordons of jagged, saw-tooth peaks, each peak-top looming over large and each an isle in a mystic blue airmoat. But not for long. Even at that moment the necromancer of the desert atmosphere was fantastically recreating the range, swinging gorgeous arras across the peaks and filling the chasms between with azure land; then inveigling the sun to force the A-shaped cones back till they made a straight line; next, to flay them rank and file down to a series of lean-to shed roofs; at last, with fickle fervor to level the roofs into a long, low-rolling upland meadow, curbed on the lower edge by an immense red granite wall—a feature hitherto invisible!

These transformations were stupendous, uncannily real, and so continuous that all one's faculties were called into service to absorb them, and at the same time remember that they were only tricks of the desert atmosphere and the sheering sunshine.

But what a wonderful book it was! and gentle, willing-footed Pedro's little step, step, step was turning the pages of the book too fast. Go or stop, it mattered not to contented Pedro, for he knew of old that his was the privilege of nibbling grass when he willed, and that grass there was a-plenty. Indeed, the traditional barren desert seemed denied that one thing barrenness.

Here, on the mesa, beneath silvery chollo trees merry with nesting mocker, thrush and sparrow, the ground was softly green with grass and tufted with yellow-headed dusty miller and dark-eyed zinnia; and the outlook swept onward over creosote bushes a-flutter with golden stars, and along the washes and runs were bizarre strips of blooms—mustard, flax, primroses, astragalus aster, phacelia and other lowlier spring beauties.

The river was almost hidden under vivid new-green of willow and cottonwood, the sweet seclusion of nesting doves. Over the treetops the eye roved up the Westward hills which were spiked with cacti, and sprinkled with palo verde trees, beneath which were more wild blooms.

Farther away, the mountain sides bristled with giant cactus columns, which, across the perspective, stood thick like stubble in an autumn grain field. Then it was that a strange thing—but no, it was not mirage; yet the cactus columns disappeared! When the morning sun slanted across the southwestern slopes a glitter of gold swam up, drowning the cactus stubble.

Gold! How it gleamed and spread, amazingly. Had the heavy rains uncovered a mine of virgin gold dust? Or was it some ancient treasure revealed? More likely it was fool's gold. The Rambler took an involuntary step forward; the sunlight, flashing onward touched a yellow flower bud only a rod away. Responsively the bud opened, a shining golden eschscholtzia bloom which faced the sun. Beyond it another bud was opening; farther there were more, and up the hill, dozens and hundreds. On and on the poppies reached in solid phalanx, a vein of poppy gold which spread as the morning sun awoke the sleeping flowers till, covering ten miles eastward along the Rincon range, twenty southward over the Santa Ritas, westward and northward up the Tucsons, and along the Santa Catalinas fifty—sixty miles, the mountains were ringed with gold!

'Twas a breathlesly entrancing vision, so ethereal, yet so intangible and so immense, this show of mountainsides covered with gold—the gloss of four-petaled yellow flowers kissed by the morning sun. Yet it seemed unbelievable, and so out of place,—dainty wild flowers whose heritage is supposed to be regions of fertile soil, balmy skies, soft winds and tempered showers, to thus be flourishing in a land of sand and rock, grit and volcanic scoria, of creeping and gliding things of poisoned sting and fang, and green things of claw and spear!

For two hours the slopes were gold; then the sun, mounting toward the blue zenith, began to draw upward and away the shining faces of the poppies, and to uncover the forbidding cactus columns.

"It's going—it's gone!" the Rambler breathed, "Nay, it's mine forever—this morning's glory of flower gold in the springtime desert wilds!"

SOUTH AMERICAN OBSERVATIONS

CURIOUS ANIMAL WEAPONS

By Lawrence Irwell.

STRICTLY speaking, the only weapons of vertebrates are teeth, claws, horns and spurs. Horns belong only to the ruminants, and the spur is an uncommon weapon. There are many animals in which teeth and claws are not suited to inflict injury, or in which the proper instincts and courage to use and develop them are absent, and these animals seem to be in a very defenceless state. In one sense they are defenceless, but they are in no worse position than the well-armed species, because they have either a protective coloring, or greater swiftness, or cunning to assist them in escaping from their enemies. And there are also many of these toothless and clawless species which have been provided with other organs and means of offence and defence out of Nature's curious armory.

There is a decided probability that such distinctive weapons as horns, spurs, tusks and spines would be for more common in Nature if the conditions of life always remained the same. But these things are perfected very slowly, and conditions are continually undergoing alteration. Climate, soil and vegetation vary; foes and rivals diminish or increase; the old disappear, and others with different weapons and a new strategy take their place. Just as a skilful man can turn his implements into weapons, in case of unexpected attack, and for everything he possesses discovers a use never contemplated by its maker, so does Nature—only with an ingenuity exceeding that of man—use the means she has to meet all contingencies, and enable her creatures, seemingly so ill-provided, to maintain their fight for life. Natural selection can make a weapon of anything, and the mucous secretions which the largest species of wild llama "huanco" or "quanaco" discharges into the face of an adversary, and the pestilential drops peculiar to the skunk, are weapons that may be as effectual in defensive warfare as spines or fangs.

No more remarkable example of the adaption of structure to habit exists in the animal kingdom than that of the hairy armadillo (*Dasyphus villosus*), which is found in Argentina and other South American countries. This animal appears like a South American ant-eater saddled with a dish cover. Nevertheless, with the cunning which Nature has given it to supplement its deficiencies, it has discovered in its bony encumbrance a highly efficient weapon of offence. Most other toothless creatures hunt by daylight and are insectivorous, some feeding only on ants. They have unchangeable habits, very limited intelligence, and vanish before civilization. The hairy armadillo alone has struck out a line for itself. Like its fast disappearing congeners, it is an insect-eater still, but does not, like them, seek its food on the surface and in the ant-hill only. All kinds of insects are preyed upon, and by means of its keen scent it discovers worms and larvae several inches beneath the surface. Its method of taking worms and grubs resembles that of probing birds, for it throws up no earth, but forces its sharp snout and wedge-shaped head down to the required depth. While working, it probably moves round in a circle, for the hole which it makes is conical, although the head of the animal is flat. Where it has found a rich hunting-ground, the earth is marked by hundreds of these neat symmetrical bores. It is also an enemy to ground-nesting birds, being fond of eggs and fledglings. When unable to capture prey, it will feed on carrion as readily as a wild dog or vulture, returning night after night to the carcass of a horse or cow as long as the flesh lasts. Failing animal food, it subsists on vegetable diet, such as clover and grain.

It is, therefore, by no means strange that at all seasons, and even when other animals are starving, the hairy armadillo is always fat and

vigorous. In the desert it is diurnal, but where man appears it becomes more and more nocturnal, and in populous districts does not go abroad until long after dark. Yet when a district becomes thickly settled it increases in numbers—so readily does it adapt itself to new conditions. It is not to be wondered at that the *gauchos* (natives) should make this species the hero of many of their fables, representing it as a versatile creature, exceedingly fertile in expedients, and duping its sworn friend, the fox, in various ways, just as "Brer Rabbit" serves the fox in our own stories.

The hairy armadillo will, no doubt, long survive all the other armadillos, and for this reason it will have an ever-increasing interest for the naturalist. An Argentine cattle-breeder has given the following account of an encounter he witnessed between an armadillo and a poisonous snake. While seated on a hillside he noticed a snake, about twenty inches in length, lying coiled up on a stone five or six yards beneath him. In a short time a hairy armadillo appeared trotting directly toward it. Apparently the snake perceived and feared its approach, for it quickly uncoiled itself and began gliding away. Instantly, the armadillo rushed at it, and having placed itself upon it, began swaying its body backward and forward with a regular sawing motion, thus lacerating its victim with the sharp, deep-cut edges of its bony covering. The snake struggled to free itself, biting savagely at its aggressor, for its head and neck were disengaged. Its bites, however, made no impression, and very soon its head dropped, and when its enemy removed its body, the snake was dead and very much mangled. The armadillo at once began its meal, taking the tail in its mouth and slowly progressing toward the head; but when about a third of the snake still remained it seemed satisfied, and, leaving that portion, trotted away.

Altogether, in its rapacious and varied habits this armadillo appears to have some points of resemblance with the European hedgehog; and, perhaps, like the little mammal it resembles, it is not harmed by venomous snakes.

Cats have been known to kill all the snakes they could find, purely for sport, as they have systematically refrained from eating them. They jump nimbly around and across their victim, occasionally dealing it a blow with their claws.

The enemies of the snake are legion. Burrowing owls feed largely on them; so do herons and storks, killing them with a blow of their javelin beaks, and swallowing them whole.

The sulphur tyrant-bird picks up the young snake by the tail, and, flying to a branch or stone, uses it like a flail until its life is battered out.

In arraying such a variety of enemies against the snake, Nature has made ample amends for having endowed it with deadly weapons. In addition, the power possessed by venomous snakes only seems to us disproportionate; it is not really so, except in occasional individual encounters. Venomous snakes are always greatly outnumbered by non-venomous ones in the same district. The greater activity of the latter accounts for more in the result that the deadly weapons of the former.

The large teguexin lizard, called "iguana" by South Americans, is the great snake-killer Snakes have, in fact, no more formidable enemy, for he is quick to see, and swift to overtake them. He is practically invulnerable, and deals them sudden death with his powerful tail. The country people in Argentina say that dogs attacking the iguana are sometimes known to have their legs broken. A farmer relates that when riding after his cattle not a hundred miles from Buenos Ayres, having attached one end of his lasso to the saddle, he let the remainder drag along the ground. After a time he observed a large iguana apparently asleep in the sun, and although he rode very close to it, it did not move; but no sooner had he passed it than it raised its head, and fixed its attention upon the many feet of lasso slowly trailing along. Suddenly it rushed after the rope, and gave it a succession of violent blows with its tail. When the whole of the lasso, several yards of which had been pounded in vain, had been dragged past, the lizard, with uplifted head, continued gazing after it with the greatest astonishment. Never had such a wonderful snake crossed its path before!

The toad is a slow-moving creature that puts itself in the way of persecution; yet, strange to say, the acrid juice which it exudes when irritated is a surer protection to it than venomous fangs are to the deadliest snake. Toads are, in fact, with a very few exceptions, only attacked and devoured by snakes, lizards, and by their own venomous relative, *Ceratophyrs*

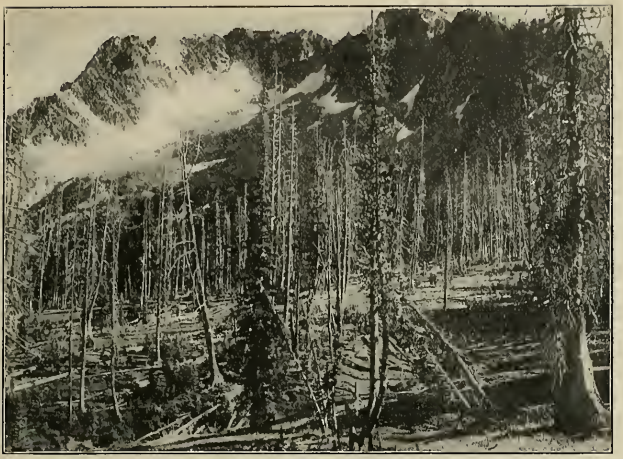
ornata, the "escuerzo." It is possible that the cold, sluggish natures of all these creatures protect them against the toad's secretion, which would be poison to most warm-blooded animals, but it is not certain that all fish enjoy a like immunity, for some marine forms of life have been found dead very soon after swallowing a toad.

The country people in some parts of South America believe that the milky secretion exuded by the toad possesses wonderful curative properties. It is their invariable specific for shingles—a painful malady common among them—which is cured by the application of living toads to the inflamed part. Some physicians may laugh at this cure, but the medical profession has in past times laughed at other remedies used by the vulgar, which now have honorable places in the pharmacopœia. More than two hundred years ago—very ancient times for South America—the natives of Spanish descent known as "gauchos" were in the habit of taking the lining of the rhea's stomach, dried and powdered, for disorders of the digestion. This remedy is still popular. Science has now been converted to the layman's opinion, and the ostrich hunter now makes a double profit, one from the feathers, and the other from the dried stomachs, which he sells to the pharmacists of the capitals of the various South American countries.

The *Cerotophrys ornata* referred to as venomous, does not possess teeth specially adapted to inject poison into the veins, like those of a serpent. It is a curious creature, known as "escuerzo" in the vernacular, and, although beautiful in color, it is most unattractive in form. The skin is of a brilliant green, with chocolate-colored patches, oval in shape, and symmetrically disposed. The lips are bright yellow, the cavernous mouth pale flesh color, the throat and under-surface dull white. The body is lumpy, and about the size of a large man's fist. The eyes, placed on the summit of a disproportionately large head, are embedded in horn-like protuberances, capable of being elevated or depressed at pleasure. When this toad is undisturbed, the eyes, which are of a pale gold color, look out as from a couple of watch towers, but when touched on the head or menaced, the prominences sink down to a level with the head, closing the eyes completely, and giving the creature the appearance of being eyeless. The upper jaw is armed with minute teeth, and there are two teeth in the center of the lower jaw, the remaining portions of the jaw being armed with two very sharp-edged bony plates. In place of a tongue, it has a round muscular projection, with a rough flat disc the size of a fifty-cent piece.

This creature is common all over the vast treeless plains called pampas. In the breeding season both sexes congregate in pools, and anybody who has ever heard them cannot help remembering their extraordinary vocal powers, which they exercise at night. The performance in no way resembles the series of sounds uttered by most batrachians. The notes are long, as of a wind instrument, not unmelodious, and so powerful as to make themselves heard distinctly a mile off on still evenings. After the amorous period these toads retire to moist places and remain inactive, buried just deep enough to leave the broad green back on a level with the surface, and it is then far from easy to detect them. In this position they will wait for their prey—frogs, toads and birds. Often they capture and attempt to swallow things too large for them, a mistake made by snakes. In very wet seasons they sometimes come around houses and lie in wait for chickens or ducklings. In disposition they are fierce, savagely biting at anything that comes near to them; and when they bite they hang on with the tenacity of a bull-dog, poisoning the blood with their glandular secretions. When teased, the escuerzo swells itself to such an extent that one expects to see it burst. It follows its tormentor about with slow awkward leaps, the great mouth wide open, emitting incessantly a harsh croaking sound.

Natives have been bitten by the escuerzo. In one case a gaucho sat down on the grass, and dropping his hand at his side, had it seized, and only freed himself by using his hunting knife to force open the toad's mouth. He washed and bandaged the wound, and no bad result followed; but the consequences may be different when the animal cannot be shaken off, for horses have been found dead with the vicious toad, also dead, having its jaws tightly closed, hanging on to the skin of the unfortunate quadrupeds. It is possible, of course, that *Ceratophyrs ornoto* at times destroys itself in its savage attacks by an inability to let go at will.



Photos by Geo. Gignac

BITS OF OLYMPIAN GRANDEUR

STALKING THE INDIAN BLACK BUCK

By F. W. Reid.

ANTELOPE! the very name runs; nay, gallops. Swiftest among the fleet-footed tribe, the antelope from a hunting point of view is king above all that wear horns. What if he does not carry such a magnificent tiara as the antlered stag? With the true sportsmen it is not the trophy that counts, but the sport. And to stalk this alert and wary animal is no slight test of a hunter's skill and endurance.

Africa is the native land of the greatest number of species. Springbok, steinbok, klipspringer, and a score besides of Dutch appellatives attest this. Time was when the veldt swarmed with antelope, as did some of our Western prairies before the days of the magazine rifle. Nowadays India perhaps affords the best antelope hunting; and in the black buck, *Antilope cervicapra,* it possesses the most handsome specimen of the genus. Probably no other animal in the peninsula provides so much all round sport. The *kala hiran,* as it is called in the vernacular, is first kill for the new rifle of the latest joined subaltern; it is venison for the pot of the government official traveling his rounds in the country districts. It is hunted afoot or on horseback, with rifle and hound, or in some native states with trained leopards.

These antelope are so plentiful that there are few up-country stations in Bengal where the sport cannot be enjoyed. In the great plains that surround Agra and Delhi, in the sporting district of the Central Provinces, part jungle, part arable land, they run in large herds. Passengers by train on the great trunk line between Bombay and Allahabad often catch sight of them, feeding in the fields that border the track.

Favorable circumstances and their own habits account for their numbers. Black buck are not denizens of the forest. They live and breed in cultivated land; and their juicy venison is fatted on millet and wheat, pulse and herbs. The farther from the jungle the more secure they are from the predatory felines, from the equally dangerous still hunt of the wild red dogs; and the greater their increase. Man counts for little as a check. For the natives of India, like the Filipinos, are not allowed to carry arms without a license, which is rarely granted. To protect their crops, the farmers erect *machans,* or thatched platforms supported by stout posts. Squatting on these they shout and rattle sticks, but their uproar has no more effect on the marauders than the remonstrances of a single policeman on a curious gathering street-crowd. The antelope merely move on. They have learned to look with indifference on the dark-skinned man in the turban and loincloth. But they fear the white man in the sun helmet, especially when he carries a long gleaming tube in his hand.

To get the best stalking, therefore, it is advisable to leave the station many miles behind, especially if it is a cantonment with barracks. For Thomas Atkins in India is a man of considerable leisure in the piping times of peace. He has a Thursday off every week, as well as Sundays. If he owns a Winchester or can get permission to take his regulation rifle afield, Mulvaney is very apt to hike off to the country with Ortheris in quest of a fat buck. So the herds within easy distance of barracks get wild and scary, even if they do not quit the neighborhood for safer feeding grounds.

The hunting season for antelope covers the pleasantest part of the Indian year, the winter and early spring. Grain is sown as soon as the fields have dried out after the cessation of the monsoon rains in September. By midwinter the wheat affords some cover to the stalker. As the crops grow the chances in favor of a successful hunt increase, till the April harvesting reduces the fields to naked stubble. Then not only is the wary buck difficult to approach, but there is some danger in shooting with a long-range modern rifle. For

the harvest is gathered entirely by hand, and the fields swarm with workers.

For hunting the black buck, no such elaborate preparations are requisite as were described in a previous article on driving the jungle. The sportsman trusts to his local knowledge, or like a detective acts on "information received" from acquaintances. During the cold weather officials are always traveling about the district on duty. At the station club there is plenty of hunting gossip flying about. Brown, who has been out beating the jungle, or Smith, who has returned from trying cases at a distant court, tell Jones the fields along the Samburpore Sangur road are swarming with antelope. Jones asks his commanding officer for forty-eight hours leave to try his new rifle, and I am going with him. Transport yourself to India on Aladdin's carpet, the Oriental airship of the imagination, and follow our adventures.

Having sent word of our coming to the keeper of the rest-house at Raneegunge, we start early in a hired *ekka*. This is a two-wheeled affair, with long shafts and a kind of canopy overhead to keep off the sun. Seats it has none, but the body is well padded with quilts on which we squat Turk-fashion, after lashing our rifles and bags to the supports of the canopy, to prevent them from slipping out behind. The driver clings with native adhesiveness to the butt of a shaft, and guides a rat-tailed animal that has more speed and endurance than his thin frame promises. The red and green paint on the vehicle, the colored worsted of which the lines are plaited, and the gaudy turban of the driver give a kind of faded Arabian Nights glitter to the outfit.

"Jaldi chelo," (drive quick) is the order, for we have twenty miles to cover before reaching the field. Hammer, hammer, along the smooth highway, and pad, pad along the soft country lanes, the pony trots on steadily. To get the cramp out of our legs, we change to a recumbent posture. Green field and distant jungle, swarming village and lonely tomb flit past us, and with a jingling finale on the pony's necklace of bells the *ekka* pulls up.

Old Ali, the Mussulman *khansamah* of the dak-bungalow, receives the sahibs with a low salaam. He has much to say about black buck. He shows us where they have raided his vegetable patch, eaten the peas he had meant to gather for the sahib's dinner. This very morning his dog drove out a *burra-wala* (a big one), "with horns so long,"—the old man stretches his thin arms a yard apart—a buck fit for the hunting of *Nemroud*. Hosain, his son, will guide the sahibs to the herd, and he himself will pack the tiffin-basket with lunch and send a coolie with it to the well of the Murwar, if the sahibs so order. *"Achcha, ali,"* which means, they do.

Hosain turns up, an intelligent young Mussulman who speaks a little English, but too citified in his dress for the field. We make him change his green fez for the turban commonly worn by laborers. In his waist-belt he sticks a butcher-knife with a wooden handle. As for ourselves, we are dressed in hunting *khaki*, a weave of dark green and brown designed on the principle of "protective coloring." Old, broad-brimmed hats of soft felt, pulled down over the ears, hide faces which the sun has already masked with bronze.

We press through the narrow alleys of the village. The whirr of grinding grain comes from open doorways, within which plump, bare-armed women are at work. The sun glints on the bare backs of pious Hindoos, performing their ablutions in the tank; on the bright-colored wraps of the water-carriers, who pass up and down the broad stone steps with their pitchers. Beyond the wide expanse of water stands a grove of trees, then come the fields.

As we are about to pass into a patch of *dal*, Hosain checks us with a muttered word. There is something in the wind. He leads us down into the *nullah*, a dry ditch, unsavory with refuse, that borders the village.

"They are in Mohun Dass' field, sahib," whispers Hosain, with a subdued chuckle.

Now Mohun, the village money-lender, is a Hindoo, and the Moslem love a Hindoo with the love of an Irish Catholic for an Orangeman. Hosain, I suspect, has had a hand in driving the herd away from the fields of his co-religionists to take toll from those of the usurer.

Where a ruined wall overhangs the ditch, we climb up and squat down behind a convenient embrasure, a ready-made ambush. Hock-deep in the growing wheat a herd of antelope are moving slowly across a field. They are about five hundred yards off, and if they hold their line should pass within six hundred feet of us. The leader is fat and

black, an elderly patriarch, and behind him troop the does of his harem, about thirty in number.

Taking a rupee from my pocket, I cover it with one hand. Jones whispers "Heads!" and wins the toss. Cramping his long frame into position for shooting, he carefully arranges the Lyman-Beach sights on his magazine rifle. With this weapon I have seen him make very pretty practice at the butts, where he is instructor in musketry, but with moving targets he has had little practice.

When the white on the buck's muzzle becomes plain to our eyes, he comes to a dead stop, head up and horns carried well back. Jones hesitates—and loses that chance. For the wary animal, scenting danger, now moves obliquely away from our position, and this change of front brings a couple of does into line between the rifle and the buck. By the time the leader is again uncovered, he is much farther away. Jones fires, and the stampede which takes place is a spectacle. Away fleet the antelope, leaping stiff-legged high into the air, as if they were taking high fences. Bounding and dashing away, they soon become mere specks of brown against the distant green. And the black buck is with them, in spite of accurate combination sights.

"Damn those does," complains Jones, as if the fault was theirs. But covering of the buck by the herd is one of those tantalizing incidents that throw a man's nerves out of gear. Jones had failed to allow for the increase in distance

With field-glasses we can make out the antelope. They have stopped running. Dropping again into the dry ditch, which meanders out in their direction and whose bushy margin will hide our movements, we advance quickly over its sandy bed. At a point where a dam crosses it, to divert water in the rainy season to a rice-field, I climb up to prospect.

Not three hundred yards away there projects above the jagged line of wheat blades a pair of black horns. Jones of course feels sure that it must be his buck, wounded; but from the speed with which the animal galloped off, I have my doubts. If alone, it is probably a wounded buck, but a second cautious peep reveals the twitching ears of numerous does. They are feeding on ground at a lower level than the bank on which we are lying, and their full number is concealed by a line of hog-backed hummocks. How to get a sight on the buck without being discovered by those sentinels is a difficult problem.

However, it is my turn, and keeping those low mounds between me and the herd, I advance cautiously in a doubled-up posture. The going is bad, rough sun-cracked adobe. But my manoeuvres draw the gaze of the ever watchful does. For a second they stand with pricked ears, and a look of innocent curiosity in their full brown eyes. But they have never seen a field worker moving in such a queer way, and they show their alarm by shifting to and fro. These movements bring the buck to his knees, and the instant he stands erect I fire. The thud that followed told that the bullet had struck flesh *Habet!*

Yes, I score first blood. But the animal that lies quivering on the ground is dun-colored, and for a moment I am horror-struck with the idea that I have slaughtered a doe. However, it has horns, thank goodness, if short ones. It is a young buck, slender and graceful as a female. He must have been standing behind his senior, but lower down, and my aim was too low. So the result of my stalk was no better than that of a partridge-shooter's blaze into the brown for something to drop.

Now it was Jones' turn to chaff. "Why didn't you kill the black buck, old man?" he cries. "You have shot at the crow and bagged the pigeon." Hosain attends to the butcher business, repeating the sacred formula, "In the name of the Prophet, etc.," before he cuts the animal's throat. After this ceremony, which is called the *halal*, the meat is fit for an orthodox Mussulman to eat. Then he disembowels the carcass and, reserving the liver, which is a tid-bit, leaves the entrails to the kites and jackals. There is an adjutant, too, in the corner of the field, a big stork with the bulk of an ostrich, and his long bill will soon be making sausage-meat of the leavings. A couple of coolies, who have left their work to see the sport, are given charge of the venison for conveyance to the village.

The next hour was spent in vain manoeuvres. The herd had broken up, as usual when thoroughly scared; and the old buck, now followed by only six females, was too wary to get within range. But it was now past noon, and although the day was of the average winter mildness, we were both warm and tired with our exertions. However keen a hunter may be, it is always good policy to lay off for an

hour or so in the middle of the day. Rest and refreshment put the nerves in trim for steady shooting; and what is lost in time is gained in efficiency.

We took our siesta in a *tope*, or grove of mango trees, at the well of Murwar, which is on the Sangur highway. It was a place of repose that some wealthy native of the olden time had planted and dedicated to the free use of weary travelers. The well for their refreshment was large and deep. It was fenced by a low stone wall, and from the coping a steep flight of steps led down to the level of the water. The trees were old and umbrageous; in their maze of branches little gray squirrels played hide and seek, while birds twittered and pigeons cooed overhead. Unyoked oxen were lying down in the shade, munching fodder. Their drivers had built little fires, and were cooking, smoking, chatting, or sleeping away the hours of rest.

In this interval Hosain came out in a new light. The young man was not shy by nature; and with a little encouragement he began to talk of his past life. His father had been originally in the service of a rajah in the Punjab; and his uncle was still there, training the noble's hunting leopards. Hosain had seen the tame cheetahs carried out to the field in cages on wheels, drawn by oxen. He illustrated with much pantomime the details of the sport, the hooding of the cheetah by his uncle when he released it from confinement and placed it by his side in front of the cart, hugging the beast tight to prevent it from jumping down. The cart, he said, was driven slowly in the direction of a herd of antelope, the spectators following behind on horseback. The keeper had to exercise all his judgment to prevent a premature stampede. Judging the distance according to his knowledge of the cheetah's running powers, he uncovers its face and drops it to the ground.

Hosain here fell to the ground, and begged us to imagine him furnished behind with a waving angry tail. He crawled slowly on all-fours, then hurled himself suddenly forward to imitate the final cyclonic rush, when the cheetah launches itself, hit or miss, upon the buck. It it strikes, the buck falls to the earth. The keeper runs in panting, finds the cheetah with its fangs sung into the throat of its prey, and one strong paw held as a guard athwart the horns. He binds and cuts the throat of the stricken animal, which lies motionless in the grasp of the victor. The latter does not relax its hold, till a bowl of the warm blood, which has spurted from the wound, is held before his nose. Then the cheetah laps it up greedily; and suffers itself to be led back contented to its cage.

But what if the buck is too fleet for the cat, we ask? Hosain portrayed the cheetah's vexation by such lively growls and feline swearing as to call forth the hearty "*Shabash!*" (bravo) of his audience. For by this time a ring of swarthy faces, lit up by flashing eyes, surrounded the narrator. In Hindostan a story-teller can always make sure of an eager audience. The wagon men and foot-travelers who had been listlessly nooning in the grove, had overcome their shyness in presence of the sahibs, and drawn respectfully near to witness the dramatic representation by Hosain, son of Ali.

Refreshed by this interlude, we started in to hunt over a fresh tract of country. It was undulating; and in a short time, favored by a rise in the ground, we came suddenly upon a welcome and surprising sight. It would have stirred the most sluggish blood with that tingling excitement called acute buck-fever.

A bit of barren scrubby land pushed like a tongue into the fields. Half in this and half in the wheat were assembled a host of antelope. Numbering nearly a hundred, they stood with their sterns towards us, intently gazing on two fine bucks, who had locked horns in a struggle for mastery. Two herds had joined, as they sometimes do, and the leaders had fallen out. In weight and length of horn they were evenly matched, and I felt inclined to see the battle out. But Jones had the call and he elected to interfere.

Leaving us lying flat on the crest of the rise, he crept away to one side to get into a closer and better position. I was too interested in watching the fighters, who had unlocked horns and were feinting to get in a blow with the point, to pay any attention to the stalk. Suddenly above the clatter of the brows and horns a rifle shot rang out. One buck fell in a heap. The other pitched forward, recovered himself, and stood an instant amazed at the upshot of the fight. Then I should have fired, but the strange spectacle had made me oblivious of my rifle, and it was not till after the buck was bolting after the vanishing herd that I took a

hurried aim across his path. The distance was not great and there was the sound of a hit; but the buck did not drop and was lost to sight among the bushes. There was nothing for it but to follow his trail. Taking with me a coolie who had come with us from the grove, and leaving the others to their own devices, I set out on a stern chase.

That is proverbially a long one; in this case it promised to be particularly so. With a Rampur dog, which is half greyhound, a wounded buck can be speedily run down. But a man on foot must pursue Fabian tactics. His best plan is to imitate the slinking jackal, to follow slowly and cautiously, allowing the wounded animal to lie down in fancied security. If he presses on at first, it will run even on three legs at a speed that will defy pursuit.

Where the buck had disappeared, there was blood on the stony ground. The barely perceptible trail pointed in the direction of level fields which stretched away interminably westwards, broken here and there by tree-crested mounds, marking the sites of villages, and divirsified by ponds margined by reeds. Although the half-grown wheat afforded little cover, there were many places where a wounded animal could hide unseen. The task before us seemed a hopeless one.

But my coolie was an intelligent man who knew the habits of the *kala hiran,* and what was better, knew every inch of the country. Soon after we got down into the fields, his sharp eyes spotted the tell-tale horns. "*Bahut lumba! sahib,*" said he. "Very long," that meant. They were a pair worth toiling for, and not to be gained without sweat. For the vigilant animal was not to be caught napping. Off he trotted, before I could get close enough to put in a sure, finishing shot. However, we kept him in sight; and for the rest—patience.

To tell all the incidents of the chase of those elusive horns would weary the reader. We made winding, zig-zag tracks, now groping in the bed of a nullah, now plashing through the border of a marsh, scaring the wild fowl which hovered in dark circles overhead. At one time the buck headed for a small village, and we hoped he would be stalled up somewhere among the fences, but the barking of the pariah dogs scared him off. Another time I made sure of him, as I thought, standing stock-still as if afraid to advance farther. Two shots in quick succession brought the animal down. But there were two Richmonds in the field; the dead buck was not the one we had been chasing. The latter, disturbed by the shots, rose stiffly out of a shady nook not fifty yards away. And at that precise moment my magazine was empty.

The end of this circuitous chase came most unexpectedly. My back was beginning to ache with three hours of stooping and dodging, when the green fields came to an end against a wide strip of bare land with trees beyond. It was getting late now, and once across this ground the buck would probably be lost. Out he trotted into the open a long way ahead, and now I could see that his legs were unhurt. Their free action seemed to bid us a defiant good-by; but the buck never got across that space. For a road ran there; and along it came stalking a tall, supercilious camel, drawing a great two-storied cage on wheels. This strange vehicle was the Sanger camel-dak, and its iron bars were meant to protect the passengers from attacks by tigers at night. The huge lumbering prison on wheels terrified the buck, and he turned back. My coolie was out of sight, attending to the last kill. I had thrown myself flat in the wheat, and the long-chased animal passed near enough for me to give him the finishing shot.

My first bullet had penetrated the lungs; yet so disabled he had led us many weary miles. But the sportsman who is too lazy to follow a wounded animal, and put him to a merciful end, is unworthy of the name. And the buck amply rewarded the labor he had cost. The horns, black as jet, and embossed with separate close-set rings, measured twenty-five inches. The hide was velvet-black, all but the belly and lower chest, which were white. It was an unusually fine specimen of a full-grown black antelope.

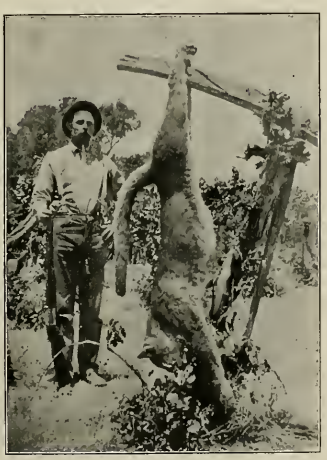
Dispatching the coolie to the next village to bring a conveyance, I kept watch on the dead buck. Jackals and hyenas would soon be prowling, for evening was drawing on. An Indian day closes very tranquilly in the settled peace of the fine, dry winter months. The rays of the setting sun turn to golden

mist the clouds of dust raised by the home-returning cattle, as each cow plods unguided to her familiar byre. Flocks of green paroquets swish past, flitting to their roosts, the flying-foxes flap heavily to the tallest trees. From the villages comes the bitter scent of burning cow-dung fuel, and the murmur of peasants returning from labor.

Back came my coolie with a creaking cart and some husbandmen. The game was loaded in, and at a snail's pace we lumbered along toward Ranegungee. Half-way back the *ekka* met us with a jingle of bells. Jones had driven out thinking we might need help, and now he had his story to tell.

After we separated, Hosain had persuaded him to try another tactic. Wrapping his head in a turban and disguising his long trowser-clad legs with a makeshift apron, he had stalked antelope under the cover of a herd of milch-buffaloes. The ruse was very successful. The pretended cowherd had got within fifty yards of his game, and killed two fair-sized buck.

When we got back, the bungalow was lit up as for a festival. Old Ali did not entertain every night guests who brought home such a store of venison. Ordinarily travelers who sojourn at the government rest-houses have to put up with rice and sinewy chickens, which is all that the *khansamah* keeps on hand. But we feasted high on succulent antelope chops and steaks, with slices of liver cunningly fried. The meat of field-feeding antelope is much superior to that of jungle deer. The savory dishes stood in no need of the aromatic sauces which Ali felt it his duty to compound. Then came that pleasant time when the hunter, languid but not fatigued, reviews with tobacco the incidents of the day. Over whisky and cigars we sat up, chatting and planning for the morrow, till the owls came down and hooted "Time to turn in."



A STORY TOLD BESIDE A CAMP-FIRE

By L. F. Brown.

"We are such stuff as dreams," etc.

* * *

"In the shelter of his tent
Are his dreams not real, and *sent*,
As the purple mists and blue
Weave a veil that God looks through?"

—*Ethel Clifford.*

THE ghostly splendors of the camp-fire increased as it grew more and more red. Night was "coming on," deepening the dreaminess of league-long slopes along blue-black Mount Pocono that even in full sunshine seem so full of mystery from car windows as the passenger wonders how the train will reach some depression in the titanic hills, and "drop down" into Scranton on the other side.

Naomi Pines pricked the subtle, fading blue overhead, already so full of mantlings and faint shadows of "the gloaming." Eastward, beyond the Water-gap, an early and full moon pushed a coppery crest out of the horizon's rim many miles down the Delaware valley. Above her yellow lamp, Jupiter showed as a pale, tiny point of light. Westward, and over the dozens of crests and pinnacles, mazes of dreamy rainfall were mottled in dying sunshine also caught and held in "thunder-heads,"—clouds with chasms, tunnels, shoulders and ravines inhabited by fire swiftly thinning to pearl and mauve. Around, the retiring of dark hills shadowed by darker woods in which the gloom and coolness gathered for their triumph.

Wisps of smoke curled from the back-log; spruces and alders shut in the little Tunkhannock river whose bickerings were answering the wind in the tops of the pines. The mountain was at its best,—Pocono, or the "Sky Land," named by the *Shuwans* or original people who were driven from it by the Lenni Lenape Indians.

Max had swallowed the camp supper of tea, trout, eggs, bacon and biscuits that Shamokin Sam knew how to cook so well. He lighted a bulldog pipe and leaned back against the dead pine-stub at the right corner of the tent-front, and looked long into the fire—frowning, smoking furiously in silence. As he placed his hand against the left side of his brown-drilling wamnus, I could hear the crackling of the letter in its inside pocket, and which had been handed to him by "*Shamoke*" an hour ago after a walk of four miles and back, "out" to Summit Siding post-office.

What obsessed Max? Usually mild-mannered, quiet, courteous, and full of poetic feeling when among such scenes, here he was shaking his fist at nothing as he rose, walked around the two big hemlocks ten feet away, and came back, seating himself in exactly the same spot and staring into the fire.

I suspected that a story was coming, and experimented with a question:

"Who is the woman in it?"

Surprise glowed through his half-shut eyelids as he seemed to drawl his answer to control feeling.

"Man," he protested, "I can't tell you, now. But I shall know, soon. Meanwhile, and for years, my mind is full of haunts; the world is filled with them. Hear the water chuckle, vibrant with voices talking while it slips along in the dark. Don't real wind-fairies call and sigh in the fragrant branches of these old, solemn pines? The idealists say this world is not real; but I know that many of its unrealities are facts. O laugh, till your cheeks crack. I want to impress on you with utmost emphasis that it would not surprise me to see *her* taking form out of that moon-

light on the rocks and water, and walking right up the gravel path to us. Man, I know her voice; it sings to me in this water, and you know from that whether her voice is sweet. Listen to the purl and tinkle of the Tunkhannock; note how it fills the tent, and is the soul of this wilderness that it feeds as it makes music for the spruces and ferns. That is how my Mabel talks to me. No, the cork has not been drawn from that whisky-bottle; I am sober. She is my dream, and dreams are as much realities as that fire. Mabel's her name; but I call her "Sunshine." For she fills my being as the light filled these woods when I wrote this doggerel before breakfast:

"O Sunshine Spirit, I have seen
Your gold wings spread aslant the green;
Have watched their splendors trail along
The woodland ways where wild flowers throng—
The flowers set thick in slumberous shade;
But Sunshine's fairy form has crept
Between the shadows, unafraid."

"Eye-brow rhymster, eh? From whom did you steal that poetry?" I retorted. "But drop the jingles and file a bill of particulars about this piece of calico with Little Sunshine inside. Pardon, but my chaff is the child of my wish to stop your wool-gathering. You know how you jeered at my romance until you saw liking was serious. Go ahead and tell me all about her. I will be good the moment I am sure you are not daft."

He looked at his pipe in cross-examination as he turned it around and up and down, threw it on his bunk, lighted a cigar at the wrong end, and puffed until the flame from it was an inch high.

"Yes," he answered," you certainly did make a fool of yourself about that girl (*puff! puff!*)—and how she ever consented to marry you is another awful mystery. But you waddled into her offing, like a ship in a storm, and she was sorry for you. Maybe she will make a man of you, strange as—but never mind. Listen, and I want your utmost attention as I tell you that I have lived a former life or lives that had their being elsewhere (afar off and coming from afar); and yet the Tunkhannock stream was in that life—and Little Sunshine, maybe; for I have never seen her, maybe, although I am falling in love with her until I wonder when I shall stop. And I am jealous of my great-grandfather, who married her at least two hundred years before she or I was born!"

Obviously Max had fished too long while bare-headed in the June sunshine. Alarmed for him, I offered to pull that cork myself, and get fresh mint from the bed a hundred feet up the stream. He sadly smiled his refusal. For what he said he is responsible,—not me. His words came in tense whispers that seemed tuned to the noise of the hot sap oozing from the ends of the green log on the fire. Slow, crisp sentences full of pent-up feeling giving out all its sweets to love's flame, just as the balsamy woods of our camp fire "grew precious in burning!"

"Fred,"—and there was awe in his voice—"Some things are mighty queer! You think that is a truism, you carper; but it is not. Listen, with both ears. Have you ever visited some scene that you surely *know* you are looking at for the very first time in your life, yet which astonishes you by drawing back some bolt and opens a magic door through which flashes absolute knowledge that you *have* seen it before—sometime, somewhere else in an untraceable past? That sure knowledge fades and is gone; the dormant dream-picture is a melody without words, but was coherent in memory just a moment ago—for now your trolley is off, and you have lost your grip on even the skirts of that vision. Something slumbering within your brain-cells has flickered up like a Jack-o'-lantern and scared you with its uncanny truth. Try to hold and look into your past impression, and you grab only vacancy. Eh, old chum, do you follow me? Yes? And you understand? Good! Well, that fleeting vision makes you wonder if you are twins, and that maybe your *alter ego* has witnessed what has proved to be a seeming will-o'-the-wisp of memory.

"Is there not an explanation that partly explains? Sure! Take the doctrine of reincarnation, and one metempsychosis in the transmigration of souls. What made that bear raid our camp on the north shore of Lake Nipissing while we were asleep and eat up the four-pound trout we had dressed to fry for breakfast? Why did he not only empty the sugar-bowl, but *lie down and go to sleep* beside poor, tired Jean, our French guide, who vowed *he was then dreaming that he was a bear?* Remember how Jean squalled

his rage and asked *'Tonnere! Dat tam hol bears tink 'e was me, hein?'*

"And there is heredity-thought-and-memory transmission! I trace my lineage back to Normandy; all my ancestors had blue eyes and black hair that became prematurely gray. I detest some fruits, am lefthanded, and always sleep best with my head to the east. So with my father, grandfather, and *his* father. We all have had big feet,—look at them brogans! Yes, and high-cheek bones; we live long lives, are fighters, make money, and are always in business for ourselves, and never on a salary. Now, why is it improbable that such forefathers have not branded my brain with their qualities, activities, hates, loves *and memories?* Why do I glance in half-fear over my shoulder back over a lonesome road at night, almost knowing that I shall see a frightful fiend? Because some of my fool ancestors did that when the world was younger,—just as a dog petted and pampered by some woman turns around two or three times on a floor before he lies down for a sleep. All dogs do that, years of training have not stopped it because their dog ancestors slept in grass and weeds and turned around to make a better bed. Prescience of ancestral existence is what every dog spells by such turnings. No, sir; this is not a mere theory, but a condition recognized and wondered at for centuries, —as far back at least as when Joseph *looked ahead*, and dreamed that the sun, moon and eleven stars made a bow to his sheaf. Buddha speaks of ancestral memories. So do Lessing, Herder, Fichte, Leibnitz, Schopenhaur and Shelley. Wordsworth declared that,

> "* * * our life's star
> Hath elsewhere had its setting,
> And cometh from afar
> Not in entire forgetfulness."

"I tell you that something in the family blood transmits to descendents crude remnants of ancestral memories."

He glared at me in challenge.

"Go on; this is great!" I coaxed. "Glad you skipped the lady."

"She is not skipped. Heaven forbid! I want to fairly jar you with these facts, so you will understand what follows. Hereditary memories of scenes must be a store of tiny photographs in our brain-cells, and transmitted by some subtle processes of physical structure of our nerves of impression and sense: blurred pictures, but sometimes legible consciousness,—a burgeon (that's a good word, Fred) of sub-consciousness. But enough; I know you concur—and now for my story. Shamoke, fresh cigars, and two more bottles of beer, for I have talked myself dry, although this is anything but a dry subject. We will try to view these mysteries from a concrete standpoint. Have a light off this piece of birch bark. I'm glad the moon is rising clear; its reflected light from those rapids is just what I need as I talk. It will rain tomorrow; hear that owl hooting, *"Who ore you?"* Blessed if I shouldn't like to know myself. Are you seated comfortably? I do not want to be interrupted. That spring is great for cooling the beer. Now we're off.

"In June, 1889, when a boy of sixteen, I left New York for a camp already established or pitched here at what we now call Shamoke Pool. I had never seen this stream. Man, but it was hot at Hoboken depot, where I ate deviled crabs. On the Pullman I drank two bottles of cold ale; for the Jersey water in the coolers was full of ammonia from the melting ice. The ale went to my head; in an hour we were a thousand feet above tidewater and passing Lake Hopatcong; and the grateful coolness made me sleep.

"And I dreamed of being at a pool on a trout-stream, and was fishing,—wading amongst rocks, brush, ferns and logs. There were clusters of stream-side flowers, foliage, stumbling shadows shaped unlike the objects casting them, glades and little ravines with floors mottled by patches of sunlight, and coiling roots running from the insteps of the spruces and pines to where little earth-kettles of cold water were boiling below cascades,—opaque with air-bubbles frisking in a riot of glancing, aquamarine hues. Yes—you mean interrogation point—I caught little dream trout with little dream flies from little dream pools. I even built a tiny fire, dressed and roasted four of the fish, and was eating them with one sandwich, and water from a spring. Wild? Beautiful? Say, that place was all right. There was even a little rainbow standing in the mist that rose from that cascade. Through it I saw, fishing in it, a curly-haired girl of about twelve years. She was a peach, brown-cheeked, and with smiles and dimples fit to drive a college lad crazy. I was reading

"And I Dreamed of Being On a Trout Stream"

Moore, and called her a peri at once. I got my chance to speak to her, for she hooked a decent trout, and I used my landing-net and got that fish ashore. She and her father had a tent not twenty rods above that pool. He said he knew my folks; and many's the supper I helped to supply and eat there while that dry-as-dust old naturalist studied birds, ferns, mosses and water-algæ, and I stared at the girl. He liked me because I was a good listener,—or seemed to be. And I wore out my shoes bringing him "specimens." Yet all the time I knew it was all a dream, she told me it was, and that she was dreaming, too.

"When the parting came she said that some time we would actually meet, and it would be no dream. I tried to kiss her, and she faded,—blessed if I couldn't see the spruces through her! As her wraith vanished the confounded porter on that Pullman shook me and growled, porter-like, "Boss, only ten minutes from your station."

"In camp that night I lay on the spruce boughs and wondered—hoped that deviled crabs and ale would always be available on my trips to the stream. The next morning the guide showed me this very pool, and by noon I had fished down stream about two miles, past Camp Wallace to Long Point. As I went around that bend there, just above the Lower Glen, there were the cascade and pool, the rocks, trees, logs and ferns that I had seen in my dream! And this was my first visit to the Tunkhannock! Man, I looked long for the girl, and even called to her until that guide swore I was crazy. No, sir, I had never been to that pool before: yet I was sure I had visited it, *somehow* and *somewhere*, even before I dreamed of it, and of her.

"Well, I stopped fishing, sulked in silence, found the clusters of fern-plumes that her father studied for weeks. That evening at supper I casually asked the other boys if any girls fished on this stream. Had they noticed a girl wearing rubber wading-boots, and who wore a cap above curls that fluffed around a

brown, freckled face with turned-up nose? Say! Maybe I was not chaffed! During the vacations of the five next summers, my comrade pirates bothered me with their eternal query: 'Found that girl yet?'

"No, sir, the deviled crabs and ale may have been vital for a start, but I dreamed of her when I hungered for food as well as for her, my Little Sunshine, the Rainbow-Spirit of the Tunkhannock. And in my dreams she had grown much taller and handsomer. Grown full of mischievous teasing, and the delightful, shy self-consciousness that told of her knowledge that I loved her. Her father would smile at me in a way that meant satirical amusement; but I could not batter him,—he was too big, and *her* father.

"I left college and got busy with life's battles. How grand they are to a fellow fresh at the game! No vacations now,—too busy! But the dreams of her went on. And how I loved that stream! Then came the banquet of the Campers' Club at Sherry's, and my rambling talk of how I almost worshiped the Tunkhannock stream, where, in June, great thickets of thorn-bushes made the banks of the Lower Glen a mass of flower-snow; how each thorn-blossom would have its own dewdrop about three o'clock each morning, and each dewdrop had caught and was holding its own little glint of moonlight. I did not tell of the girl, of that cool fragrance, nor how I felt the stream sometimes missed me, but knew I would return, and was practicing its music for me along those pebbled banks. But, man, my heart was in that talk. When I sat down I was astounded to find half those diners wiping their eyes with their handkerchiefs. An editor asked me to try and write out some of that 'speech' for him. Why it was only a simplest kind of little talk; but I fixed it up, and he published it.

"It had set me crazy to go and camp again on that pool, and to eat more dream-food at Hoboken. I went, and was tenting under those hemlocks, drank nothing stronger than coffee, and ate only trout, eggs, bacon, and bread and butter. Shamoke had become cook, and would watch me, laugh, and say, "Mr. Watson, you act like a man in love." I concurred inwardly; but, confound it, I was in love with a phantom! I dreamed of her every time I slept, and she was a glorious woman now. She often told me that I should actually meet her the following summer. That is this summer. Will she be a dream, or her very own self?

"Last Christmas I opened a magazine published on the Pacific coast, and found some verses about the Tunkhannock with whole lines and phrases from my talk at the banquet. That poetry was signed 'S.' I sent it and a copy of my 'speech' to the editor, and complained that 'S. was stealing my 'ideas.' He answered that I should complain to 'S.' direct. And I asked Mr. 'S.' what he meant by it all? My! The reply saturated me with chagrin. It was from the *woman* writer of the rhymes! She said I must be the boy and man she had dreamed about! She lived up in Vermont.

"Wasn't that a how-de-do? I begged for an interview if only to sue for pardon, and her icy reply was awful to bear. But there was a dear little postscript. She and her father would actually camp on the Tunkhannock when the thorn-flowers were in whitest blossom,—say about the 8th of June. This letter that you heard crackling is her confirmation; both are up there now! And now you know why I brought two of my best suits of clothes, and a clawhammer coat—the Mount Pocono Hotel and its dances are only four miles away. But what tears me is her saying that she will know me instantly by my limp. Never saw me limp, did you? But my great-grandfather got a ball in his knee at a duel over in Touraine two centuries ago, and *he* limped. Poor soul, gone to his grave—and yet I am jealous of him!"

* * *

I saw their meeting. It was only a handshake, and "Max!" and "Sunshine!" That night I left for New York, knowing I would be *de trop* and Max an awful bore, making me a target for ravings about her. She was not pretty, was brown and freckled, with a nose rather *retrousse*. But her voice and manner were perfection, and the dimples, blue eyes and red-gold hair were enough to lure and hold a less impressionable fellow than Max.

That was last summer. Max and I are camping now, with our wives. I am writing this up on the Tunkhannock, my desk being a pine-board table. I have to use the light of the camp-fire in writing, my seat is uncomfortably warm from it. Little, startled gushes and laughing hurries of the rapids mingle

with the low drone of the cascade and fill the tents. I see that Max and wife are very happy; but I am disenchanted. He is a master of fabrication! His Sunshine tells my wife that she was engaged to Max nearly three years before she married him, and met him in Scranton during two years before they were engaged; and that he had an awful *penchant* for talking to her about ancestral memories, and the transmigration of souls!

Worse, Shamoke has hung his head and told me with shame that after I "cured" his wife's "roomatiz" he just had to tell me about that camp-fire story; that he had often seen Max and Sunshine driving together along the banks of the Susquehanna long prior to the first summer that he kept my camp and cooked for me; and that Max had bribed him just before that final camp supper,—gave him a pound of navy plug and a bottle of whisky for a promise that Shamoke would not "squeal", but would let him "josh old Fred" and say nothing.

And yet that story has waked a world of interest and fanciful conjecture in me. May not much of its unreality have been true? Certainly that query must have been considered by Max himself. Besides, some of its incidents had been duplicated in my own dreams,—another story that Max will never hear told.

WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB
AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME
PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WESTERN FIELD COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Offices:
609-610 Mutual Savings Bank Building.

Registered at the San Francisco Postoffice as Second-Class Matter

FRANK H. MAYER - - - Managing Editor

Matter for publication should be addressed "WESTERN FIELD," 609-610 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal., and not to individuals connected with the magazine. All copy for new advertisements, changes or discontinuances, must be in hand not later than the 10th of the month preceding date of issue, in order to insure attention.

FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the People of California we demand at the hands of our Legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION

THAT the decent sportsmen of this State will be routed, horse, foot and dragoons, in the fight for consistent game protective legislation at the present assembly, is apparent to all who are conversant with the slipshod and puerile methods employed by them in a struggle concededly demanding hard strenuous man's work instead of old maid verbosities and school-boy heroics.

Politics is always a dirty business, and this year the muck is heaped unusually high at Sacramento. It is an axiom that one has to fight the devil with fire if any hope of winning be entertained. While we do not endorse the accepted policy of "any means to a good end" it seems a great pity to let the good work of years be practically undone, and the virtue of our great cause be shamefully prostituted by a cheap contemptible clique of grabsters and grafters, who by the exigencies of rotten politics are suffered to permanently attach themselves like leeches to the public teat, draining the very life blood of our common weal, and insolently scoffing at the remote contingency of their being shaken off.

Conceding that ante-election promises are made only to be broken, there must yet be some way by which we could assure the break to be even and equitable. If this way demands the use of money to counterbalance the "sack" factor so effectually introduced by the opposition, in the name of the cause let us use it! Not in the way of bribery, buying votes, etc., but in its legitimate employment to prove and make public the facts of the rascality of the vampires who have so long battened upon the State's patronage, and otherwise assist in their prompt elimination. And let it be distinctly understood, *en passant*, that this must be real, not stage money (like that so volubly and officiously pledged by certain strong-lunged reform shouters whose final accomplishment stopped just short of even writing "phoney" checks,) but good coin of the realm that can pay for legal and other service necessary to the bringing of these rascals to book—coin paid in advance!

Logically it would appear that the proper and best remedy of these evils lies in the ballot, which the sovereign American citizen is popularly supposed to use with wonderful intelligence and effect. But appearances are proverbially deceitful and all reliance on them will fail. The most blatant reform squawker will meekly submit to having his nose ringed by party bosses and led up, on election day, to the common trough, where he takes his medicine in commendable resignation as a good party-ridden nonentity should. And even if by chance he should assert himself and demand pledges of his candidate, he gets nothing more in the end than if his machine-made representative had been absolutely unpledged; for the aforesaid representative, being in a dirty business, gets consistently defiled—and then his personal necessities demand, besides, that he finger around a bit in the muck pile to balance his ledger.

To hark back to our muttons, it goes without saying that we are going to be thrown down at Sacramento—and it is largely if not altogether our own fault. For with an indiscretion and utter lack of politic wisdom, more compatible with the twittetings of a mob of old women at a tea-fight than the calm-sensed deliberation of full grown men in earnest convention, the sportsmen of this State have allowed themselves to be trapped

to a campaign of personal animosities, a narrow and constricted condition which always defeats its own ends. Our fight to be successful must be along broader lines than those employed at Monterey. We admit that it was an almost irresistible provocation to tell the truth and shame the devil when so favorable a chance offered, but we should have remembered that our scarification of him only strengthened his resentment and forearmed him by letting him know of our intentions. Naturally he proceeded to fortify himself and consolidated his forces, while we seemingly expended all our energies in making aerial pyrotechnics—and let it go at that! We were so exhausted by our virtuous indignation that we not only showed down our hands, but apathetically let him stack the cards on us in a subsequent deal. Totally lacking in organization, the great wave of protest—once so seemingly overwhelming—resolved itself into harmless individual drops which trickled off our sleek opponent's back and made only a vacuous puddle at his feet, a puddle so shallow that to the ability of an accomplished mire dabbler it was not even a noticeable incident.

And now let us look the situation squarely in the face. Up to the present writing we are licked—good and plenty. Unless some miracle intervenes we will get nothing better than a contemptuously thrown sop of a reduced bag limit—which under the obtaining Commission's misadministration will only act as a hardship upon the decent sportsmen and will in nowise interfere with the rapacious commission men and their horde of market-hunting game violators.

This, together with a license law—which under the present *regime* will result in only an enormous financial strengthening of their power to avoid prosecutions of favored law breakers, and a probable extravagant expenditure of the people's money in the furtherance of chimerical schemes for the propagation of—well, say anything but private graft. Already we are cognizant of bills introduced for the establishment of hatcheries of double-headed, three striped bass and two-tailed gold-fluked salmon, that are warranted to get caught every time in the illegally small-meshed nets whose use this side of the Three Brothers is illegally sanctioned by the powers that be—and that are to be for the next Gubernatorial term if report says true. And what are we going to do about it? Absolutely nothing, for we have let the appointed time of our opportunity go by.

One thing alone is left to us, and this we should lose no time in accomplishing: If the present chief deputy of the State Fish Commission is retained in office—and there is every reasonable belief that such will be the case—we can have no hope that prosecutions of certain law violators will be made. Therefore it is up to the clean sportsmen of this State to organize and act independently of the Commission in the prosecution of law-breakers, and to this end we suggest the raising of a fund with which to employ the services of a competent and honest lawyer to represent us in this work. So, only, can the guilty be brought to book.

Western Field stands ready to head such a subscription list with a substantial sum. Who is with us?

A USELESS COMPLICATION

JUST as we are about to go to press we learn that some well-intentioned but ill-advised friend of game protection at Sacramento has introduced a bill providing for the creation of a Chief State Game Wardenship, the idea being that, inasmuch as the interests of game are being disastrously subordinated to those of the fish by the present Fish Commission, it would be a good thing to take the game interests out of the Commission's hands entirely and have them looked after by a special and separate set of officials.

We hope that this bill will be defeated. It would only serve to complicate matters, increase the expense and lead to a clash of authority and other disastrous conflictions with the Fish Commission. All the authority and jurisdiction over game and fish logically should be centered in one body. It would be far better to abolish the State Fish Commission entirely and substitute in its stead a regular State Game Wardenship, the same as all other advanced States have done; but if the Fish Commission is to be retained, let it handle the whole matter in issue. Do not imperil our cause by hatching up new complications; we have enough and more of them now, Heaven knows, than we can successfully meet.

California Game and Fish Protective Association

Organized May 26, 1900

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H. T. Payne, 725 Baker Street, San Francisco.

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POLO

By Arthur Inkersley

THE year 1907 will be remembered as a banner year in the history of polo in California. On Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, February 21st, 22nd, 23rd and 24th, a polo tournament and race meeting were held at Burlingame and San Mateo under the auspices of the California Polo and Pony Racing Association, the officers of which are Rudolph Spreckels, president; Charles W. Clark, first vice-president; Francis J. Carolan, second vice-president; R. N. Tobin, treasurer, and Robert Leighton, secretary. The office of the association is in the Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco.

The preliminary polo games were held on February 21st and 22nd, and the final match on February 24th, on the polo fields of Francis J. Carolan, at "Crossways," Burlingame, and of C. W. Clark, at "El Palomar," San Mateo, alternately. The races took place on February 23rd, on Charles W. Clark's private track of six furlongs. Many of the most notable players of Central and Southern California took part in the polo and races, the players from the southern part of the State being the guests of the California Polo and Pony Racing Association, which defrayed the cost of transportation of the polo and racing ponies from the south and back, the feed and stabling of the ponies and the transportation of the players, owners, grooms and attendants. No entrance fees were required for any of the events, but handsome prizes were presented to the members of the winning polo team and the owners of winning ponies at the race-meet. All racing ponies having height certificates of the California Polo and Pony Racing Association or of the Southern California Polo and Pony Racing Association, were eligible and ponies not having the certificates were measured and certificated at San Mateo.

The race programme comprised six events. The first was a "Debutante Cup," ¼ of a mile, for maiden ponies, carrying a top weight of 160 pounds, two pounds being allowed for each quarter-inch below 14 hands 2 inches. The trophy was presented by T. A. Driscoll. The second race was for the "Utility Cup," presented by Rudolph Spreckels, for galloways, top weight 160 pounds, three pounds being allowed for each half-inch under 14 hands 2 inches; distance, six furlongs. The third event on the programme was for the "Ladies' Plate," for ponies nominated by ladies; top weight, 160 pounds; two pounds allowed for each ¼-inch under 14 hands 2 inches; distance, three-eighths of a mile.

The lady who nominated the winner received a gold bracelet; the lady who nominated the second received a gold brooch, and the rider of the winning pony captured a scarf pin. All the prizes in this event were given by Mrs. Charles W. Clark. The fourth race was for the "Auction Cup," presented by R. M. Tobin; top weight 165 pounds; the winner

The Chief Trophy

H. R. Fitch Photo

Riverside Team

to be sold for $500 by auction; five pounds being allowed for each $50 less up to $250, beaten ponies not being subject to claim. Distance, half a mile. The fifth race was for the "Burlingame Cup," presented by Francis J. Carolan; top weight 155 pounds, two pounds allowed for each quarter-inch under 14 hands 2 inches; distance six furlongs. The sixth and last event was a quarter-mile race for the "San Mateo Cup," presented by Charles W. Clark; top weight, 165 pounds; two pounds allowed for each

H. R. Fitch Photo

Santa Barbara Team

quarter-inch under 14 hands 2 inches. In all the races except the first, maiden ponies received five pounds additional.

Early during the present month (March) the polo-players of Central and Southern California will meet again in friendly rivalry on the polo-field and race-track of the Coronado Country Club at Coronado Beach. The tournament meeting will be under the auspices of the Southern California Polo and Pony Racing Association, the officers of which are: T. H. Dudley, president; William Clayton, first vice-president; J. Harrison Wright, second vice-president; B. N. Smith, Jr., third vice-president, and Paul H. Schmidt, honorary secretary and treasurer. The racing committee consists of G. L. Waring, of Los Angeles; Dr. E. J. Boeseke, of Santa Barbara; W. E. Pedley, of Riverside; H. G. Bundrem, of Los Angeles; Paul H. Schmidt, of Coronado, and Dr. J. A. Edmonds, official measurer.

The polo tournament begins on March 2nd, and the racing takes place on March 7th and 9th. It is expected that teams from Coronado, San Diego, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Riverside, Santa Monica, Burlingame and San Mateo will take part in the polo tournament. Last year's championship of the Coronado Country Club was won by the Burlingame team, which was better mounted and displayed stronger team-work than any of its rivals, though the Riverside men pressed the winners so closely that their meeting during the coming tournament is awaited with much interest. The Burlingame and San Mateo teams will be made up from the following players: R. M. Tobin, W. S. Hobart, C. R. Tobin, T. A. Driscoll, Francis J. Carolan, John Lawson, Lawrence McCreery, E. J. Tobin, Maurice Du Val, and Captain de Crespigny. Maurice Du Val is one of the strongest players in France and Captain de Crespigny is well known in California, having been one of the Hurlingham Club team that visited this State some years ago. The captain has won the military steeplechase in England more than once.

The Riverside team will be made up from R. L. Bettner (captain), R. Nave, L. Roberts, M. E. Flowers and H. Pattee. Santa Monica team will consist of W. E. Pedley, Frank D. Hudson, C. W. Redmayne, and H. G. Bundrem. Santa Barbara's representatives will be chosen from the three Boeseke brothers, J. Colby and E. Wickenden. The Los Angeles four will be selected from L. Weiss, H. Weiss, B. Weiss, B. N. Smith, Jr., and H. Messmore.

The race meeting to be held on March 7th and 9th comprises twelve events, six on each day. The first is a selling pony race; distance, half-a-mile; any pony entered can be claimed at $150 by the owner of any other entry except the winner, within fifteen minutes after the end of the race; the winner to be sold at auction immediately after the race; half of the surplus above the entered selling price to go to the owner of the second pony and half to the Association; top weight, 165 pounds; weight for inches; prize, fifty dollars cash.

The second event is three-fourths of a mile for galloways 15 hands and under; top weight 165 pounds; weight for inches; gentlemen riders allowed seven pounds; prize, seventy-five dollars cash.

H. R. Fitch Photo

On the Polo Field at Coronado

Third event: poly pony race; three-sixteenths of a mile, for gentlemen riders only; top weight 180 pounds; all entries subject to the approval of the stewards; prize, cup valued at eighty dollars.

Fourth event: pony race, three-fourths of a mile, for gentlemen riders only; top weight 165 pounds; weight for inches; prize, a cup valued at sixty dollars, presented by Messrs. Montgomery Brothers, of Los Angeles.

Fifth event: selling horse race; three-fourths of a mile; top weight 150 pounds; weight for age scaling down from top weight; professionals penalized seven pounds; any horse to be sold for $400; prize, seventy-five dollars cash.

Sixth event: half a mile for maiden ponies; top weight 165 pounds; weight for inches; gentlemen riders allowed seven pounds.

The first event on March 9th is a poly-pony race, half a mile; top weight 180 pounds; weight for inches; gentlemen riders only; all entries subject to the approval of the Stewards; prize, a cup valued at fifty dollars.

H. R. Fitch Photo

Hobart and Roberts "Riding Off"

Second event: five-furlong Breeders' Stakes, for ponies three years old and under, not exceeding 14 hands 1 inch in height; top weight 150 pounds; weight for inches; subscription, fifteen dollars; gentlemen riders allowed seven pounds; $50 added; second to save stake.

Third event: Race for galloways, 15 hands and under; one mile; top weight 165 pounds; professionals penalized seven pounds; weight for inches; the winter of race two on the first day to carry ten pounds extra; prize, seventy-five dollars cash.

Fourth event: One and a quarter miles for the A. B. Spreckels Challenge Cup, for ponies owned by members of any recognized polo club or members of the Southern California Polo and Pony Racing Association, or the California Polo and Pony Racing Association; to be won three times by the same owner; the owner of winner on each occasion to receive a replica of the cup in miniature; top weight 165 pounds; weight for inches; gentlemen riders only.

Fifth event: race for ponies, one-fourth mile and repeat; top weight 170 pounds; weight for inches; gentlemen riders allowed seven pounds; prize, fifty dollars cash.

Sixth event: selling horse race, one mile; top weight 150 pounds; weight for age, scaling down from top weight; winner of the fifth race on the first day to carry ten pounds extra; professional riders penalized seven pounds; any horse to be sold for $400; prize, seventy-five dollars casb.

The entries closed on February 23rd, an entrance fee of two dollars being paid for each race when entry was made; the money to go to the second horse. Measurements to be made by an official measurer (under supervision of the directors) in a box with a level floor specially constructed for the purpose and with a standard approved by the Association; the ponies being with or without shoes; a quarter of an inch being allowed when they are measured with shoes. All ponies, except in races for three-year-olds and under, to be four-year-olds and over, and 14 hands 2 inches or under, including polo ponies that run in the races. Races for ponies three

H. R. Fitch Photo

Following Up the Ball

years old and under to be for ponies 14 hands 1 inch and under. Galloways to be four years old and over, and 15 hands and under. In weight-for-inches pony races and in galloway races, seven pounds to be allowed for each half inch under the standard; maidens to receive 15 pounds additional, unless all the starters are maidens. A polo pony, to be eligible to run in the races, must be certified by the President and Captain of the club of which his owner is a member to have played on at least five separate occasions in regular games and to be a bona fide polo pony; must not exceed 14 hands 2 inches. Certificates of height issued prior to October 25th, 1905, by recognized Polo Clubs or Pony Racing Associations, or members of the Southern California Polo and Pony Racing Association, will be accepted. In future, the only certificates that will be accepted will be those issued by the California Polo and Pony Racing Association, or the Southern California Polo and Pony Racing Association, except that a galloway or pony measured with shoes on shall be allowed one-fourth inch.

H. R. Fitch Photo

Everyone on the Ball

OMAR, THE BACHELOR

GIVE me my pipe, my magazine, my dog,
Throw on the cheering fire another log
And keep your verse, your jug of drink and Her;
No red-lip's wine my steady brains befog.

Aye, oft have I beheld my brother man
Give of his best as erring mortal can,
While she—sweet creature!—worked him to the end,
Then turned him down as one who "also ran."

So, also, have I seen him when success
Crowned his best efforts toward happiness—
Or so it seemed until returns were in—
And Lo! the end was worse than he'd confess.

Ah, never do I walk the floor at night,
With wailing youngster, awful in his might,
While wifie yawns "too bad he will not sleep!"
And "don't forget, Dear, to turn out the light."

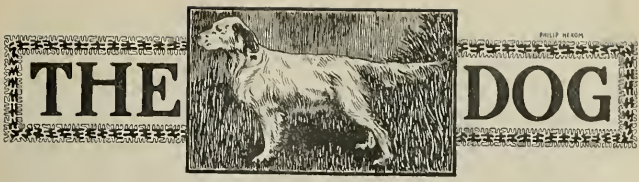
Grant him, the benedict, what he deserve:
His wife's affection may his soul preserve;
But as for me—I covet naught but peace,
No woman's tears shall shake my manly nerve.

I scorn them all—their arts I dare to spurn;
I seek them not—their heads I fear to turn;
I cherish well my single blessedness,
For I have seen of life enough to learn.

Ah, this is bliss—this tranquil peace of mine,
This quiet calm, so restful, near divine!
He who prefers the Potter's vulgar plan
Knows naught of this content of quaint design.

—Grace G. Bostwick.

Petronella—Winner 1st. All Age. William S. Tevis, Owner



THE PACIFIC COAST FIELD TRIALS

Reported by Harry T. Payne

THE twenty-fourth annual trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club was held at Bakersfield on January 21-24 inclusive. With the exception of a heavy fog that delayed the starting of the dogs for the first three mornings, all conditions were exceedingly favorable for a successful meeting. Last year's bounteous rains had produced an abundance of fine cover everywhere, something that has been usually lacking on these grounds for many years past. The copious rains of the present season had washed all the summer's accumulation of dust from the brush and weeds and left the ground moist and cool. Never in the history of the club have all conditions been so favorable, and never in the history of the club have the handlers turned down such a lot of wild, unbroken, disobedient, bolting rabbit-chasers as at this meeting. This was not only the case in the derby, but nearly as bad in the all-age. It is beyond my understanding how handlers can have the temerity—or possibly I had better use the slang word "cheek"—to start such a lot of wild rabbit-chasing bolters in any stake. The derby was won by a bright little ten-months-old puppy, whose tender age had fortunately prevented the same amount of handling(?) her older competitors had received. In the all-age the behavior of most of the dogs was a sad commentary on the ability, or industry, of the men who were supposed to have broken them. The handler of a dog that never sees a rabbit oftener than once a week may be excused for his dog's chasing, but there is no excuse for dogs that have been worked on the Kern County grounds where they see fifty or more birds every day.

The judges for the derby were: C. N. Post, H. L. Betten and T. J. A. Tiedeman. For the all-age: H. L. Betten, T. J. A. Tiedeman and J. W. Flynn; and for the members' stake: H. L. Betten, T. J. A. Tiedeman and H. W. Keller. The decisions in all stakes gave general satisfaction. They erred, however, in their interpretation of rule nine, which means that a dog must be present to start within twenty minutes from the time he is called, and not that a dog may be absent from the course and away from the control of his handler and the other dog be held for twenty minutes to wait for his return. A dog off the course is out of competition, and if not in hand when ordered up he is out of the stake.

The trials began with the derby, in which there were fourteen starters, ten English setters and four pointers. Most of the youngsters in this stake were quite fast and wide rangers, but with a few exceptions as wild as the hares they were constantly chasing; and many of them, too—had the development of their brains received the same attention as was given to the development of their legs—might have shown some considerable merit in hunting for and handling birds. Most of them, too, might have shown more desire to hunt birds if they had not been so keen to chase rabbits, an occupation which seemed to engross their whole attention.

Dan Daniels—John—The first brace cast off in the derby was W. B. Coutts' pointer

Field Trial Party at Luncheon

dog, Dan Daniels, handled by owner, and Dr. S. A. Barber's pointer dog, John, handled by Carlisle. They were put down at 10:30 and went away with a rush. Outside of their ability to race wildly over the country they showed but little merit, flushing a bevy without paying any attention to the birds. They were on a pretty piece of cover and should have done nice work and plenty of it. Instead of this they repeatedly flushed where points should have been made. Dan at last secured a point on a crippled bird which he caught and brought to his handler. The heat was a very disappointing one.

Dock—Sadie B.—Near the same grounds Mr. Phillips' pointer dog, Dock, handled by Carlisle, and W. H. Keller's English setter bitch, Sadie B., handled by Dodge, were cast off. This brace treated the spectators to a fine exhibition of rabbit chasing in which the brace showed a good deal of grit in the length of time they followed the animal. Dock was the first to return and soon went into a small bevy and flushed them. When Sadie got back, which was some time after Dock's return, feeling that she had outdone the dog in the rabbit chase, concluded to do him up in the little matter of flushing birds. But in this she was too ambitious, for at the close of the thirty minutes the score stood about even. Dock showed the better speed and possibly the greater desire to hunt. With a little intelligent training he may develop into quite a good dog.

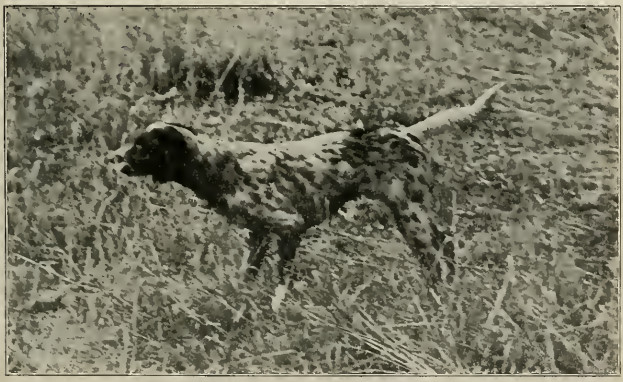
Colton — Lemonade — Howard Smith's pointer dog, Colton, handled by Babcock, and J. E. Terry's English setter bitch, Lemonade, handled by Fred Coutts, were the next brace down. Colton ranged much the widest at first and showed the greater speed, but during the latter part of the heat he slowed down a great deal and was rather inclined to potter in his work, while the little bitch finished strong. In point work they were about even, neither doing anything of merit. The bitch made one point, but after a moment's hesitation she flushed the bird in a very deliberate manner. Colton made one point some distance from where three or four birds were seen to settle. It took Babcock quite a while to find the birds, and from the position of the dog it is a question whether he was pointing them or not.

Ventura—Tiburon—After lunch W. C. Kirckhoff's English setter bitch, Ventura, handled by Lucas, and W. B. Coutts' English setter bitch, Tiburon, handled by owner, were cast off. Ventura opened the

fun with a good long chase after a rabbit. On her return she pointed just as the bird flushed, but she held her point on another that remained behind. Tiburon then secured three points, on the last of which she was quite unsteady. Ventura is a wide ranger and very quick on scattered birds, merry in her work but lacking in style. Tiburon, a puppy but ten months old, handled her birds well and showed better in style of going and on point.

Sensation—Carmen—Elmer Cox's English setter bitch, Sensation, handled by W. B. Coutts, and Victor Caglieri's English setter bitch, Carmen, handled by Lucas, were next cast off. Carmen, a fast, stylish and merry going little bitch, soon jumped a rabbit and was lost to her handler for over ten minutes, the other bitch being held up until her return. When she was gotten back she at once began some very snappy work, scoring three good points, to one of which she was badly unsteady, and which ended her good behavior, for she then went into a small bevy and flushed them one at a time. Sensation is built on the lines of a good mover for an all-day hunt. She moves smooth and with the greatest of ease, but does not range out as wide as she might, though plenty wide enough for the character of the country in which she was down. She was under poor control and evidently had had but little work on birds.

Flora—Shasta Daisy—Clem Wilson's English setter bitch Flora handled by Carlisle, and J. E. Terry's English setter bitch, Shasta Daisy, handled by W. B. Coutts, were the next down. Just as Daisy found and pointed a bevy Flora found a rabbit that suited her better and that was the last seen of her for the day. Next Daisy took a chase herself and was gone a long time. While the handlers were after the dogs birds were flushed on every side. When Daisy was finally gotten back she made several points on the remaining scent of the flushed birds. Daisy was held up for sixteen minutes waiting for the return of Flora, but finally put down alone. Coutts tried hard to keep her on the course, but another rabbit proved too great an attraction and she was off again on another chase. When brought back and sent in to where the birds had settled she made a good point on a couple of birds but was unsteady to shot. Later she ran over several others. Flora was under such bad control that no estimate can be formed of her future. Shasta Daisy is full of style, quite snappy in her point work but badly given to false pointing. With careful handling she should develop into a good one.



Shasta Daisy—Winner 2nd Derby. J. E. Terry, Owner

Veronica—Moxetta—H. W. Keller's English setter, Veronica, handled by Lucas, and Sidney Smith's English setter Moxetta, handled by Fred Coutts, were the last brace of the derby and of the day. Moxetta took after a rabbit and was not seen for some time. When she was at last coming back she jumped a second one and away she went again. When the heat was concluded and the party started for home she had not been heard from. Veronica ranges wide and fast, staying out well but keeping track of her handler at all times. She is an easy mover and quite stylish in action. She was not among birds until just before being called up. On these she made a couple of points, the latter one being a moment after the judges had announced: "take up your dogs."

The judges selected for the second series the following: Veronica with Shasta Daisy, Ventura with Moxetta, Colton with Carmen, Dock with Tiburon and Flora with Sensation.

Tuesday

Veronica—Shasta Daisy—The first brace of the second series were not put down until 11:05 Tuesday morning on account of the heavy fog. Veronica, that had shown to such good advantage in her race the evening before, spoiled all her chances in a few minutes after she went down. She found and pointed a bevy very nicely, but only held it a moment until she went in and got up every bird with an abandon worthy of a better deed. Daisy behaved better, pointing a single in good form. Later she ran into a small bunch, and when a couple of them flushed she pointed the rest quite staunchly.

Ventura—Moxetta—Ventura put up a very good heat, selecting her grounds well, and working them out with good judgment. Her point work was careful and staunch. She is the fastest dog in the stake on single birds. Moxetta found no rabbits in this field and therefore finished the heat with only two or three flushes against her. She is fast and a wide ranger, but made no points in the two heats she was down.

Colton—Carmen—This brace were put down in a field in which no birds could be found. Carmen showed to good advantage, ranging well and selecting the likely places. She is a very stylish little bitch, moving with a high head and very merry tail. Placed under proper control she should be heard from in the future. Colton was inclined to work too much on open ground.

Tiburon—Dock—Tiburon showed her quality in this heat in fine shape, finding a bevy by a piece of clean seeking done with judgment. This she pointed staunchly, following it up with three good singles, before she was called up and three more before her handler could get her in hand. Dock did nothing but to confirm the uselessness of carrying him into the second series.

Flora—Sensation—This brace was another that proved a waste of time in taking them into the second series. It is quite likely that when handled in their training as puppies should be, they will develop into good ones, but in their wild, unbroken condition they do nothing more than consume time to no purpose.

Third Series

Colton—Shasta Daisy—In this heat Daisy made a couple of points to which she was unsteady, as well as two or three false ones. Colton hacked on every opportunity but scored no points unless a very doubtful one, claimed by both handlers might have been his. This looked more like a false point by the bitch with the dog backing by her side.

Tiburon—Carmen—Carmen spent all of the heat and the rest of the day at her favorite amusement of chasing rabbits. Tiburon ran her final heat without an error, scoring one bevy and six single points.

Ventura a bye—Ventura ran her bye with but little work and but few errors. At the close of this heat the judges announced the winners as follows:

1st. Tiburon.
2d. Shasta Daisy.
3d. { Ventura.
{ Colton.

The spectators generally had picked the winners as named with the exception that Colton was not considered as entitled to a division of third.

Tiburon, the winner of first, is but ten months old. She is by Uncle Jimmy Whitestone out of Belle Fontaine, and is a very promising little puppy. She shows a level head at all times, good judgment in seeking

Keepsake—Winner 2nd All Age. W. W. Van Arsdale, Owner

for her birds and in handling them when found.

Shasta Daisy, the winner of second, is by Kilgarif out of Iona S. At present she is given to false pointing, but with this bad habit cured she should develop into a good one. She has plenty of speed and range and is quite stylish on point and in action.

Ventura is by Harry H. out of Peach Mark II. She is the fastest dog in the stake when working on scattered birds. She is very merry in action, a smooth galloper and held her pace to the end of the heats with ease.

Colton—Divided 3rd All Age. Howard Smith, Owner

Huntress. T. J. A. Tiedeman, Owner

Colton is by Dr. Daniels out of Lottie Ripstone. He is a fast wide ranger but more inclined to work in the open than to look for such places as the birds frequent. In giving him a division of third it was the general opinion that the judges were playing a policy of conciliation.

The All-Age

The all-age was commenced Wednesday morning and finished Thursday noon. All that I have said about wild, uncontrollable, rabbit-chasing dogs in the derby, will apply to a majority of the aged dogs as well. While every condition of grounds, cover, and atmosphere, as well as an abundance of birds, made for good bird work, the stake in this respect was most disappointing. The handsomest and most stylish dog in the stake proved himself such a confirmed rabbit-chaser that while he ran his heat in a field full of birds, his mind was so intent upon the pleasures of racing after the elusive long-ears, that he only found time to make one point between his chores.

Margueritte—Goliah—Another heavy fog prevented starting until 11:00 o'clock. The brace was cast off in an open grass field and went away with a rush. With Goliah, I use the term "went away" advisedly, for he went so far away that it took Coutts just half an hour to get him back. In the meantime Margueritte, a pointer bitch owned by W. S. Tevis, and handled by Dodge, found the birds and secured a number of points, on several of which she was quite unsteady. Goliah, an English setter, owned by S. Christensen, and handled by W. B. Coutts, was given twenty minutes on plenty of birds after his return, but while he ran over many of them he made no points. He is a very large dog with a good burst of speed, and to exhibit this seems to be his only ambition. Margueritte is rather slow, but under good control and quite a methodical worker.

Mariposa — Petronella — Wm. Dormer's English setter dog, Mariposa, handled by Lucas, and W. S. Tevis' pointer bitch, Petronella, handled by Dodge, was the next brace down. In this heat Petronella put up the race of her life, while Mariposa spent most of his time and energy—and of the latter he has an abundance—in chasing jack rabbits. Between these courses he did, however, make one very good point on a part of the bevy flushed from Petronella's find, and one rather doubtful single point. In the heat Petronella found and pointed staunchly two bevies and scored a number of singles. While Petronella is neither brilliant nor stylish, she is a good bird finder,

always reliable and under very good control. Mariposa is a handsome dog, a fine mover, built on the lines of endurance, and very stylish on point. He should make a great dog if put under proper control.

McCloud Boy—Keepsake—W. W. Van Arsdale's English setter, McCloud Boy, handled by Lucas, and same owner's English setter bitch, Keepsake, handled by Babcock, was the first brace down after lunch. Though run for forty minutes they found no birds. This was not the fault of the dogs, as they were worked in one of the few fields where no birds are to be found. Both dogs are quite fast and wide rangers.

Ramona—Merry Dude—J. C. Terry's English setter bitch, Ramona, handled by Fred Coutts, and Albert Betz's English setter dog, Merry Dude, handled by P. D. Linville proved the champion rabbit-chasers of the whole trials, generally joining forces against the same rabbit. This exhibition was continued for ten minutes, as they would jump a rabbit every time they were returning from the last unproductive course. Then away they went again. At last they got into birds and did some bad flushing before they began to settle down and do a little point work. Ramona is very snappy in her point work and quite stylish; with better breaking she should make quite a good one. Dude's thoughts must be weaned away from rabbits before any estimate of his future can be made.

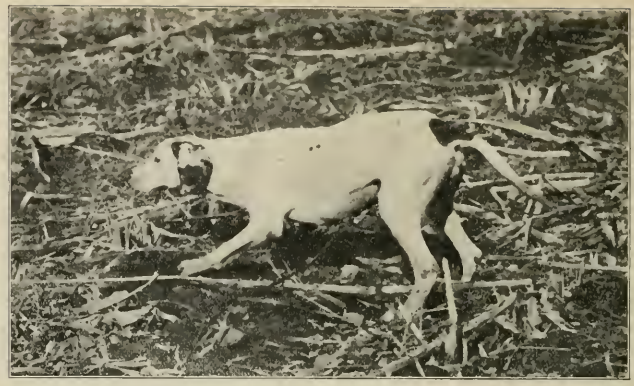
Avalon—Lady Belle—W. W. Van Arsdale's English setter dog, Avalon, handled by Babcock, and Frank Schumacher's pointer bitch, Lady Belle, handled by Coutts, was the last brace of the first series. While they were soon on birds, neither of them made a very creditable showing. Avalon secured a couple of points, one of which was false, and Belle backed once and pointed once.

Second Series

McCloud Boy—Ramona—Thursday morning proved an exception in the way of fog, and the first brace of the second series was cast off at 9:30. Ramona opened the work by flushing a bevy; following the birds she pointed a single and proved unsteady to shot; after this she made two more points. McCloud pointed but soon left it, while Ramona, running by the same place a moment later, flushed two birds.

Keepsake—Petronella—Petronella ran a good heat, though off of the course most of the time, occasioned by roading a moving bevy which she handled well, and on which and the singles that dropped behind she ran up a good score. Keepsake, also, with

Lady—Winner 2nd Members' Stake. Elmer Cox, Owner



Marguerite. William S. Tevis, Owner

not as good opportunities, made several good points, one of which was in a small tree. In this point she stood with her fore feet against the tree. This was the best heat of the meeting. The dogs were under good control and both handled their birds well.

Lady Belle—Merry Dude—This was the last of the stake and a very poor heat. Dude made several bad flushes and got in a good share of his rabbit work. The only point he made was on a rabbit which Linville killed, saying "he'll never point that one again, anyhow!" Belle made no points.

At the close of the heat the judges announced the winners as follows:

1st. Petronella.
2d. Keepsake.
3d. { Ramona.
{ McCloud Boy.

The Members' Stake

The members' stake had seven starters, most of which being dogs that knew nothing or very little of their owners, and were therefore hard to control.

Baywood—Lady—Lloyd Tevis' pointer dog, Baywood, and Elmer Cox's Lady were cast off the first thing after lunch. It was not long until Lady pointed a bevy by the side of the railroad track and proved herself quite staunch. The birds flushed into very heavy grass along the railroad fence and were hard to get up. In this grass both dogs made points from which their handlers failed to raise the birds, but were afterwards flushed by the spectators. In fact, the spectators interfered with the dogs to considerable extent in this heat by getting over the fence and onto the track before the dogs had time to work out the ground.

Senator's Don—Belle Fontaine—J. W. Flynn's pointer dog, Senator's Don, and Courtney Ford's English bitch, Belle Fontaine, were put down in an adjoining field to which most of the birds had gone. Belle put up a really good heat, scoring a number of points. Senator backed well, but made no points.

Buck—Cuba, Jr.—Courtney Ford's English setter, Buck, and Lloyd Tevis' pointer dog, Cuba, Jr., were the next down. Cuba ran into and flushed a large bevy, which settled in high grass and laid like rocks. Cuba soon located again and pointed staunchly. Buck made a couple of points but was unsteady to shot. Cuba, who is an old champion, was very disappointing in this heat, possibly from being unused to his handler.

Lady Belle, a bye—Frank Schumacher's

pointer bitch, Lady Belle, was put down with T. J. A. Tiedeman's English setter bitch, Huntress, to run her bye. She was an absolute stranger to Mr. Schumacher and paid no attention to him. After quite a run Belle pointed a little bevy and later a single, on both of which points she behaved very well.

At the close of the heat the judges announced the winners to be:

1st. Belle Fontaine.
2nd. Lady.
3rd. Lady Belle.

The Business Meeting

The business meeting of the club was held on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. A great deal of business of importance to the welfare of the club was transacted, among which was the election of officers, consisting of H. W. Keller, of Los Angeles, president; J. E. Terry, of, Sacramento, 1st vice-president; Elmer H. Cox, of Madera, 2nd vice-president, and T. J. A. Tiedeman, of San Francisco, secretary-treasurer. The following were elected the executive committee: J. H. Schumacher, of Los Angeles; H. L. Betten, of Alameda; J. W. Flynn and E. Courtney Ford, of San Francisco, and C. N. Post, of Sacramento.

The following new members were added to the roll: John Consedine, of Seattle; Arthur Nichols, of Chico; Dr. Fred. P. Clark, of Stockton; F. W. Keisel, of Sacramento, and E. Courtney Ford, of San Francisco.

All of the books, records and papers having been burned in the San Francisco fire, a new roll of membership had to be made up from the memory of those present. No doubt many were omitted and the club asks that all members send their names to the secretary. It was ordered that hereafter all dogs competing in the All-age, Championship and Merbers' Stakes must retrieve.

A committee consisting of H. T. Payne, C. N. Post and T. J. A. Tiedeman were appointed to prepare a constitution and by-laws, as well as a new code of running rules. These are to be submitted to the executive committee for approval and then printed. The next trials will be held in 1908, commencing with Monday of the last full week in January. The selection of the grounds was left to the executive committee.

During the trials W. B. Coutts sold the derby winner, Tiburon, to E. Courtney Ford, and McCloud Boy was purchased by John Consedine of Seattle.

A HEARING ASKED FOR

IF YOUR Honor please, and gentlemen of the jury"; I must ask to be excused for this intrusion, and, it is my belief that I will be when my position is explained. First, it is my feeling that in return for your courtesy, Mr. Editor, I am in your debt; and, second, I cannot refrain from thanking Mr. H. T. Payne for so clearly and forcibly expressing my opinions in his excellent article, "Highclass, Classy and Class," as it appears in your January issue of Western Field. It is evident that Mr. Payne has considered the subject from an entirely disinterested view-point, and, (in my judgment), from the right one.

I am not one of those hide-bound people who seem to think that a field-trial winner is worthless as a sportsman's dog; nor do I believe with some others that a first-class sporting-dog would have no chance to be placed in a field-trial. As Mr. Payne points out, different men have different ideas as to what constitutes field-sports; and, naturally, they select dogs best suited to fit the circumstances.

Writing as I do here, of setters only, I call Mr. Payne's attention to a fact he seems to have overlooked, namely, the question of stamina. Take (as an illustration of what I mean), the modern Llewellyn Setter, and what do we find? He is a dog of which it has been written that "the pedigree of one is the pedigree of all." Is not this too often the fact; and does not this in its turn mean that he is too closely inbred? That is the way I translate it.

I am sixty-five years old, quite old enough to remember the best of some of our old-time native setters, and to know what they were in kennel and field. Forty years ago, the breeder of setters of the native strains did not especially dread that curse of the kennels of today, distemper. Though efforts were made to avoid it, it was not looked upon as a necessarily fatal ailment; and of those dogs and puppies attacked by it, not more than one out of ten failed to recover from it.. How is it today with our modern dogs? Though I have no way of proving it, it is my belief that if the truth could be known, it would show that the modern in-and-in bred dog, sixty per cent of all puppies attacked by this disease either die outright, or are so broken-down in constitution that they are worthless as game-finders; because chorea, partial paralysis and other after effects of distemper have done their work.

In the old days here in the older States, such things rarely happened. Why was it so? Because the dogs of those times were *bred for work*, and not exclusively for looks or pedigree; yet such dogs as the "Grouse-stock," the "Rolla-stock," and those bred by Morford, were not lacking in good looks, or good blood, and they had what the setter of today does *not* have—stamina.

I am glad to know that here in the Eastern States, we have at least one breeder of setters who realizes the wrong of too close inbreeding, generation after generation, and the need of introducing strong outside blood. I refer to Mr. George C. Thomas, Jr., of Philadelphia, Penn., and so successful has he been, not only in producing dogs of greater hardihood, but of great beauty and field-quality, that at a recent show in that city, one of his dogs, "Rap," was put over all of the setters in the show, including Irish and Gordon. To quote from a recent article by James Watson, Mr. Thomas "found that many of his high-class imported dogs were not what he wanted as field-dogs, and selecting the best of these, he crossed them upon some bitches which were American-bred for many generations." That was the proper thing to do, and Mr. Thomas, I am informed, has now a class of setters with all of the good looks of the Llewellyn setter, added to the constitutional strength and hardihood of the well-bred native setter of half a century ago.

That is the dog the true field sportsman wants, but it is the dog we have not been getting for years, and in order that we may have use for him in the future, and game on which to work him, we want stricter game laws, and want them more rigidly enforced than they ever yet have been, for no matter how beautiful, how hardy, how keen the scent, or how graceful in range your setter may be, if there is no game, of what good is he to you? So while men like Mr. Thomas are trying to produce for us dogs with the good qualities of the old-time native setter, and the beauty of the modern bench-show and field-trial winner, it is our duty to see that the game is not exterminated, and the time, trouble and expense of providing us with good dogs has not been for naught.

Do away, then, with the selling of game; let every sportsman be required to obtain a yearly gun-license; limit the bag for the season, and do away with all spring and summer shooting. But go on for twenty years more as we are doing now, and then the dogs may be bred for looks only, as there will be no need of them in field or forest.

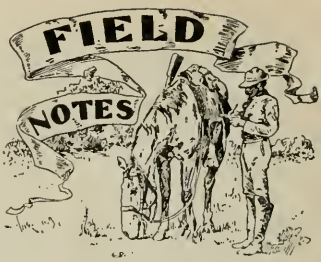
"RECAPPER."

THE SAN FRANCISCO KENNEL CLUB ELECTION

AT THE annual meeting of the San Francisco Kennel Club the following board of directors for 1907 was elected: John E. de Ruyter, W. W. Richards, John L. Cunningham, Lloyd Baldwin, Fred P. Butler.

John E. de Ruyter was elected president; Lloyd Baldwin, vice-president; Fred P. Butler, secretary and treasurer.

Mr. R. P. Keasbey was reappointed as delegate of the San Francisco Kennel Club to the American Kennel Club and Dr. Steers was reappointed veterinary surgeon to the club. As Bench Show Committee, John E. de Ruyter, chairman; John L. Cunningham, and Fred P. Butler were selected, with H. H. Carlton to manage the show.



WORLD'S RECORD ELEPHANT TUSKS

A Great Zoological Prize

THE New York Zoological Society has recently received from London the longest tusks ever known to have come from a living species of elephant. Until their arrival at the Zoological Park, their reported length seemed almost unbelievable. The longest tusk has the astonishing length of 11

World's Record Elephant Tusks

feet, 5½ inches, while the other measures exactly 11 feet. One measures 18 inches in circumference; the other 18¼ inches, and the combined weight of the two is 293 pounds. The next largest tusk on record is only ten feet, four inches in length, or more than one foot shorter. These tusks are from an African elephant, evidently of enormous size.

This giant pair was purchased by cable of Mr. Rowland Ward, the well-known naturalist of London, and they are recorded in the Fifth Edition of his "Records of Big Game", which was issued last December. They were purchased by him at the last ivory sale in London. They come to the Zoological Society as a gift from Mr. Charles T. Barney, Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Percy R. Pyne and three other gentlemen. The price paid in London was $2500, and they were secured by the prompt action of Mr. Barney who the moment the opportunity was made known to him authorized the purchase.

It has been stated that these huge tusks were formerly owned by King Menelik of Abyssinia, and by him were presented to an official of the French government. The Zoological Society knows nothing definite on these points. It is known, however, that the longest tusks grown by African elephants are produced immediately south of Abyssinia.

Both these tusks are quite perfect in every respect. They originally set into the skull about 26 inches. It is evident from their shape that after leaving the skull they curved inward slightly, then outward and upward in very graceful and pleasing lines.

These tusks are not only the longest ever known, but the chances are as ten thousand to one that they never will be equaled by any living elephant. They will be exhibited for a short time in the alcove of the Lion House, and eventually will be placed in the national collection of heads, horns and game records which the sportsmen of America will shortly form for the Society, for permanent exhibition in the Zoological Park.

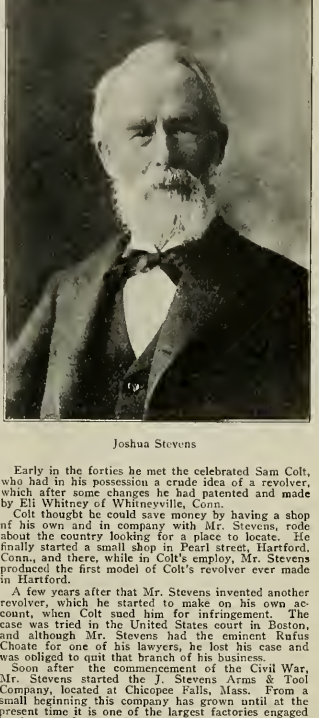
THE DEATH OF JOSHUA STEVENS

AFTER a long and useful life, Joshua Stevens, inventor of the celebrated rifle bearing his name, passed peacefully away Monday evening, January 21st, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Wilbur F. Davis, Meriden, Conn., with whom he had made his home since 1896. He was ninety-two years of age. Mr. Stevens had been suffering for the past several weeks with ailments peculiar to advanced age.

Mr. Stevens is survived by three daughters: Adelaide, widow of Judge Wilbur F. Davis; Isabelle, wife of Professor Tolman, instructor of English literature in the University of Chicago, and Jane, wife of Amos Crane of the Boston and Albany Railroad.

Joshua Stevens was born in Chester, Mass., September 10, 1814. He learned his trade as a machinist in Chester, where he commenced as an apprentice in 1834, working from 5 A. M. until 7 P. M. for $6 per month for the first year and $8 and $10 per month respectively, for the two succeeding years. In the spring of 1838 he settled with his employer, taking his note for $150.

Soon after this he took up pistol and gun work, which he kept at in some form until his retirement from business in 1896. He was probably as familiar with the history of the gun business in this country as any one living. The modern pistol and rifle began to be evolved about 1838. Mr. Stevens commenced to work for Cyrus B. Allen in a small shop in Springfield, Mass., in that year, and continued for some years in his employ.



Joshua Stevens

Early in the forties he met the celebrated Sam Colt, who had in his possession a crude idea of a revolver, which after some changes he had patented and made by Eli Whitney of Whitneyville, Conn.

Colt thought he could save money by having a shop of his own and in company with Mr. Stevens, rode about the country looking for a place to locate. He finally started a small shop in Pearl street, Hartford, Conn., and there, while in Colt's employ, Mr. Stevens produced the first model of Colt's revolver ever made in Hartford.

A few years after that Mr. Stevens invented another revolver, which he started to make on his own account, when Colt sued him for infringement. The case was tried in the United States court in Boston, and although Mr. Stevens had the eminent Rufus Choate for one of his lawyers, he lost his case and was obliged to quit that branch of his business.

Soon after the commencement of the Civil War, Mr. Stevens started the J. Stevens Arms & Tool Company, located at Chicopee Falls, Mass. From a small beginning this company has grown until at the present time it is one of the largest factories engaged in the manufacture of firearms for sporting purposes in the world. These factories cover twelve acres of floor space, turn out hundreds of guns per day and employ over 1200 hands in the various departments of the concern.

Mr. Stevens was president of this corporation until 1896, when on account of advancing age, and the removal of his daughters to other parts of the country, he decided to retire from business and made his home in Meriden, Conn.

In the year mentioned, Irving H. Page bought the interest which Mr. Stevens and his partner, Mr. James E. Taylor, had in the business, and C. P. Fay acquired the interest which his father, William Fay, had held in the J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co. This ended Mr. Stevens' active participation in business and shortly after he removed to the home of his daughter at Meriden, Conn.

Mr. Stevens was very proud of the success of this business, and the popularity of the great sale of the

rifles and guns which bear his name, and made frequent trips to Chicopee Falls to keep in touch with the business and give the present management the benefit of his rare experience.

Mr. Stevens had an extensive acquaintance among men in military circles and among manufacturers of firearms in the past sixty years, many of whom have passed away. He was a friend of John Brown, and the pistols Brown used in his raid on Harper's Ferry were made by Mr. Stevens and sold by him personally to Brown at Chicopee Falls, only a short time before the historic raid.

A few years ago the company branched out still further and began the manufacture of gasoline automobiles, known throughout the world as the Stevens-Duryea—the first part of the trade name being in honor of Joshua Stevens.

In his domestic life, Mr. Stevens was an ideal character. Gentle and kind of disposition, he made many friends who will be sorry to learn of his demise. His nature was that of the true Old New England gentleman, courteous and affable at all times, and under all circumstances, and though naturally retiring, those who were fortunate enough to call him friend, are the better for having known him. In the death of Joshua Stevens, New England loses a grand old man and the firearm industry its patriarch.

TRAP-SHOOTERS from all over the Northwest, from the Dakotas' line to the ocean and from British Columbia to Colorado, and crack performers from the Middle West and East are expected to compete in the Pacific Coast handicap trap-shooting tournament under the auspices of the Spokane Rod & Gun Club in Spokane September 10 to 12, when purses, regulated by the National Association of Trap-shooters, and special trophies will be hung up for high scores.

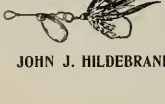
The club has accepted the offer of E. E. Shaner, secretary of the national organization for the tournament, and E. J. Chingren, past president, has been named to secure new grounds. One thousand dollars has been appropriated for new traps and paraphernalia, and nothing will be left undone to make the tourney the most auspicious in the history of the coast association.

The club has grounds at Natatorium park, but it has been decided to secure another location because of the dark back ground and the fact that more room is required to install three sets of traps. Mr. Chingren has been delegated to find a new site, where it is likely a commodious club house will be established.

The club will begin its Spring work early in February, when shoots will be held every Friday afternoon. Practise will be continued throughout the Summer, as a number of the members are determined to carry off some of the honors at the big meet.

The officers for 1907 are: President, Dr. C. H. White; vice-president, George C. Beck; secretary, A. F. Wiesemann; treasurer, F. K. McBroom; field captain, J. A. Forbes; directors, M. B. Brownlee, chairman; Y. B. Ware and E. J. Chingren.

THE HILDEBRANDT BAITS



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GOOD ENOUGH FOR UNCLE SAM

IT will be interesting to our many readers to kno that the cots and many other articles manufacture by the Gold Medal Camp Furniture Compan Racine, Wisconsin, have been adopted as the standa by the United States Government, and immense qua tities have been shipped for use in Panama, Cub and the Philippines.

The high quality of this product has made it lik wise the choice of many thousands of appreciati sportsmen, both here and abroad, and the sales ha attained actual enormity. We cordially recomme the "Gold Medal" furniture to all our readers, kno ing that they will appreciate it as a favor once th come to use these most satisfactory aids to creatu comfort in camp.

* * *

IDEAL IMPROVED ARMORY LOADING PRESS

OWING to the great amount of reloading now bei done in the various armories for indoor and ou door rifle practice, the demand is for great facilities. To meet this demand, the Ideal Manufa turing Co., of New Haven, Conn., has been expe menting this winter and now announce that they a ready to supply their Improved Armory Loadi Press. The producing capacity of this Press has be increased over four hundred per cent. These i provements consist of arranging and combining t tools to work together so that the empty shell th has been fired, after being cleaned, is resized, t neck of the shell expanded, the primer seated and t shell automatically ejected; all with one handling the shell, and with one up and down action of t gate, while heretofore to perform these operatio the shell has been handled six times and the pre used at three different times. Although the facilit of the press have been increased over fourfold, t price of the complete outfit has been increased b slightly. These various combinations and attachmen have all been made with an eye to their being appli to any of the old Armory Presses that are now o This can be done without returning them to t factory. The extra attachments are complete in the selves and may be attached to the old machines wit out any filing or fitting, nor do they require an ext screw beyond what is now on the old presses. The extras consist of Automatic Shell Ejector, combin Shell Resizer and Neck Expanding Tools and Automatic Primer Feed, pipe, etc. One part of th Primer outfit consists of a box containing a little d vice into which the primers are thrown promiscuous and with a few shakes of the box, the primers a deposited in the feed pipe right side up.

It is the belief of the manufacturers that they n have the most complete and practical hand loadi tool for Armory use. It is not complicated and the is nothing to get out of order. All interested parti will receive full information by writing to the Ide Manufacturing Company, New Haven, Conn., mentio ing Western Field.

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"We encountered, here and there, a bunch of roes"

(*See "Hunting in Germany," page 157*)

WESTERN FIELD

PUBLISHED AT GREATER SAN FRANCISCO

Vol. 10 APRIL, 1907 No. 3

APRIL

I DREAMED of music and the breath of song
Was sweet unto my ears as voice of love;
With happy heart attuned to Nature's joy
I heard such songs as mortal knows not of;
I heard the robins crooning lullabies
Tender-soft as mother thoughts at night,
When brooding o'er her babe she murmurs prayer.
And in the distance, at the dusk of dawn,
A brown thrush, rapture-mad with ecstasy,
Poured forth his soul in one glad flood of joy.
Then pipings of the many-voiced throng—
God's chorus—swelling on the morning breeze,
So plaintive sweet my sleeping self awoke
To find the starting buds and April's sun.

—*Grace G. Bostwick.*

Eltville Am Rhein

HUNTING IN GERMANY

By Dr. Henry J. Kruetzmann

N MONDAY the 18th day of December, 1905, I arrived at Eltville in the evening. This beautiful little city is situated on the right shore of the Rhine, between Mayence and Bingen. The banks of the majestic "father Rhine" are rather uninteresting here; the romantic scenery begins below Bingen. Here near Eltville levees and coulies run along the river, the ground is covered with poplars and willows, to protect the adjoining land from inundation; then comes a stretch of fields and orchards, the country slightly sloping; hills follow, covered with vineyards. To produce the fine vintages shelter and exposure to sun is essential to the vines, so in the higher places the vineyards recede, woodland begins.

At first wooded patches are found, irregular in shape, mostly brushy, occupying the shady side of the hills. But soon we enter the real forest, covering the mountainous region down the Rhine and connecting inland with the vast forests of the mountains of the Faunus; for miles and miles the forest extends, broken only by a small village, a lonely forest house or a summer resort. Here beautiful beech and oak forests are found; many a fine tree is seen, some of them a few hundred years old. Timber cutting is here done in the most conservative way. The higher regions are covered with big forests of fir.

Eltville is right in the Rhineland, in the wine-land, in the "Rheingaa." The most famous wines are grown around there, up and down the Rhine: Rauenthal, Rudesheim, Hallgarten, Johannesberg and others are close by, the names of which recall the memory of the choicest wines that are found on earth. The country is pretty, and the people, as usual in wine-drinking countries, are jolly and take kindly to enjoyment of life. But when I arrived that evening it was dark, and so the beauties of the country did not show up; besides it was cold, as was to be expected in December in Germany.

My gun and belongings were put in the cart and off we went. My destination was my

brother's home, a regular German forest house, about an hour distant from Eltville, right on the edge of the forest. At first we travelled nicely on the highroad toward Schlangenbad, a small summer resort and watering place, nestled in a charming valley, but soon we had to branch off into a fieldway which had been cut up by wagons when the ground was yet soft; being now frozen hard, travel over it was rather a shaking affair. It was pitch dark, so we had to proceed slowly, but we arrived safely at our destination.

My brother had just returned from a round in the forest and he had invitations to go hunting for the following days. Next morning after a refreshing sleep we started for the meeting place. It was nine o'clock when the other hunters arrived, they having tramped up from Eltville. Shooting was to be done over the fields and forest of Rauenthal on ground leased by a gentleman of Eltville, who acted as master of ceremonies. Every man had a "rucksack" on his back, in which was stowed away a substantial lunch and a bottle of wine; they all carried their guns on straps, true German style. Our party included, besides, three boys to act as drivers and game-carriers: and last but not least, there were the dogs: a sturdy German setter with all around qualifications; he would point the birds (so his owner said), chase the deer and hares out of the brush and would retrieve besides (to which I can testify). Furthermore there were two indispensable dachshunds.

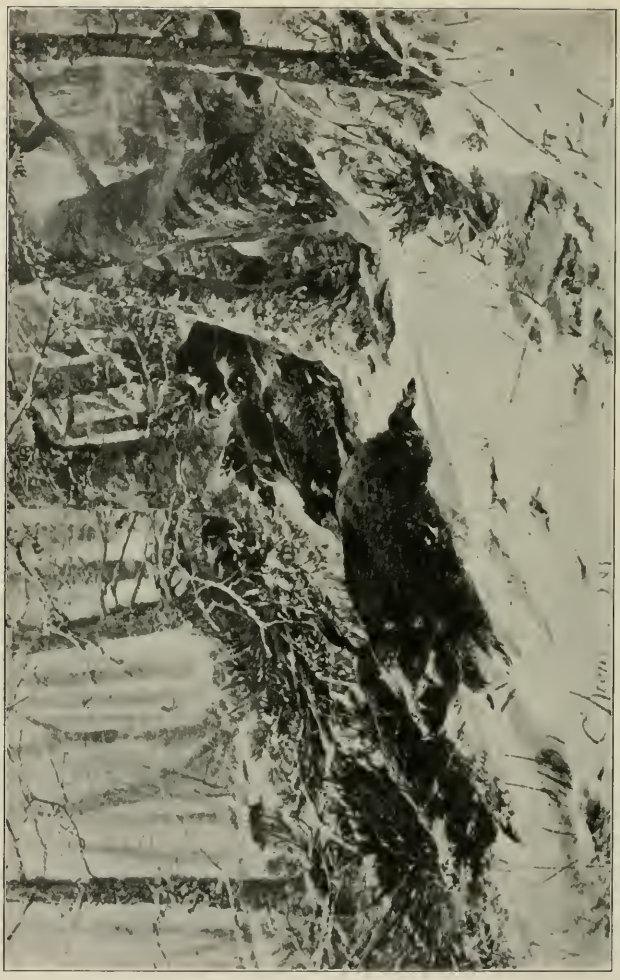
The weather was not nice; it was cold, a heavy fog was hanging over the country, and brush and grass were covered with a thick frost. It was planned to hunt over the outlying woodlots only, so we had to move and walk a good deal to get to and around the brush and thickets. It was hoped to kill some foxes, who favor these brushes at this time of the year; roebucks should not be shot, since their horns were small and in velvet. Hares, possibly pheasants and partridges, a few old does, who had outlived their usefulness, these were to be the legitimate prey to our guns.

A hollow, covered thick with brushy wood, was first selected. The drivers with the dogs were placed in position; the hunters were given their stand by the master of the chase, who carried a horn with which to give signals; everything went quietly for a time; then the horn blew, the boys entered the wood, the dogs were turned loose and soon a lot of noise was raised. The boys shouted, the dogs yelled and barked. A few hares did not consider it safe any more in the thicket and ran out, there was some shooting, the horn blew again (twice this time) the drive was over. Result: two hares.

The next drive was on a steep, winding hillside; the hunters were to move on slowly. I was posted on a narrow road cut into the hillside. Hardly had I taken my position, when I heard some rustling noise below me and the next moment a fat hare jumped out of the brush; he chose to run along the road, which was easier to him than to bound up the opposite bank of the road, but his choice was fatal to him: when I let drive, he collapsed. Soon afterward another hare jumped out of the brush, but he was young and nimble on his feet, he bounded over the narrow road and up the bank, giving me scarcely time to get the gun to the shoulder and—make a hole in the ground. The "dachsels" were after him and kept on chasing him a little further. In all three hares were added to the bag in this drive.

There was ahead of us, as our next drive, an extended square patch of thick brush, bounded below by a meadow and on the sides and top of the hill by orchards. Most of the gentlemen kept on the level of the meadow or took positions just above the meadow. Brother, myself and another hunter were climbing to the top. While going through an orchard a hare jumped up and was nicely bagged by the third in the party with a long shot. I took position at a corner, the others went further on. Then the signal was again given, boys and dogs entered the wood and the dogs soon made things quite lively. The high-pitched voices of the dachshunds were heard; they chased some game in the opposite direction, but the deep-mouthed setter was heard coming toward me. I knew something big was up from the furious way he was barking, and presently there jumped over and out of the brush a deer. I saw it was an old doe; for a moment she stood, then with the dog in close pursuit she kept on running along the thicket toward me. I let her come within 30 yards then banged at her, knocking her down.

The dachsels were after a nice old buck, who got away over the hill, passing within



Driving Wild Boars

30 yards of our captain; this gentleman knew the buck, he had wasted many an hour during the Summer in a futile attempt to bag that wily old fellow with his pretty set of horns; and now he could have easily knocked him down. He was, however, not after the venison, but after the horns, so he let him alone. Nothing else was shot in this drive.

It was nearly one o'clock when we met near the meadow in a sheltered place in the forest; a big fire was started, the rucksacks were unloosened. There was a free exchange of good wine; pipes and cigars were lit; with joshing and explanations for misses and a like conversation so dear to the true sportsman the hour quickly passed, when our leader urged us on to some more hunting.

But neither boys nor dogs wanted to work any more in the afternoon; the sky had become almost black, the thick frost on grass and brushes made work very hard for dogs and drivers, besides it became dark very early that day, so at 4 p. m. the hunting was abandoned; one more hare had been added to the bag in the afternoon, making a total of seven.

We had wandered far away from our starting point in the morning and soon struck the highway between Eltville and Schlangenbad. The gentlemen from Eltville journeyed home on this road, but brother and myself tramped over the hills to the forest-house. On our way home it began to snow; this was the very thing we wanted, because with a fresh snow a wild-boar hunt began to loom up before us. Strange as it may appear, it is a fact that wild boars are still found at the present time in many sections of Germany. I am not talking of fenced-in parks, but of the open country. Right down there on both sides of the Rhine the wild boars manage to keep their own; they are extremely shy and gifted with the finest senses, wonderful hiders, besides great travelers, able to cover in a quick trot dozens and dozens of miles in a night, if aroused. They are diligently hunted, as they are quite destructive to cultivated fields, but the only time to hunt them with any prospect of success is in winter with a good tracking snow.

When we left the house next morning with the breaking of day, a fine snow four or five inches high was covering forest, fields and meadows—a most beautiful sight! All sorts of tracks were seen—spoor of roes, of hares, of foxes, of squirrels, etc. Soon the experienced eye of my brother found a track which he said was of a female pig of medium size; following it through a high forest we saw where she had broken the ground in search of acorns. She was heading toward a large thicket in the neighboring hunting ground. Not wishing to intrude we soon left the track and walked higher up through the silent winter forest encountering here and there a bunch of roes. After some time another boar's track was struck, this time of a big boar. He entered several coppices, but rounding them up we invariably found where he had left them. Finally he went into a large thicket of oak and beech, interspersed with fir; this was higher up in the mountains and this time we located him in that cover.

It was 1 p. m. now; we had to act quickly; we alone could not do anything. So we walked over to some men cutting trees about a mile distant and sent a boy to Schlangenbad to call for more hunters. It was 3 p. m. when they came: the proprietor of the hotel, his son and the local physician. Positions under wind on run-ways were given each by my brother, I was posted near where the boar had entered the thicket, on a fireline. Three woodfellers went into the thicket with the wind; they had orders to move slowly and make no undue noise.

With few hunters and without good dogs this plan is often successful, but it requires the greatest caution by the hunters. When the boar hears the distant noise approaching he quietly leaves his bed and walks noiselessly toward the edge of the cover; here he stands and watches; the least noise or motion made by the hunter is infallibly perceived by the boar, who sneaks away as quickly as he came, the hunter never suspecting how close the game was to him. But if everything is reassuring the boar rushes to the open and over it with lightning rapidity, making for shelter.

That afternoon I stood there motionless; I could see ten to fifteen yards ahead into the thicket; my eyes hurt me at times, so intently did I look—but minute after minute passed, finally the men came out of the brush; they had found the bed of the boar, warm yet, but had not seen him. He certainly was a wise one and did not leave his cover. It was past 4 p. m. now, the light was getting poor

for the rifle, so we gave up further attempts and walked home; this we reached after a two-hour tramp.

Next morning found us on the grounds of Hattenheim, leased by the burgomaster of that village, a typical "Rheinlander" of 64, hale and hearty. The ground was nice and hard, with snow here and there; the weather just fine; the same kind of burghers with their rucksacks; there were drivers and dogs; there was plenty of game; at noon around the campfire a jolly lunch with good wine was had. I had the good fortune to bag a fine fox; four roes and ten hares were also killed.

Early Friday morning I left my brother's home for Eltville to catch the train to Hochheim on the Main. Somewhere there a big drive for hares was to be had and I had an invitation to participate. At the depot in Hochheim I was met by my friend, an army-surgeon, Dr. Klipstein, who had come over from Mayence with his buggy, and soon we joined the party of about twenty-five hunters and as many drivers. It was to be a series of rounding-up drives ("Kesseltreiben").

In the large fields there hares become quite plentiful under a little protection. No hunting is done before the cold of the Winter has really set in. A large area is surrounded by hunters and drivers, who proceed concentrically. The hares are started and when they run along ahead of the line or when they try to break through the line, they afford a rather easy mark in the entire open ground, where one can see them long before shooting. If a hare in his breakneck speed is properly hit—that is in the head—he always turns an elegant somersault and drops dead. Four such drives were made during that day and about 250 hares killed; the ground had been hunted over a few weeks before, otherwise the bag would have been much larger.

As usual, an agreeable interruption of the sport was had about 1 p. m., when a wagon drove up with wine (red and white), hot sausages and sandwiches of all kinds, which were offered by the owner of the ground to his guests.

This ended my hunting trip to the Rhine. I returned to Frankfurt in the evening and went to Munich the next day to join my family for the holidays.

Partridge Shooting in Germany

"He Always Turns an Elegant Somersault"

I have been hunting in a similar way in other parts of Germany, have been stalking the roebuck and shooting partridges. Everywhere I found great sociability among hunters and a fine spirit of true sportsmanship. Supported by good game laws and aided by excellent magazines, by game-protective associations, by exhibitions of trophies and by all sorts of dog shows, this spirit is encouraged and spread throughout the Empire. Protection and preservation of the wild game is the keynote of all these endeavors; it finds expression in an old German adage: *"Kein Heger—Kein Jager,"* which freely translated means:

"A man who does not preserve the game
Does not deserve true hunter's name."

ARBUTUS

METHINKS if Pan be still alive
He makes his bed where mayflowers thrive,
And fairy lovers often stroll
Upon the warm arbutus knoll.
Gay dryads of the woods appear
To greet these first blooms of the year,
And bees just waked from winter's sleep
Drink here on nectar long and deep.

Half hidden by the withered leaves,
While yet the north wind sighs and grieves;
First-born of spring, first fruit of May,
Dear flower of the common way,
Methinks no fairer wreath of green
Could grace the brow of elfin queen.

—*Charles Henry Chesley.*

Capturing Big Horns

By Will Frakes.

PART II.

NOW that the traps were set, and the camp fixed to suit me, the everlasting waiting and watching began. I lay there in the shade and watched the humming-birds sucking the flowers of the desert willows—which are not willows, but look like them and have flowers resembling a morning-glory. Each humming-bird appeared to own a portion of the tree, and would not allow the other birds to come near its flowers.

I peeped out many a time that day, but no sheep came in sight. The next day was the same. I studied the birds, the ants and the lizards, and watched for sheep, but none came. The next morning I had just settled down to business when I saw a buck sheep's head peep over the top of the hill. The humming-birds might all have massacred one another, and the ants swallowed the lizards: I would not have turned my head then to have seen the entire performance.

The sheep stepped up on to a rock and looked up and down the canon for a long time. As he stood there silhouetted against the sky, I thought he looked too big for the little buck, but when he came nearer I saw that it was the same sheep that I had seen at first. He came down the hill very cautiously, stopping every little ways to see if he could detect the presence of any enemy that might be there. He came down on top of a high bluff about 30 yards from me, and I took two snaps at him with my kodak without scaring him. He then climbed down a very steep place where I had no traps set, got a drink, climbed back the same way, and after standing around on the rocks for a while, left without going near any of the traps.

I was not very badly disappointed, for I felt sure that he would come back again in a few days as I had been told that there was a mining camp at every other spring on the mountain, and I knew he would not go near a spring if he made the discovery that a man was around there. So I whiled away time with the bugs and lizards for two days more.

The third morning about sunrise I heard rocks rolling, and peeping out saw a ewe and her lamb. They were at the spring before I saw them, and stayed there for about half an hour. They seemed to be nearly perished for water and kept drinking every little while. They were within about 25 yards of me, and although I wanted to take their picture the worst way, my kodak was out of reach and I did not dare to try to get it for fear of scaring them. I felt sure they would come back again if they were not scared, so I remained very quiet and contented myself with having a good look at them so close; for it is not every day that one gets within 25 yards of a wild mountain sheep.

As they started up over the rocks I saw that they were going straight for one of the traps. When I saw that the old ewe was about to step into one of them, I hurriedly picked up a rope to tie her with, grabbed a clamp to get the trap off, inwardly hoping that she would not hurt her foot very badly—and she didn't; she turned out of the trail within a few feet of the trap, and walked quietly away up the side of the mountain.

That made me feel rather reckless, and as soon as the ewe and lamb were out of sight

I began to abuse Old Luck and step around camp without my usual caution. Presently I looked up and just at the same time I saw the little buck's head pop up over the hill. I was in plain sight, but instantly dropped behind a bush.

"Some sheep will get me yet," I said to myself. I had to dodge, watch, and hide so much, not wanting to hurt nor kill them; that in a way it seemed that I was the hunted.

I lay there and watched him through the bush but could not tell whether he had seen me or not; but after he had kept me lying there in the sun till I was nearly cooked, he started to come on down and I knew that I was safe. The first time he stepped out of sight behind some rocks, I got into camp in a hurry.

In a minute or two I peeped out to see where the sheep was, and saw him coming down the trail that the ewe and lamb had started up, and where my best trap was set. I thought sure I was going to get him, but the day before I had cut down a little foot high cactus that was in my way, and left it lying there, and he saw that. He knew that it was not there when he came along that road before, and he didn't like the looks of it. It looked like it might catch a sheep.

He finally ventured up and smelled of it, but still he was not quite satisfied; and it looked very much as if he was going to turn around and go back. He was then within about two feet of the trap, and stood there for quite awhile undecided what to do. He did not like the idea of going by that cactus, and still it did not look very bad, and he wanted a drink. So he concluded to run by it just to be safe, and the first jump he made he popped both forefeet into my best trap, and came rolling down the steep side hill in company with a log chained to the trap, about as heavy as the sheep. I expected that he thinks to this day that it was all the work of that devilish cactus.

The chain wrapped around his body as he rolled and the heavy log drew the trap and his feet tight against his breast, and held them there so he could not get up. And to make matters worse, here came a great hairy looking man, and jumped right onto him. Did ever a poor sheep have such luck!

His heart was pounding away in a manner that certainly must have been dangerous,

"As He Stood there Silhouetted Against the Sky"

and his eyes looked as though they were ready to drop out. I did what I could, the next few minutes, to quiet his fears a little, for it is a fact that a mountain sheep can sometimes be scared to death. So soon as his heart quit beating so furiously, I tied him and took the trap off. He was the smallest sheep that I had ever captured, and would not have weighed over 75 or 80 pounds.

He was a regular tender-foot "ibex", with long graceful horns that pointed back, and a light trim body. He hardly looked as though he would some day develop into a heavy-bodied big-horn, with a head as heavy or nearly as heavy as his entire self was now. I picked him up and carried him into camp,

A Tenderfoot "Ibex" (on right)

Count Boni de Castellane

but as I was doing so he threw his head around and struck me in the breast with the point of one of his sharp horns so hard that it cracked one of my ribs. I do not think the sheep was trying to fight, but was just struggling to get away.

I hardly got myself and the sheep out of sight behind my hiding place, when a full grown big-horn came in sight on top of the hill. I had another trap or two up there ready for him if he came down the right way, but I was not particularly pleased to see him, for my rib was hurting me so badly that I could hardly breath, and he had a wild, defiant bearing that seemed to say: "don't monkey with me."

But sheep were too scarce and hard to capture to think of scaring him away purposely; so I held the sheep that I had just captured the best I could to keep him from making any noise, and resolved to give the old boy the best fight I could if he got into a trap. After looking over the ground till he was satisfied, he came slowly down the hill following up the track of the little buck.

He was very nervous, and easily startled; for he well knew that all watering places were highly dangerous localities where he was liable to be killed. Whether guided by instinct or reason, he certainly felt a sense of security in following up the route of a sheep that had just went to water with safety so far as he could tell. And this conclusion on the part of the animal proved to be good judgment, and saved him from falling into the hands of an enemy. For when he came to where the little buck had been caught, he was able to tell that the other sheep had had trouble there, and knew that it would be dangerous to go any further. And although he must have been very thirsty, he turned and went away without coming any nearer to the spring.

A man going for water to a spring that he knew was most likely guarded by an enemy so terrible that he had no power to resist it, would wisely decide to follow the track of a friend that had just went to the spring ahead of him. But when he found where his friend had met some mysterious disaster that had most likely made away with him, he would very wisely decide to go no further, and to get away from there.

And now my critics,—would you say that the man was prompted by instinct, or reason.

"Why, by reason of course, and sound reason at that."

But when a dumb animal follows the same course of action for the same purpose, comes to the same wise conclusions, and saves its life; what is that?

"Oh, well, that's instinct."

Yes, I expect so; but I guess not.

I tied the little buck up very short to prevent him from hurting himself, gave him

A Full-Grown Sheep

a drink of water, and took his picture. He was so high-headed, defiant and scrappy, that I decided to call him Count Boni de Castellane.

The next morning my sore rib was so bad that it hurt me to take a long breath, blow my nose, sneeze, lie down or get up. When I went to feed the Count, I suppose my etiquette must have been bad, for he would have nothing to do with me, and made me get around lively. I felt too sore to mix with him, and allowed him to have his own way for several days; which caused him to feel and act more like a Count than ever. When I got better he still acted like a Count, but one with his pockets turned inside out.

No sheep came around for several days, and I was very glad of it. The incompatibility that had existed between the Count and me was slowly fading away; but the Count loved neither me nor my coarse, crude manners. Still he put up with them—because I slapped his jaws till he had to.

It is necessary to go around and have a look at the traps once a day, whether any sheep come in or not; for the coyotes, wild-cats, foxes and rabbits are a great nuisance and often spring the traps just before the sheep come along. The desert chipmunks seem to take great pleasure in digging them out in the daytime, and the rat does the same job by night.

Once I found where a sheep had come in and watered in the night without my knowing it. This they do not often do, although they will frequently come in just at the peep of day, and in the morning is their favorite time to water.

About ten days after I had captured the Count two sheep came in one morning, and were coming toward the water when the Count, who was tied where he could see up on the hill, bawled to them. Whether it was a call of welcome, or one of warning, I do not know; but I do know that they were afraid of it, and at once turned and started back up the hill. They only went a short distance, however, when they turned again and walked around the side of the hill to where one of my traps was set, and a full grown ewe stepped into it. I was greatly pleased for it was the first ewe that I had ever caught.

She came floundering down the side of the hill over the rocks as they usually do, and I was ready and caught her when she reached the foot of the bluff. She had managed to twist around in the trap some way and cut her foot rather badly. She made no attempt to fight me, and I tied her and carried her to camp. The Count was very glad to see her and bawled to her again, but she would have nothing to do with him.

The voice of a buck sheep is a low, coarse, rasping sound, that cannot be heard very far. The ewes bawl much louder, not so coarse, and the sound is rather long drawn, but neither sex do much bawling.

I then washed the ewe's foot, fixed it up the best I could, and tied her so that she and the Count could touch noses but could not tangle up. The sheep that was with the ewe when I captured her was her 20 months old lamb. If a ewe loses her lamb, or fails to have one in spring, her yearling ewe-lamb will follow her till one of the two has a lamb. But if her lamb be a male he will not follow his mother much after he is a year old, because the old bucks will not allow him to. Mountain sheep do not breed till they are two years old, and I never saw but one lamb with a ewe at a time. When born the little ones are the same color as the adults.

When this big lamb saw me capture its mother it did not run off nor seem badly scared, but stood up on the rocks about 100 yards away and watched me. I tied the old ewe and the Count where the lamb could see them, and made sure that I would have it in a day or two, at most. But I had hardly got things arranged to suit me, when another ewe and a little lamb, about two and a half or three months old, came in sight. The big lamb went over to them, and after the three of them had taken a look at the Count and the old ewe that I had tied up in camp, they appeared to be satisfied, and all came down to the spring at once. They came within about 25 yards of me, and I took several snaps at them with my kodak.

The ewe that was tied up occasionally charged around and made a big noise, and the Count held his head up and looked wild; but the other sheep did not scare at them, and stayed there for several hours. When they finally started to leave, the little lamb stepped into one of the traps and was caught. Its mother and the big lamb ran up on some rocks a short distance away and stopped. I hurried out with the intention of staking the

"They all Appeared Satisfied and Came Down to the Spring"

lamb out on the side of the hill with a long rope till I could get its mamma and the big lamb, for now I felt sure that I would get both of them.

So I hurridly took the lamb out of the trap and tied a long rope to it's neck, intending to let it run up on the rocks where the two other sheep could see it. But when I turned it loose, a circus began that I never saw the like of. Greatly to my surprise it did not try to run away, but would jump as high as it could, twist around, and sometimes turn over, alighting on its sides or on its back as often as it did on its feet. I saw that it was beating itself up badly, so caught it and carried it down to a little sand wash where there were no rocks and turned it loose again. But it was worse to cut up than any big sheep I ever captured. It continued to jump and fall down and beat its head on the ground and before I knew it had both eyes so badly hurt that it could not see a particle.

I saw at once that to use the lamb for a decoy to trap the ewe was a failure, that it would very soon kill itself if it hadn't already done so. So I took it into camp and tied it up very close with two ropes, as I did the old sheep. But its horns were only about two inches long, so I had to tie the ropes around its neck. And then it would turn summersaults enough in about a minute to twist the rope so tight that it could not breathe. So I took the ropes off its neck and tied it down, but it still continued to struggle and beat its head on the ground. I then took it over to my bed and held its head in my lap till dark; I got supper, and then had to be up with it all night. The next morning I put a long rope on its neck again, and let it up, but although it was stone blind, with head swelled so badly that it could hardly breathe, it was as bad as ever. I worked with it all that day and all that night, but the next morning it was so near dead that it could not get up. I took the ropes off it, laid it on my bed, and went and gathered some grass for the other sheep.

When I came back I was greatly surprised to find it standing up. I got it to drink a little water, then went to a mining camp, got some condensed milk, and in a few days it learned to eat boiled barley and milk. It could not see any for about two weeks, and one eye was blind for two months. Now, however, it is slick and fat and as tame and playful as a kitten.

(To be continued.)

POEMS

BY

Maurice Smiley

SUNSHINE FARTHER ON

THE mountain's base is wrapped in gray,
And chill and cheerless is the way
As slow I climb the shadowed trail
That stretches upward still and pale.
But as I rise I see it glow
With what seemed cloud and mist below;
And as I near the summit sheer
The veil-wreaths lift and disappear;
And soon I stand amid the dawn
Of warmth and sunshine—farther on.

Oh! soul, that beats the shadowed air
About the base of summits fair,
Be brave and patient! Mists obscure
The lower way; but hold secure
The higher path. For thou must rise
On toiling wing to clearer skies.
And tho' the way seems dull and gray
It lightens toward the summit-day;
Thou soon shalt stand amid the dawn
That flowers in sunshine—farther on.

THE LESSON OF THE LOWLY

I GO not to God's tem led hills alone
To gaze on His omnipotence. Each blade
Of grass and daisy in the spangled field
Doth tell of power as vast as that which carved
The castled peaks or blazed the canon ways.
Within th: limpid sparkle of the dew
That trembles likes a tear upon the cheek
Of Dawn a thousand fleeted oceans roll.
All firmaments are in the prisoned star
That shines within one bluebell's little heart.
All gardens grow in one red rose.

I see
God's grace in patient humble hearts, in lives
Lived not within the blare of human fame,
As well as in the mighty souls that rise
Above the wonder-gazing plains of earth.
His spirit kindles lowly ones and fires
The lofty; speaks in gentleness and with
The trumpet tongue; irradiates the life
That loves like violets the common soil
And lives that flame like meteors across
The sky and beacon mortal firmaments
Like stars.

For God is littleness and great,
Stupendous and minute. He cheers, astounds,
Inspires and soothes. He writes His majesty
Upon the lily and the lily life;
His tenderness upon the wondrous page
Of peaks and souls that tower mountain high.

SOUTH COAST SHOOTING

By "Stillhunter."

PART III. WHEN THE QUAIL CALL

SOMETIMES hunt quail, far removed as I am in this day from the rolling hills and the level mesas of the wild. And every time I throw the old gun to my shoulder, to see a bird fall to the crack of the nitro, I wonder if the man lives who can do justice to the California quail.

Many men have thought they could—and tried their best so to do—but not one of them has satisfied me, not one of their printed descriptions ever could satisfy the man who has followed a flock of these blue-gray blurs over hill and down dale through warm autumn sunshine and on days of weeping clouds when the falling waters made the birds lie unusually close.

And, after all this, admitting my admiration for the bird on an acquaintance with it extending over the best part of twenty years, I must say that I do not care much for the game. I had much rather drop a duck out of the Italian blue of our skies above some tule-bordered marsh and I think it much more to my credit to bring a dove to earth from the middle of his hundred-mile an hour flight above some wheat stubble field, albeit I never shoot doves nowadays.

Like the deer of the Southwest, of which I hope to have more to say later, all the quail killed are earned, fairly and hardly, by the man who gets them. The only region of which I have ever known in which this was not the case lies along the Smith Mountains in San Diego county, and I imagine that even this paradise for partridges is by this time somewhat worn out.

In the central portion of San Diego conuty there was once the finest quail shooting which ever lay before dog or man. In fact the dog was not needed. Your birds could be killed at such short range that the hunter himself could retrieve his own kills better and quicker than the average dog. Wherever there was a little spring in the hills, there would be found from one to five or ten separate bands of birds, ranging in numbers from few to many, according as the season had been wet or dry.

When a man walked up a covey of these, he was sure of a clean rise and an ample opportunity to make a double, whether he and his blunderbuss could accomplish that desideratum or not. All the birds flew high and hard, scattered well, and lay close in the cover to which they dropped from the first rise. The country was somewhat brushy as I now remember it, but there were open places in the brush and one could scarcely travel 200 yards through one of these quail-trails without putting up at least one flock of the birds. This was quail shooting par excellence, and, for a long time the residents of the section, scattered and sparse though they were, kept their secret well. Lately, however, so I am told, the game has degenerated, the coveys are broken up and the old halcyon days of the sport are gone forever.

Properly speaking there are three kinds of "quail" in California south of the Tehachapi mountains. These are the Plumed Partridge (*Oreortyx pictus plumiferus;*) the California Valley Partridge (*Callipepla californica vallicola,*) and, rarely, the Gambel's Partridge (*Callipepla gambelii.*)

The last named of these is a dweller on the desert for the most part, frequenting the streams in and about Death Valley, certain parts of the Superstition Mountains, and other isolated sections of the great plain further south. It, therefore, can be dismissed with the remark that it is slightly smaller than the common valley quail, lies equally well to dogs, and is, all in all, about as good a game bird for the wing shooter.

Of the other two, the plumed partridge, commonly called "mountain quail" throughout the southern end of the State, is strictly

a ground bird when it comes to being hunted, and, although large, and of excellent condition for the table, is seldom shot except when travelers through the hills pick up one bird here and there. It does not affect, to any great extent, a list of the game birds of the Southwest, and, like Gambel's quail may be dropped with a word.

But cheerily from the brush-laden hillside there rings a call, cutting the clear air of dawn or the tired gray mists of eventide with its mellifluous tones. "Sweetheart, sweetheart," it says, and from far deeper in the cañon or higher up on the sidehill another bird answers it while all in between come the lesser cries of the many members of the covey.

Such, at least, was my introduction to the California valley quail, and such has been the introduction of many another hill wanderer who has since come to know the blue-gray birds as well or better than I.

There is a certain local migration among quail as indeed there is among most of the birds of the southern end of California. This migration leads them from the mesas and the lower foothills and the edges of the corn and wheat and barley fields, where they have spent the winter, back into the deeper canons of the hills for the summer. There they stay all during the breeding season, only scattered pairs sticking to the lowlands.

Then, again, in the end of summer or the beginning of autumn, whichever you want to call it, they come trooping back to the valleys and the slopes that knew them so well all through the winter before. For a fortnight after they appear in any one locality, they should be left strictly alone, until they have made themselves thoroughly familiar with the particular bit of the world in which they are to live. If they are hurried too much on their return from summer breeding grounds, the birds are very apt to desert the region altogether and move over

Geo. Gignac Photo

"The Rolling Hills and Level Mesas of the Wild"

California "Holly"
(A species of laurel on which the quail eagerly feed)

into some other range of hills, clear across a township maybe, and stay there year after year thereafter.

But all the words I can here set down will not tell exactly how the quail rises, filling the air all round about you with the roar of his wings; of how he shoots, straight as a rocket at some heavy clump of underbrush, turns himself ever so imperceptibly in mid-air, and is completely out of sight, not to say out of gunshot.

These are things you must pick up yourself, mayhap with the aid of a good dog, possibly without. I learned my quail without a dog, and am satisfied that I know more about the birds as individuals than any dog that ever retrieved one.

There are two ways to kill quail on the wing: that is, they give the hunter two chances—a concession not granted by the jack snipe, or by many of the ducks. One of these methods is to snapshot your bird just as soon as he gets up, before he has time to get out of the way or to dodge some obstacle nature has placed in his way; the other method is to load your gun in such a manner that the load is good up to forty yards—a long range, according to my experience, for a shotgun in the field—and let your bird get well straightened out before you touch the trigger. I believe the latter method is productive of the most birds when two men of equal skill are considered, but it may not be quite so much fun as the snapshooting game.

Most of the older hunters of the Southwest are of the class that wait until they

are perfectly sure of the bird, then cut him down in mid-air, sometimes at unbelievable distances.

After the first shooting begins in the fall the quail stick so close to the heavy brush of the hills that, in sections where the birds are few, it is often impossible to find those killed without a dog. On ranches where the birds are well protected, they become almost as tame as chickens, and will obey the call of one who feeds them as readily as do barnyard fowls.

I very well remember seeing, down at San Onofre, in San Diego county, some years ago, a man who could make doubles on quail. I was then a mere boy, and my ambition was fired to equal him. But I have since found out that this little foothill town is the center—or was at that time, at least—of several hundred million of the quail population of Southern California. Of course, this fellow was a snapshot, and a wonder in his class, but I have seen him march up to the traps and break a scant half of the targets he pulled down on. Neither could he shoot doves, not in any event with the skill with which he could pick quail out of the air.

He shot a pump-gun, as did most of the hunters of his time and class, but the coming of the double-barrel has simplified this matter of doubles to some extent, and the quail, along with most other winged game have suffered severely thereby.

The best time to shoot quail in the Southwest is on the shady side of three o'clock in the afternoon. They lie better toward evening, and have by three o'clock usually begun their regular daily pilgrimage from back in the chaparral tangle to the springs or to their feeding grounds along the edges of the furrowed fields. Neither do they, at this time of day, fly so far back into the hills when put up. They seem loath to leave the place where they expect to find their suppers, and as a consequence, the hunter does not have to walk far to put them up again even on the second or third shot.

I suppose that the average scatter-gun shooter will insist that the 12 gauge is the only gun for quail, just as, five or ten years ago, he insisted that there could be no sport shooting ducks with less than an 8 or 10 bore cannon. The writer has shot quail, and killed his share of all that came across the midrib, with a double-barrel 20 gauge hammer gun, with a 16 hammerless, with a 14 muzzle loader, and with a 12 gauge of the most improved make. And, out of the whole bunch, he really believed he had the most fun with the 20 bore.

It isn't the number you kill that counts. I know a party of four who went down into San Diego county last year and killed several hundred birds—in fact, they brought back 125, which, owing to the hot weather, had all to be thrown away. But it is in the fun you have getting your bag wherein lies the pleasure and the benefit of any kind of hunting. I would infinitely prefer half a dozen birds, cleanly killed with the 20 to half a hundred slain with one of the big scatter guns in a country where quail are so thick that the hunter has to stoop to avoid being hit by them as they fly about.

I remember very well one October morning ten, twelve, yes, mighty close to fifteen years ago. I was asleep—no, I was awake, had been all night, for the day before I had come into the proud possession of the 20 gauge I have mentioned. Mother was to call me at four o'clock, and I had planned a hike far back through the hills to the heart of the big Chino Ranch, where there always were quail, at least where there always had been quail since I could remember.

I was awake at three. Five minutes before four I was dressed, and armed for the hunt, was out of doors, just under my window, waiting for mother to call me. At the door she called twice. No answer. Then she went in, finding the bed empty. I heard her say to father: "He's gone already, and did not have any breakfast either." And father only laughed. I have my suspicions that he was a boy once.

I had not then learned as much about the 20 gauge as I have of late years, and I was shooting No. 8 shot. Almost immediately after leaving the house, a cottontail crossed my path and, of course, I cut loose at him. Over he went in a nice somersault, picked himself up and was gone again, faster than before. Right there I scored fault No. 1 with the 20—not steam enough in it. Later I unlearned all this.

I killed mighty few quail that day on the Chino Ranch; I believe I brought back six all told. But I learned to hold close, and I learned that the load should be suited to the gun; that what one man shoots in a 16 is no load for another man's 14 or 20 gauge. Since then I have been shooting the 20 rather consistently, on such game as quail and rabbits and curlew and small snipe. I have had reasonable success with the little gun, and I shoot 2 drams of powder (rarely 2½ drams); and ¾ of an ounce of shot. This latter is either chilled No. 9, or, as when I go out for rabbits and curlew together in the sand-hills, chilled No. 7.

For the smaller shore birds, of which I am particularly fond, the amount of shot is even less, a thimbleful—that is, a thimble which I have used for this purpose now for five years—is about the right quantity, and I think this thimble holds just a shade more than half an ounce.

But for the quail the best load is the nines. They will kill, if held close, a bird in full flight at as far as any sane man would shoot a gun of such small caliber, and where you are tramping all day through poor quail country, picking up one here and one there, you come to be mighty thankful for the light 20 gauge.

But for all these things; for all the lure of the sage-brush hillsides and the sweetly resonant call of the quail through the October days, give me the ducks that beat in above the sea marshes, give me the wavering *"scaip, scaip,"* of the wandering jack snipe over the inland bog, give me the *"peet-weet-weet"* of drifting clouds of sand-pipers as they come slowly down to my decoys on the wide black mudflats; give me, in short, almost any kind of bird-shooting, but the bird that has made the Southwest famous among wing-shooters—the California valley quail.

LONELINESS

BROAD stretch of prairie far as eye can see,
No neighboring hut, nor shape of distant tree;
No shriek of whistle from onrushing train—
And just a woman's face against the pane!

—*Grace G. Bostwick.*

TO THE SUISUN MARSHES

WHEN work grows dull and dreary,
And mental skies are gray,
I go by memory's special
Where the long reeds lift and sway—
To the winter hills of mounded green
That bound San Pablo Bay.

My white-sailed yacht glides smoothly
Where shimmering shadows fall,
Below the cliffs, sun-brightened,
Beside the long sea wall;
And I skim by points and islands
Where restless seagulls call.

I cross the curling current
And the tempting coves pass by;
Dip masts to Mr. Diablo
Outlined on the southern sky,
To furl my sails in the winding ways
Where the Suisun marshes lie.

There, by the minty meadows
Where the flitting marsh wren sings,
By the lanes and placid waters,
What joy the free day brings!
All about are the wild-fowl legions
And the sibilant swish of wings.

Coming in lines and angles
From the limitless stretch of plain,
The white geese clamor softly
Through passing mists of rain;
I see in a rising pasture
The gleam of their snowy train.

Mallard and teal and plover;
A boat and a quiet oar;
A gun and a wise retriever;
A blind on the grassy shore—
And many a dream in the workday world
To live that day once more.

—*Lillian H. Shuey.*

A MORNING WITH THE BIRDS

By Harriet Williams Meyers

THE calendar proclaimed that winter was nearly over, but judging from the feeling of the sun alone, one would have declared that winter had long since passed and summer was already arrived.

The day was too fair a one to be wasted in the house; so armed with opera glasses and camp stool, I set forth for a little canon that lay just outside Los Angeles city limits, determined to see for myself just what my feathered friends were about.

The copious rains had long since brought forth the grass which covered all the vacant spots with an emerald green verdure, and carpeted the fields in many places with the feathery leaves of the alfilerca,—the California cows' wild hay.

The hills that skirted the sides of the canon were covered with chaparral which looked fresh and beautiful. Here and there, towering above the sage-brush, were clumps of glossy-leaved holly whose bunches of red berries still remaining added much to the beauty of the landscape. In the narrowest, shadiest part of the canon there grew a tangle of low willows, wild berry bushes, tall weeds, and coarse grasses of various kinds, and above all towered majestic oaks and sycamores.

Though alone in this sylvan dell, with no human voice disturbing the quietude, the place was not silent. Near by a tree toad croaked dismally, in another direction a cricket chirruped, while the leaves of the trees rustled softly as if whispering secrets to one another. On all sides the vegetation was alive with birds who were calling forth their greetings, but though the air was filled with their melodies they were chary of showing themselves.

As I sat listening to all the noises about me and wishing some of these birds would come forth from their hiding, suddenly a

harsh call sounded above my head and starting in surprise I looked up to see a saucy blue jay surveying me from above. His head cocked on one side he peeked down between the leaves, calling "Jay, jay," louder, it seemed to me, than the cause justified. These California blue jays are flat-headed, lacking the crest which makes the Eastern species so noticeable. They are showy, deep blue birds but are not so sociable as the Eastern jay, contenting themselves, for the most part, with staying in the canons or arroyas, instead of coming familiarly about our homes. Because of their habit of taking almonds from the trees in that portion of California where almond raising is an industry, this jay is one of the seven birds which the State refuses to protect.

A metallic *tsp* announced the presence of a humming bird, and following with my eye the direction from which the noise came, I spied the diminutive beauty upon a twig at the very top of a dead sycamore tree. It is astonishing how far one can hear the notes and song of the Anna humming bird, for this dainty bit of animated feathers actually sings! To be sure it is rather a squeeky, wheezy little song, but it is entered into with such evident delight and satisfaction by the tiny singer that one cannot help enjoying it.

There were many linnets and Arkansas goldfinches flying about and they were keeping up a friendly, good-natured calling. These two birds, one with much yellow and the other with red, belong to the same family, the finches, who are seed eaters. I have never heard of the pretty gold finches, commonly called "canaries," being accused of eating fruit, and it would be better for the house finch if he would follow the example of his pretty yellow cousin and confine himself to a seed diet, for it is because of his habit of sampling the ripening fruit that he is on the non-protected list in California.

From the upper part of the canon, where it widened into a little valley, came the peculiar call of the wren-tits. It was a call unlike any other heard that day and, though never to be forgotten or confused with any other, is not easy to convey to one unfamiliar with it. Two or three clear, distinct whistles precede a trill in the descending scale. The makers of these whistling trills were nowhere in sight. They have a reputation of keeping out of sight in the chaparral and they were living up to it on this occasion. One thing that makes these wren-tits particularly interesting and increases one's desire to see them, is that they are distinctively Pacific coast birds. Nowhere in the Eastern states are they found nor is there a bird there that corresponds to them.

The live oaks and holly bushes were alive with pretty little ruby-crowned kinglets who were hurrying about in pursuit of insect life, rarely quiet, even for a moment, and keeping up a continual chattering noise.

A mourning dove flew up with a shrill whistling noise from a tangle of bushes near by and lighted upon a willow bow scarcely a woman's stone throw away. There she sat and in her gentle, trusting way surveyed me. I improved my opportunity to admire her soft drab and fawn colorings with black markings. Again I marveled that any human being could shoot this friendly bird and call it "sport". For so many minutes she rested upon the tree that I wished I might know her language well enough to tell her not to be so trustful even though her watcher was a woman whose only weapon was an opera glass. As I watched the dove, two little brown chameleons, which exactly matched the bark in color, darted about on the tree trunks, then paused and, as motionless as though dead, basked in the sunshine.

What seemed in comparison with the other noises of this secluded spot like a blood-curdling shriek, announced the arrival of a red-shafted flicker, who alighted in the top of a tall sycamore tree and commenced to preen his feathers. These woodpeckers, though of enough importance, economically, to have enabled their friends to gain for them a place on California's protected list, have habits which are looked upon with great disfavor by some. It is their fondness for making holes in buildings—particularly empty ranch houses. We are not surprised when our places are left deserted to find that boys have broken out the windows and in other ways defaced them; can we expect more of our feathered children? Reliable authorities tell us that in the stomach of one flicker were found 3000 ants—this representing a single meal for the bird. I am sure anyone who has kept house in Los Angeles throughout the summer and been bothered with those little pests—the

ants—will join with me in wishing these birds protected even though they sometimes make more holes than are necessary. Would that we might all have a flicker who would follow up the little lines of industrious ants and devour them all before they reached their intended destination—the pantry shelves. The bird that in the East corresponds to this Western flicker is variously called. "Yellow-hammer", "Golden-winged or golden-shafted woodpecker", "High-hole", and "Flicker". The chief difference between these birds is that while the wings and tail of the Eastern bird have yellow shafts, those of the Western bird have red.

From among the chaparral came the cat-like *me-ow* of the spurred towhee, a bird resembling the Eastern chewink. During the summer this call has a trill quite unlike this cat call. The little Western gnat-catchers were in and out among the trees and tall weeds, the Audubon warblers were flying about in their restless way, while the common brown towhees were actually playing together —at least that is what it looked like.

As I came out of the canon my attention was called to a dead sun-flower stalk which was serving as a seat for a solitary shrike or butcher bird. There he sat, his back to the canon, oblivious to all the joy and goodcheer that was going on behind him, and with eyes cast down watched industriously the plowed ground before him hoping, no doubt, that a tempting Jerusalem cricket (commonly called "potato-bug"), would come forth for an afternoon stroll. His somber coloring well befitted his dignified bearing. As the minutes passed and he still sat motionless upon his perch, it seemed almost as if he might be showing his disapprobation of the frivolity going on in the canon below him. Had he no poetry in his soul, I wondered! No bird paid any attention to him and he was as much alone as if the only feathered thing in the neighborhood.

Though these shrikes have been accused—and justly, I suppose—of sometimes killing small birds, still, I cannot help feeling sorry for them because they seem so alone in the bird world. They are never seen in flocks and seldom have I seen two of them together. Usually one bird is seen on some high sightly place and there, industriously minding his own business, his sharp eyes spy out the things that he enjoys. At such times I have repeatedly seen a mocking bird or black-bird—or even that princely bird, the phainopepla—dive at the shrike and drive it away. I was always surprised that the bird went without any attempt to defend itself and I felt provoked at its tormentors that it could not be left in peace. To be sure the very fact that the birds do drive them about would indicate that at times these shrikers are not

Photo by R. H. Beebe Young Flickers.

o well behaved as when I see them. Econonically, they are considered of enough imortance to have been placed upon the proected list. Besides their harsh call they have very sweet song. As I neared my home, on this day, I heard a note that was new to me and tracing it to the top of a tall pine tree, I saw a butcher bird who, as I watched, broke into a low, musical song that was not unlike the low song sometimes sung by the mocking bird, but if anything, sweeter.

Ah, he was not so stoical as he sometimes seemed! There was poetry in the music he so softly warbled to himself, and as I listened I felt sure that he was not so bad as sometimes depicted.

PUSSY WILLOWS

PRETTY little catkins,
  I'm so glad you came!
You haven't any mama cat?
  Poor pussie! What a shame!

Pretty little catkins,
  Tell me how you grow;
Do you feed on milk-weed cream—
  Or can't you reach so low?

Pretty little catkins,
  Show me, please, your eyes;
I guess they are not open yet;
  You can't be very wise.

Pretty little catkins,
  You stay up there so high,
I can not stroke your fur at all
  However I may try.

Pretty little catkins,
  Can't you reach the ground?
I wish you'd just get down someway
  And we would run around.

Pretty little catkins,
  Tell me when you play,
And I'll be glad to bring my ball
  And come, 'most any day.

—*Grace G. Bostwick.*

AT THE EDGE OF THE OAT FIELD

By Harry H. Dunn

IT WAS a very cosy place, this little nook in the low, rolling hills, where the green sea of grain crowded itself into a long narrow finger as if it were trying to pry out some of the secrets of the slopes above. For rods on rods it stretched out on the open mesa, the shimmering waves of emerald rising and falling with every breath of wind that came in from the sea, sleeping miles away. The grasses which clothed the hills had a very different color from the growing oats, a lighter, brighter green, like the frivolous growth it was, here for a season, gone into the deep sepia browns of death when the summer sun scorched it for a time.

But the summer sun was very far away just now, for the month was April, time of budding blossom stalks and of singing birds, when even the shy mice of the oak undergrowth came out to see if spring was really here, or if the hylas they had heard singing for many weeks were false prophets of things not yet due in this land. The horned larks and one or two of the towhees had made up their minds, however, that summer would surely follow on the trail of the sweet-breathed spring, and had nests full of eggs, the one on the ground in little hollows, the other in sheltered nooks among the brushwood of the hills themselves.

At the head of the draw stood an old oak, its bole marred and its limbs gnarled by many a battle with time and with the wandering wanton winds that now and again assailed it. Beneath the canopy of its spreading branches the earth was covered deep with fallen leaves, for it is one peculiarity of California oaks that they have no regular time for shedding their rough leaves; one by one they filter down through the calm air, covering up many a woodland tragedy, making roofs for many a mouse's home.

But on this day of days there came to the soft carpet of oak leaves a pair of plumed quail. Slender bodied and blue they were, and full of the gentle cries and graceful dances of their mating time. With plume raised in pride at the beauty of his fair companion, the cock strutted at random, hither and yon, but his mate evidently had other and more serious business to attend to than lovemaking, for she would have none of him, eluding his caressing beak when he came near, paying no attention to his calls when for a moment some clump of low brush separated them. To him this seemed all perfectly natural, it was as his mates of other years had done, and he went on with his self-satisfied search for food, which having found he called her to share.

Presently, beneath a bending branch of a small shrub she seemed to find that which she sought. She let her body down very gently into a hollow in the leaves and began moving herself round and round, just as she was wont to do in the dust bath on the edge of the ploughed field farther out on the mesa. Yet her object was not pleasure, nor yet comfort, for she got up repeatedly, looked over her work, picked up a leaf or a twig and laid it down again. Then she took a stand in the middle of the shallow pit she had made and began to scratch with both feet as fast as she could make them fly. This made the saucer large enough to suit her purpose, more than this, it brought to view not a little of the dark ground beneath and she then set about to cover this up with leaves, bringing them one by one from dry portions of the sidehill above. In the shadow of the oak the earth was a bit wet, and this she did not seem to like.

When she had the basin exactly to her liking she called to her mate, a low half chirp, half whistle that brought him instantly to her side. With evident pride she stood beside her work, but he only moved

lowly around the edge, scratched a eaf or two into it and started off gain on his bug hunting, calling her he while to come with him. She, however, took an altogether differnt path, up and around the oak ree. From the rough bark of its ower parts, and from the leaf carpet eneath, she gathered here and here a feather from the many that ad been dropped by perchers in the ree. Only the very softest ones he took, brown and white of owl, rown of towhee, flashing black and rimson from the woodpecker's crest, ut these were not enough and she tarted up the sidehill among the age bushes, to search for more.

For some little distance she wanlered on, finding nothing that suited er purpose, though here and there he little sparrows of the hills had lropped a soft feather, gray almost s the earth itself where the sun ad long shown brightly down.

Then, in a bend in the open way he was following she came upon omething that sent her to cover with querulous chirp of alarm. In the videst part of the flat lay a pile of vhite feathers with here and there a bit of lesh still clinging to them or a bare brown one sticking up into the air. She did not now exactly what warned her, but she knew he had never seen so many feathers, nor so many white feathers at least, in one pile efore, and it did not seem exactly as it hould be to her. Gradually she approached, earer and nearer she drew, the natural uriosity of her wild nature luring her on and n Finally she came very close to it, even icked at one standing feather, and then, since othing happened to her and she could see o harm in the inert mass, she plucked from t one by one the soft feathers, carrying them o the little basin down beside the oak! And o, in one way at least, the coyote who obbed the barn-yard weeks before was doing an unwonted good to one he would have eadily eaten had the chance been his.

At each trip back and forth she saw her nate, sometimes he even went a bit of the vay with her, but he had found the hunting or his favorite larva to be most easy amid

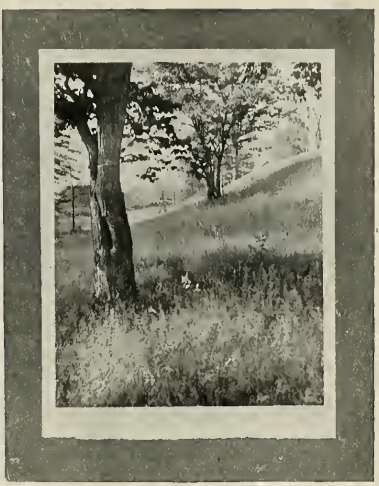


Photo by Benj. W. Douglass

At the Edge of the Oatfield

the oak leaves and there he stayed for the greater part of the time. Sometimes he sang her a bit of song, rather more of a chant that a rondeau, but it sounded sweet to her and doubtless it said, as it seems to say to human ears, "Sweetheart! sweetheart!" but she went bravely on with her work, until, by nightfall, she had lined the cradle with the downiest of beds. Then with her mate she went out on the edge of the oat field, where were scattered up and down many more pairs of quail; in the distance they could hear the bands of unmated birds making noisy flights, safe under the hand of a beneficent law for the time being from the guns and the traps that at some seasons of the year sorely tried their little lives. Here the feeding was easy, the fallen seeds of last year's grasses, many of which had not as yet penetrated the soft earth.

When she had finished, and the shadows began to stretch long on the green sidehills, the two went back up the little draw, back to the shelter of the oak tree. Here she settled down into her nest—for nest it was

"In the Shelter of the Oak Tree" "Here the Feeding was Easy"

and nothing less,—fitting her body to it securely, while her mate perched himself on a strong branch of the bush that sheltered her. Once in the night a little gray screech owl passed them, but he did not even know of their presence, and once a hungry wood rat looked with longing eyes at the gray body half buried in the nest, but he did not like the rim of white raised up around her and he, too, passed on to easier hunting.

Next day she worked again at her new home, bowing down the feathers by sheer weight of her body until they did not rise so noticeably above the rim of the saucer, banking up the leaves well in front, so that when she came to rise in sudden flight she might throw at least some of the leaves over her eggs, and thus shelter them from sharp-eyed enemies. Her mate found a better perch in another part of the shrub and there he spent much of the day, watching her work. Nest building was quite beneath his dignity, as it had been beneath the dignity of his ancestors for generations and he was in no mood to learn a new game. In the oak above him, a pair of tiny bush-tits worked together ceaselessly to finish their long hanging cradle, but they did not interest him, he was a loafer, and such he would always remain.

And then came the third day, and with it an egg. Such an egg! a perfect, cream-colored, bronze-blotched treasure. Over it the pair chirped and chuckled not a little, as they had done over similar eggs in seasons previous, though possibly it must be admitted that they had each been mated with quite a different bird, such are the easy morals of the quail tribe. On the fourth day there was no other egg, just one, lying alone in its cradle, but the next dawn saw two eggs where one had been and every day thereafter for twelve days there was an added egg each morning. By day the female covered her eggs at times, but not at all regularly, though by night she sat close. Indeed there was no attempt at hatching them until all were laid.

One morning, however, she would not leave the nest, and her mate, dropping down from his perch with a morning chirp, went after his breakfast alone. By and by he returned, moved up to the nest, dropped down level with her and crowded her quite off the eggs. She needed no second hint, but slipped away through the brush while he covered the yellow treasures. For the rest of the forenoon and a part of the afternoon she remained out scratching about, sometimes within sight of him, oftener not, but he stayed faithfully at his place, until she returned and slipped onto the nest beside him. Thereafter each day they repeated this performance, until the eggs became a brood of fluffy young.

And in that time of waiting many things happened. One night when clouds obscured the white light of the moon, there came down the draw, behind the oak tree, out of the higher hills, a shadow shape. Like a wisp of gray smoke wraith it moved, putting one foot so silently before the other that it scarce seemed to touch the ground with the soft pads. When the shadow came to the oak, it moved

noiselessly up behind, and with the craft of all its tribe, took advantage of the cover to overlook the field. And then the wind brought it news of the quail, not of the quail on the nest, but of the one perched in the shrub. Long time the slender, pointed nose was held aloft, long time the sharp eyes studied the gloom of the sage-brush tangle, and, when at last the hunter ventured forth, he knew exactly how the ground before him lay.

Moving as softly as he had come, he reached the nest, gathered himself for a spring at the bird whose outline he could but dimly see on the branch just above his nose, and then, from beneath his very jaws, there burst the thunderous whirr of frightened wings. He forgot the quail above him, forgot the hunger in his belly, forgot all but the terrible fright he had had, and, melting into the shadows of the night again, he slipped away through the patches of light and darkness the cloud curtain cast upon the hillside. With the up-fluttering of his mate, the quail had left his perch in fright, but now, by roundabout ways, yet close together, the two birds returned, and settled down for the night.

Such disturbances as these were rare, however, and for the most part the little home was undisturbed. Day after day went by, and night after night faded from the violet shadows of eve to the golden light of morn, with no more terrible visitors to the narrow draw than a ground squirrel hastening to the mouth of his burrow farther up on the side-hill. The hills where the quail family had settled were smooth and rounded, the rocky ridges where the wild hunters loved to have their homes were on the farther side of the range, so that not many of the cats and wild dogs came their way. Hawks and owls perched in the oak, but they were not watching the ground so close to their roosting places, and the quail escaped their sharp talons as well.

Almost two weeks passed ere there was the slighest sign of change in the eggs, then they lost their fresh look, and took on a dull glossy sheen. In another week there was here and there one whose larger end was slightly broken, and then it was only a question of hours until the brood should arrive. Each day during that last week the eggs were carefully turned by the beak of the watchful hen; before they had been turned but once or twice a week, now they must be cared for more tenderly, and it was a wise nurse they had. One by one the shells broke, one by one the tiny birdlings came against the soft warm body of their mother one by one she cleaned the bits of broken shell from the nest, and one by one they went to sleep.

Most of that first day and all of the night following they slept, while their young bodies absorbed the yolks of the egg which yet remained in their stomachs. By the time they were well awake on the second day they were

dry and fluffy, and they tumbled over each other in their haste to leave that nest. They could run well on their feet almost at once, and they scurried on short expeditions away from their mother, only to return pell mell at the squeak of a mouse or the chance falling of a heavy leaf. Finally, she, too, rose from the nest, her mate came from his scratching in the brush, and the entire band, sixteen in all, moved slowly down the glade toward the oat field, nevermore to return to that nest.

Once a weasel ran across the course they were following and the hen gave one sharp cluck. All the chicks ran headlong, each seeking the grass clump nearest him, those failing to reach some shelter froze to the tangle of twigs and leaves wherever they stood, throwing themselves flat on their little bellies and lying motionless as though this had been their way of life for years. But the weasel was not after them; he had other and larger game in view, for he had but then struck the fresh scent of a rabbit, and it takes many quail to yield the blood of a single young rabbit. He passed on, and as the grasses closed around his vanishing form, one by one the little quail returned, cheeping each to each of what they had passed through.

And then, though they had gone but a few yards further, and were but just emerging into the open, a hen hawk hung above them for an instant, and their mother sounded her alarm call again. But this time it was quite different. Instead of saying "Run away—freeze!" it said, "Come to me, come to me, quick!" And they did, she hovering them all in the space of a rapid breath, crouching herself behind a scrubby bit of brush, scarce high enough to shelter her. The male, of course, could easily have taken care of himself, but he rushed valiantly from cover when he thought the hawk was coming too close to his family, throwing his head back and screaming—if quail can scream—as valiantly as he knew how. The hawk struck at him, but the blow fell short, as both hunter and hunted knew it would, and the red tail, rising lazily, soon put a thousand feet between himself and the blue-gray birds below.

As yet the little quail ate but sparingly, even of the things the parent birds showed them were fit food for their stomachs. The remains of the eggs of which they had been parts were yet food enough for them, and hunger was growing upon the larger and stronger ones only. To these came fallen seeds that had lain on the ground through the winter season, and many a worm and grub. For the latter they cared but little, for quail are by nature seed eaters, not bug hunters, though they will live on larva and even on full-grown insects when seed food becomes scarce. Up and down along the edge of the oat field the family fed, until the shades of deeper twilight began to settle down. Then they went back, with much drowsy chirping, into a sort of little bend in the hills, two or three hundred yards from the abandoned nest, and there, under another oak tree, the hen again covered the chicks from the dangers of night. In the tree above perched her mate, well sheltered by the thick bunch of leaves, in the midst of which he had set himself.

In the first dawn of the new morning the small birds were astir, and shortly from the oak tree the old quail followed them, calling happily to others of his kind whose answering cries rang clear on the still morning air. At first the youngsters seemed a pale yellow in their downy covering, but as the light of the sun increased the darker markings along their sides and backs came out and they seemed of a uniform brown. As the days passed this first soft down would change to real feathers, but just now they were merely soft balls, round as the puff balls that grew by the wayside and swifter even than their wise old mother in getting out of harm's way. Every one of her warning cries was as well known to them on this second day of their life abroad as it would ever be and they obeyed them well, often seeing no danger themselves, but having blind faith in the wisdom of that soft voice.

On the fourth day the male bird left them to join the steadily increasing bands of his kind that were gathering from far and near. He had been of but little aid in the upbringing of the nestful, and now the whole work fell upon the patient little mother. Food does not have to be gleaned for young quail, however, as it does for birds that stay many weeks in the nest, so the work was less hard than it might have been. Presently the birds learned what seeds they

might eat and what bugs and worms were worth while hunting; for the rest, they never experimented more than once, then the bitter taste or smell warned them forever afterward to let certain things alone.

And they were unusually lucky in that they came to the change of plumage without losing one of their number. By this time they fed pretty well scattered and when night came they perched alone in safety. No more did the hen issue her warning cries; each one was now well able to care for itself. Eight of the fourteen were females and six males. Already the crests of the latter were making a well-defined showing and their challenge-calls were ringing through the underbrush. April had passed into May, and June was almost upon the world of the hills. The grasses were beginning to lose a bit of their green freshness and the wild flowers were quite gone save on the very shadiest sides of the highest hills. Here yet bloomed a few convolvulus and now and again a stalk full of pallid pink blossoms, the last of its kind, lightened some shadowy dell.

Then came the day of the dog, when June grew strong upon the land and then gave way to July. Over all lay the sun, tempered only by the breezes from the sea, many miles away. By this time the quail band had joined with many others to form a huge covey which must have held at least five times as many as did the little family. One by one they came to learn all the things of the wild land in which they lived, but when, one day late in the Moon of Fires, there came sniff-sniffing through the high grass huge creatures that walked like the foxes they had come to know, they did as they had done many and many a time to escape the foxes—ran through the ferns and grasses and through the rustling dead oat stalks for a little way, and then crouched down, each in a clump of undergrowth. But unlike the foxes and the wild cats, these animals walked slowly and deliberately after them, until they were forced to rise in hasty flight.

Then in their ears rang a new sound, a great, thunderous roar; some felt the stinging of strange little leaden pellets in their sides and backs; some fell with the life drawn from their bodies, and yet a few crept away to die in hidden places, where neither dogs nor men ever found them out, but where the cats and the foxes came afterwhiles to eat them. Such as were left of the band, rose in hurried flight over the hill, away from the oat field, once so pleasant, now so terrible to them. And never more did any of this one band come back to the spreading oak tree, to the shallow draw above the wind blown field.

SPRING

SPRING! with the choristers awing!
Then the warming winds are heavy with the scented gifts they bring,
And the verdant rush afield,
With the May-buds half concealed,
Are the painted motifs Nature gives the mocking bird to sing.

Spring! with her minions chorusing,
And the pipes of Pan a-fluting to the dryad's roistering;
All the whispers of the trees
Echoed by each nomad breeze,
And the vital spark of life within each wakened meadow thing.

—*Stacy E. Baker.*

HUNGRY JIM'S MISFORTUNE TO FORTUNE

By Dr. B. F. Coleman.

THE door to the little country store opened, and with the blast of wintery air hungry Jim sauntered in, followed by a long-legged, gaunt looking dog. The only spare chair was occupied by the ever present engorged "Counter Mouser". Unceremoniously Jim piled him to the floor and took possession of the buckskin covered seat, and after disposing of his cud in the glowing coals, turned and removed the lid of the hard-tack box, and again put his crunchers to work. Old Tom, on sight of the dog, took refuge on top of the sugar barrel and with arched back glared his displeasure.

"Evenin' Jim, blustery night out", greeted the red-nosed proprietor. "'Tis a bit so", replied Jim, between crunches of 'tack. "Bring a rain sure, at this rate, an' the way my shoulder aches 'tonight, 'taint far off either." Hungry Jim had just returned with a few other prospectors from his annual "grub stake" trip. Why all who knew him referred to him as "Hungry Jim" in distinction I soon learned, for between snatches of sentences it was a constant crunching of 'tack and munching of dried apples.

"Get hurt Jim?" queried one of the half dozen loungers.

"Close call, me and the purp, but I guess it is worth it, boys—I guess it's worth it!"

"You don't say"—replied the proprietor, as he lifted a great hack log and threw it into place midst a spitting and sputtering and a volley of sparks. There was a general re-adjustment of positions amongst the idlers and even I, a mere transient who was nearer asleep than anything else, found myself squaring about, and resting my feet on top of the proprietor's rustic box-desk. Jim continued to crunch 'tack, the silence being broken only by an occasional heavy drop of rain and the-now-and-then-rasping of a low-hanging limb upon the roof.

"Yes, boys, never got into such a mess in all my life—and all over a cussed buck too."

The proprietor here disturbed me a moment as he brought forth a paper and pencil from beneath the box-desk lid. He then resumed his seat, but shifted a bit nearer the hard-tack and apple boxes. I took no particular notice of this at the time, but when I saw a simultaneous black mark appear on the paper for each disappearing sea-biscuit or fist full of dried apples, I at once perceived that the proprietor knew his custômer of old.

"Bacon was most out, and fresh meat was gone, and had been for a fortnight. I told the boys we must have meat, and that durn soon, too, so the' sed I was the one to get it; so nex' mornin' bright an' early I saddles up ol' Bess, whistles up the purp, and headed for the 'Elephant Head' country. I'd been over that way a few weeks before, a lookin' for colors, an' had run across a whalin' big track.

"'Long about sunup we come to a canon that leads down to what they call the 'Gorge'. Found a nice grassy flat an' picketed the old mare; then the purp an' me struck off down the ridge. One of those mountain storms had come along the week before an' the ground was pretty soft, makin' trackin' tolerable easy. We was about three quarters of a mile above the gorge, an' as I'd seen best sign a little below there I was slippin' along rather lively but still keepin' my eye peeled.

"Now, fellers, before I tell you more I want to explain about that gorge. When I was over there prospectin' I had panned up the banks of the little creek until I couldn't go farther 'thout swimmin', so I thought I'd work up the ridge and go round that narrow place. Well, when I got up where I could see 'round a bit, why there I was right on the edge of a bluff that dropped straight off into the creek again. I saw, too, that the edges an' boulders was all fresh, and didn't have the mud washed off yet. Quick as a flash it dawned on me, and I stepped back pretty

Photo by Geo. Gignac "The Country was Rather Rollin' Where the Hog-backs Ran into the Main Range."

lively and examined the ground where I was standin'; sure 'nuf. I had forgot 'bout Dave Jorden an' some of those fellers tellin' us 'bout that 'mistake' in the earth's makeup. You know how she slid with us last April. Well I knew durn well that another slice might go most any time if she was jarred up a bit; the ground 'round me was just full of cracks.

"Well, as I was sayin', I was comin' down the ridge, an' not very far from the gorge, when the old purp began to wag his tail an' whine with his nose glued to the ground. Yes, there was that big track, an' mighty warm, too. We was goin' down hill pretty lively now, but the country was rather rollin' where the hog-backs ran into the main ridge. The purp was workin' out quite a ways now, so I knew there was goin' to be somethin' doin' purty soon. Brush was crackin' up ahead of me an'—yes, there he was hoofin' it up a little raise an' just goin' over the top. I had to take a snap shot or none, so I blazed away at his hind-quarters as he went out of sight. When I got over there, purp had him bayed about two-hundred yards below. So I knew he was hurt bad all right. When about seventy-five yards of him he started to take a step or two, an' down he went an' laid there. Well, of course I thought he was done for, so I walked up behind him, laid down my gun, and takin' hold of his horns I threw his head 'round to stick him.

"Well sir, fellers, quicker'n flash that buck an' me had changed places. Where my knife went to, I dunno. All I knew was that I was between a pair of mighty sharp horns, an' that every time that buck squeezed me to the ground those horns didn't feel very ticklish to my ribs. But he couldn't lift his head, for he was badly hurt behind, an' blood was comin' from his mouth. He seemed to realize his condition and didn't even try to strike me with his feet, but kep' buttin' me harder an' harder, shovin' his horns through my right sleeve an' on into the ground. My left arm was free an' I gripped his old win'pipe as tight as I could squeeze. Purp was a botherin' his heels a good deal, an' finally he froze on in

good shape. With a jerk that fairly *popped* my neck, that buck tried to turn on him, an' down he went again, an' then I found I was fast to his horn good an' plenty. You see, when he fell he went on his side, an' that twisted my sleeve, an' there I was!

"Well, we had it back an' forth, the buck a-tryin' to get up an' me a-tryin' to get loose, all the time a-sliddin' down hill. Then we dropped over a little steeper place, an' the way we slid over the grass would a' put a toboggan to shame. The purp had let go an' run down ahead of us an' was a-barkin' fit to bust himself. Then I got three heavy bumps an' like a flash it dawned on me: I had crossed the cracks in the earth above the bluff!—with my free hand I grabbed the grass, the earth, stones, sticks, everything. I dug my toes in frantically in my mad efforts to check our pace and two more cracks jolted me on the shoulder. I threw my feet into them with all my strength, but the soft earth gave no purchase an' gave away at once.

"The buck savveyed that he was in a bad fix an' was tryin' hard to gain a footin', but my weight held his head down. He struggled harder than ever, an' in pawin' with his front feet kicked some dirt into my eyes. Through the mess of tears an' mud I made out the outline of a scrub oak, an' right on the edge of the bluff, too. Then I couldn't see anything. I threw out my arms in a wild effort to reach it as we would fly by.

"A jolt—an' I knew another crack was passed. A twig brushed my hand, an' I reached with all my might for that tree. It struck, an' just above my elbow, too. I tell you, fellers, I gripped that tree! Then the buck went over, an' with a jerk that 'most tore me in two, his weight came on my shirt sleeve—it broke an' I was loose.—'Thank God!' I says an wiped my eyes free of mud. But why were the trees movin' so swiftly, an' the wind a-blowin' so? Was I faintin'? Never done such a thing before. I gripped that tree 'till I most broke it! Splash! Well, to tell the truth, fellers, I was so tarnation scart guess I thought old Jim was dead. Things was sure comin' my way. But I still had that scrub oak hugged tight enough, an' I guess that's what saved me; 'cept for a numb feelin' in one shoulder an' my clothes 'most gone an' powerful wet, I wasn't hurt any.

"Over close to the base of the bluff I saw one cleft foot stickin' out of the mud an' water. A little string of bubbles worked their way out through the mire; an' fellers, 'fore I knew it I had that little scrub oak all washed, an' set up straight there in the mud."

Here hungry Jim choked on the last mouthful of 'tack and wended his way between boxes and barrels to the water bucket at the rear of the store. Some moments elapsed before he resumed his seat, and I was really getting nervous for poor Hungry's physical condition after putting a quart or so of water on top of those apples and hard-tack. But with renewed vigor he fell upon the remaining half biscuit.

"Wish I could a' packed it out with me. Well then I looked 'round me for a place to climb out, but there wasn't any, so I piled over the mess of mud an' boulders an' down the stream; swam three deep holes an' come out down at the mouth of the gorge, where old purp met me with my hat in his mouth—'didn't ye purp'"? And here Jim patted the snoozing canine beside him. The answering rap, rap, rap of purp's tail resounded upon the floor.

"It took me a good hour to get back to the old mare; never did find my knife. But when I got into the saddle I felt somethin' just at the top of my boot, inside of what was left of my pants leg. An' fellers, I reached down an' pulled it out, an' here she is, boys."

Jim produced a remnant of folded cloth and began to carefully unwrap it before the anxious gaze of his audience.

"Why, it's nearly all gold, Hungry," exclaimed one excited greybeard.

"Well I'll be darned," squeaked the little man with the big cow-hide boots, as he reached for a live coal and skillfully tossed it into his cold briar-bowl.

The proprietor was busy counting score marks on his tab. Jim rose, stretched carefully with a wince and expression of pain.

"How much?"

"Thirty-five cents", replied the proprietor, and Jim produced a long greasy bag from the depths of his trousers and passed over the change.

hoto by Geo. Gignac

A Northland Vista

TWO NORTHLAND COUGARS

By F. M. Kelly

ALTHOUGH plentiful enough, our panther is not an easy four-foot to locate under ordinary conditions, and one might make a goodly number of still-hunting expeditions through the Northwest without seeing its lithe tawny body moving silently through the bush. Rarely does it venture forth during the ours of daylight; and then only when hunter compels. With few exceptions, those hat the trappers and Indians bring in for o get the bounty are shot between the eyes, nowing that they fell at night during the ongshore cruises of the adventurers, when here was a pit-light or, better still, an acetylene-lamp to impel curiosity and give the man behind the gun a line on its sights.

During the winter of 1902-03, however, the writer was fortunate enough to have a couple of them chance almost into his arms—firearms, to be correct. They were close enough at that. Although I got neither of them, the experiences were a trifle thrilling. On both occasions I was at a disadvantage, not having what I considered sure-killing material. A little more nerve, though, might have given me one pelt at least.

Having purchased a sloop with the object of cruising the waterways of the Northwest through the winter months, myself and two friends left Victoria one bright morning in early October. By the end of November we

had visited Jarvis, Malaspina and Bute Inlets, surfeiting ourselves with the scenic grandeurs and enjoying regal sport.

Passing from the mouth of Bute, we wended our way among the verdure-clad islands into Johnston Strait. Port Neville, on the mainland shore, caught our first fancy, and we felt we would like to spend no less than a week there. It was a windless day when we entered Port Neville, and we shoved the boat as far as Robber's Nob, a striking point of land on the northwest side. We remained there until ten o'clock next morning, when we took to the sweeps again. Still keeping to the same side we reached another point of land, standing out for a considerable distance and heavily timbered, with the exception of a small level area close into the main shore-line. Through this flat, a fair-sized creek entered the bay. As it was very shallow directly off this, we dropped anchor on the other side of the point.

It had been a disagreeable morning, the rain falling in a drizzle; and shortly after two o'clock, while we were having some lunch, snow started to fall heavily and wet. We had anchored, however, because of the geese we had seen in the mouth of the creek; and we wanted a brace, if possible, that evening. It was voted that I should have the honor of getting the bag. Clad in oilskins, I was put ashore, the dinghy returning to the sloop. Losing no time, I went as quickly as possible through the timber until reason bade me be cautious. Without making any noise, I had manoeuvered through the timber near the creek and had reached the fringe of salmon bushes, some six or eight feet in depth, which bordered the flat. It was a favorite resort of geese, for their droppings were everywhere.

Quietly as I had approached, I could not help but feel the geese had heard me; for there was not one on the ground, the band being well out of range on the water, one only, the scout, venturing closer than the rest.

At an angle of some thirty degrees, a short distance from where I was watching, stood an old bulky cedar. I went to it, and felt more comfortable; for it kept off the snow. Fully half an hour I waited there, and thought surely in that time the geese would have regained confidence and would be feeding on the grass. I was mistaken; for when I had crawled over so quietly for some distance to where I could see plainly, I found that the birds were as far away as ever. After some five minutes of lying on my stomach, I began to desire the shelter of the cedar again. As I reached it, I made a startling discovery—a panther had stood there during my brief absence. There was no mistaking the "sign"; and two hammers of a double-barreled shotgun never went back any quicker than those of the one I held. You may be sure little thrills were chasing through me as I cautiously looked for further signs of the beast's presence. I saw nothing, heard nothing. Save for the soft sounds of the falling snow, all was still in the bush. It was a stillness that grew oppressive, too; and feeling that one of the great forest cats was near, was probably watching me, the sweat began to ooze from every pore in my body. A retreat from the bush was then in order; but as I did not want to give up the brace of geese after all the trouble, I thought of getting out on the flat and hiding behind one of the many whitened logs strewn about there. With some exertion I wormed myself to one of these logs, some thirty yards out in the open. From there I could easily watch the geese, but they would keep away.

Hope of scoring had about deserted me, and my thoughts were all centered on the warm fire in the cabin of the sloop, when my attention was attracted to the edge of the timber. It was no sound that made me look just because I expected to see something there. The sight I beheld fascinated me. There was poetry of motion for you! The monster cat went slowly by the edge of the brush with a half-crouching movement, its tail swaying slightly, and its terrible paws striking as softly as those of a house kitten. Had it seen me? I asked myself several times. If so, there was no sign; and though I thought I might drop it, I refrained from shooting, and watched it vanish up the edge of the creek. Like myself, I suppose it had grown tired of waiting for a goose dinner, and disgusted, it had given the birds a full view of itself; even as I did when I started to walk along the flat in the direction of the point.

Some times things do happen for the best. When I extracted the shells from the gun after getting aboard I found the shot were

ick-size only. I had made a mistake. One ould have been lucky to kill geese with em; more than lucky to kill a panther.

* * * * *

After leaving Port Neville, we cruised about r several days, dropping anchor one evening f the Tsi-ltka River, Robson Bight. Like any other places we had visited, there were signs of human occupation, and as we ere looking for such places, we went ashore ext morning. The valley is a broad one, avily timbered. Along the river that day e saw many signs of game—mink, coon, arten, otter, deer and bear. We also found e carcasses of two bears, and knew that the dians had been there during the salmon n, for their deadfalls were everywhere. 'e concluded to stay there for a while; d on the flood tide we poled into a slough, ping the sloop to the bank. We did not gret our choice, for it was easy traveling the back country, and with grub and blanets we'd leave the boat for days at a time, aveling until we'd get in touch with the apiti, just for the pleasure of looking upon em. But it was in the hills overlooking obson Bight that the second panther chanced y way.

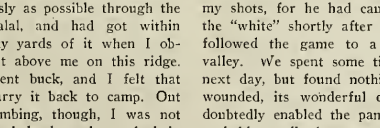
That day we were after meat, for the rder was getting low. Deer haunt favorite ots, and we knew where to go. Two of started out, parting at the foot of the lls. I was to climb straight up, while y mate was to follow the valley for some stance and then turn at right angles and in me. Should either one shoot at any me, however, and the shot be followed by o others in quick succession, which was r scoring signal, the other would hurry that direction, it being easier for two to ick out a deer than one.

About forty yards from the top of the ll the slope took a dip and formed a little dge running along the side. I was approaching this as cautiously as possible through the unted, matted salal, and had got within hundred and fifty yards of it when I obrved a deer right above me on this ridge. was a magnificent buck, and I felt that would like to carry it back to camp. Out breath with climbing, though, I was not ady to shoot, and knelt and watched it, even as it was watching me. It did not appear badly frightened, but as I made no move, it seemed to become nervous, and started to run away. For a short distance it went only and then returned. It did this several times, and then went out of sight altogether. Reckoning it would not go far, and that I would come on it later somewhere on the slope facing salt water, I started to make the detour. Gaining the top, which was somewhat level and open, I worked across in the direction I thought the buck would be. Here, hidden behind an immense fir on the very edge of the hill, I got an my feet and looked downward. Not ten feet away from me were two deer—a doe and the buck I was looking for.

The deer did not see me, and the rifle was almost at my shoulder when I heard a cry of alarm. The buck went crashing away along the side of the hill, while the doe went by the tree where I was standing, so close that I could have touched it with the rifle barrel. For a second I thought my partner was the cause, and then I stepped to one side and saw—about sixty yards away, coming swiftly up the hill, its body close to the ground—a panther, slightly smaller than the one of Port Neville. I was seen as quickly as I saw. The panther stopped instantly and looked around as though for ways of escape, but before it could move the bullet of a Winchester 44-40 was somewhere through its breast, and it was making quite a row in the solal as it rolled down hill and into a windfall of heavy timber.

I fired the two signal shots, waited a long while, walked about on the fallen timber, but could locate nothing. I did not care to venture too close, though, as the ball, although ideal for deer, would not have sufficient killing power unless it hit a vital spot, and I wasn't at all sure it had.

My partner did not come, did not hear my shots, for he had caught the glimpse of the "white" shortly after we parted and had followed the game to a finish far up the valley. We spent some time in the windfall next day, but found nothing. Though badly wounded, its wonderful cat-vitality had undoubtedly enabled the panther to get away—probably to die, but more than likely to live.



THE PEACEMAKER

By J. W. Schultz

Author of "In the Lodges of the Blackfeet"

AFTER the train had fairly started, we told the porter to get us some chairs, and were presently comfortably seated on the rear platform of the last Pullman of the train. We, the U. S. Marshal, old Grey Wolf and I, were returning home from a session of the U. S. District Court. A man had been sentenced to two years in the penitentiary for selling whiskey to Indians. Grey Wolf had been a witness in the case, the Marshal had made the arrest, I had acted as official interpreter. I was always being asked to interpret in court cases concerning the tribe whose language I speak as well as I do my own.

It was a rather warm afternoon, and we had hurried to catch the train. "I'm thirsty!" said the Marshal. He pressed the button, and when the porter appeared, gave him an order. Presently three long glasses were set before us, filled with ice and an amber colored liquid from which arose the enticing odor of good Scotch whiskey. Of course in ordering a drink for Grey Wolf the Marshal was making himself liable to the sentence which had just been passed upon the whiskey trader. But circumstances alter cases; you see, Grey Wolf was one of us; an old friend tried and true. Some others of his tribe, away forward in the smoking car, had also been called in the case—but they were different. Grey Wolf was chief of his tribe, chief of the reservation police force, and wore his neat uniform with ease and dignity. Also, he "never told tales out of school." "Here's How!" said the Marshal, lifting his glass.

"How!" I fervently exclaimed.

"How!" Grey Wolf echoed, as he raised the glass to his lips and tentatively tasted its contents. The next moment he contemptuously tossed the liquid out over the rail with an exclamation of disgust.

"What's the matter?" the Marshal asked, "Don't he like it?"

For reply I in turn pushed the button, and told the alert porter to bring one glass of rye whiskey. Grey Wolf took it, smelled of it, held it up to the light admiring its dark but clear color, then placed it inside of himself in one huge swallow. "Ah!" he exclaimed with a smile, "'Tis the real stuff; it burns!"

The porter carried away the glasses and we smoked until the afternoon sun made it too warm for us to remain longer on the platform, so we went inside. The old chief was weary; weary of sitting so many days on the hard court chairs, weary under the strain of sharp cross-questioning and vituperation by the defendant's attorney. "These are indeed," he remarked to me, "comfortable seats, but oh, to lie down; to stretch out full length and rest rightly, even if for the shortest time."

Our porter was accommodating. The drawing room was unoccupied, he said, and the old man could lie on the lounge in there as long as he pleased. I passed him a piece of silver and conducted the chief thither. He would not take the lounge, preferring to stretch out on the smooth carpeted floor, so I laid down upon it; but Grey Wolf's snores soon aroused me, and, unable to sleep, I arose and went out to my seat in the car.

In the section in front of me sat opposite each other a young couple, whom I had previously noticed as people of extraordinary good looks and evident refinement; but there seemed to be something wrong with them: The woman's fair brow was wrinkled with a frown, her lips were firmly pressed together in anger, and a cold, resolute, relentless expression marred the beauty of her large brown eyes. The man's dark face,

gular of outline, of a fine blending of firm-
ss, kindness and high breeding, wore a sad
en a beseeching expression, as if asking
rgiveness for something he had done or
d to offend his young wife. For wife
e was if a wedding ring and the initials
suit cases did not lie. They sat a long time
silence, and then the man moved to the
it just in front of me, where the woman
s gazing out of the window, and leaning
er to her I heard him say: "Agnes, I beg
u to—"

But there he was forced to stop, for she
ickly arose, and walking past him and down
aisle took a seat in a vacant section. As
e passed I fancied that I saw tears gather-
g in her eyes. I could not help but feel sorry
them; I had long since learned that life
all too short to be marred by anything even
rdering upon a quarrel between man and
fe.

About four o'clock our train came to such
sudden standstill that most of us were
ched forward out of our seats. We had
arly run into a freight wreck in a deep cut,
ar the edge of the bluff overlooking the
er. The freight cars, piled high in a mass
splintered wood and twisted iron, were
rning fiercely. Our train backed up, and
locomotive then drew the caboose and
ree or four other cars of the freight which
l remained on the track, clear of the flames.
one of the crew had been injured, we were
d, and it would be hours before our train
uld proceed.

I hurried to the drawing room as soon as
could regain my feet after the shock, and
und Grey Wolf sitting on the floor dazedly
bbing his head, which had come in sharp
ntact with the forward partition. He went
t with me to view the wreck, but was
on satisfied to return to the cool car; then
sat together in our section. The young
uple also came back and sat down opposite
ch other as before.

"Handsome people, richly clothed," the chief
narked, "No doubt of that class of whites
o have so much money that they never
rk; just travel around and enjoy them-
ves."

"Yes," I said. "They are probably of that
ss, but just at present they are not enjoy-
g themselves." And I told him what I had
served what I had heard the man say.

"Ah!" The old man sighed; and then after a few minutes, he repeated: "Ah! *Hai-yo!* That is very sad; very sad. Don't I know? *Hai-yo!*"*

The young woman presently arose and began pacing up and down the aisle, glancing now and then at Grey Wolf, who smiled benignly upon her. On one of her turns she stopped, hesitated, and then extended her hand. "Will you shake hands with me?" she asked.

The old man arose and held out his own small, delicately shaped hand, a very small one for a man of his length and build. "I am truly proud to shake hands with such a good and handsome young woman," he said. And while they performed the little ceremony, I duly interpreted his words to her and added "This is Mr. Grey Wolf, head chief of the ——— Indians."

"Oh! Mr. Grey Wolf!" she exclaimed, smiling most winningly, "I did not expect that of you! You men of the plains are also flatterers of women, I fear."

"I spoke only the truth" he replied, motioning her to be seated beside him, "and the truth does never any harm."

With that they fell into a talk which lasted a half hour or more, and then, when the first call for dinner came, we parted with the understanding that in the evening the old man was to tell her a story.

The Marshal and I had a quart of Pontet Canet with our dinner, and the waiter from time to time replenished Grey Wolf's coffee cup with the contents of a pint bottle of Port, said bottle being kept out of sight in the pantry. A couple of old ladies and a clergyman, seated near us, remarked that Indians were great coffee drinkers! The young people sat opposite us, and I saw that Grey Wolf was carefully observing them from time to time. They ate their dinner in silence, and ate little, leaving the diner long before we had finished.

A wrecking train came from the east and the crew began to clear the track. The sun set and presently the moon rose above the rim of the eastern plains. We strolled out of the car to the edge of the bluff overlooking the river, a broad, swift, silvery stream, bordered on our side by a low grassy cottonwood fringed bottom, on the other side by a

* An exclamation signifying regret; sorrow.

high cut cliff of black igneous rock. Here we stretched out on the thick short buffalo grass to smoke, but soon grew chilly. "Bring wood and make us a fire," said Grey Wolf to one of his people passing by, and we were soon comfortable enough sitting around the little blaze of broken ties and pieces of the splintered cars. Thither came the young persons, and we made a place for them, the woman sitting close to the fire, the man a little distance from and behind her.

"Fill me a pipe," said the chief, and the one who had built the fire handed him a huge, black-bowled, long-stemmed pipe loaded with a mixture of good tobacco and *kak-sin*, an aromatic leaved vine of the big mountains. He gravely lighted it, and impressively blew a long stream of smoke skyward, another toward mother earth, and repeated the to me familiar prayerlet: "Oh sun, and you our mother, pity and protect us." Ah, how the earnestly spoken words brought back to me the old days on the plains when, with the speaker, and many others of his tribe, I had hunted buffalo, and lived in the great camp which ever followed the herds that were the sustenance and wealth of the people.

"It is a good prayer, said the young woman when I had interpreted it to her; "I shall not forget it."

"I will tell you a story of my young days," Grey Wolf began. "A story of a young woman and a young man,—myself. The sight of the river flowing there reminds me of it,—as if I needed to be reminded—as if it were not lying heavy in my breast"—he added pathetically.

"You see, the end came here on this great river, not far below this place, and the fault was mine, the fault was mine!

"I was a young man then, very proud, very foolish. I noticed that some seem to have the gift of wisdom and justness, even from the time they leave their mother's arms; but I was not so fortunate. Even now in my old age I have not those gifts; what little part of them I may possess I have obtained only through sad and bitter experience.

"My father was a great chief, my mother a woman of the sun. Three times had she built the great god a sacred lodge, in fulfilment of her vows. From my earliest youth it was my great ambition to become as great a man as my father; great in war, rich in horses, owner of a fine big lodge filled with rich things, and of a medicine pipe favored by the sun. To this end I exerted my utmost energy. Long before I attained my manhood I went to war as a servant to some great man. My mother protested: 'He is but a child' she said, 'let me keep him by my side yet a little longer.' 'What is to be, will be,' my father replied, 'the gods have given him his mind, not you and I. He must do that which it prompts him to do. It is not for us to interfere.'

"Indeed, the gods were good to me. I went time and time again against the enemy, and was never wounded. I counted many *coups* over the foes I slew. I took many prizes of war: horses, arms, rich war suits and bonnets. My herds became so large that when I drove them in through the camp to water, the pounding of their hoofs as they sped over the hard ground was like thunder. Grown warriors stood and watched them pass by with envy in their hearts.

"In childhood days boys and girls play together, just as do the fat puppies of the village. In sliding upon the winter ice, in spinning tops, in hunts for rabbits and birds, in quests for berries ripened by the good sun and the rains, one little girl was always my companion and follower. Her name was Ai-te-ka, ('Summer-comes'), but I called her always Little Sister, because I had no sister of my own. We loved each other as brothers and sisters always do, I hope. So inseparable were we during the winter and summer days, that if one were sought by an uneasy mother the other mother was certain that her own child would also be found.

"But there came a time when we no longer played together. I began to think of war and glory, and Ai-te-ka was kept with the women of her lodge. She was approaching young womanhood, and wherever she went some female relative accompanied her. She no longer spoke and laughed with me. Maidens who did that with young men were looked upon with suspicion. And I, I forgot her!—Women had no part in my dreams of war and plunder of our enemies—no, I am wrong, I think. I sometimes did dream of our childish pranks and escapades. And so some winters passed. But with my success in war, and my attainment to the rank of a man, came also the desire to fulfill the other part of my long since conceived ambition, to have a lodge of

y own, where I could sit and give feasts
ıd smokes to the great men of the people,
eat and skins to the afflicted and the poor,
ıd to do this I needed a woman. Who
ould it be? I thought of Ai-te-ka first and
uch; then of this girl and that one, and I
sited their lodges, observed them at their
ork and in their leisure time, compared their
oks, but ever my thoughts turned back to
y little playmate. There were others more
autiful than she, perhaps, but none who had
ore lovely eyes, and sometimes I caught
look in them which made me feel very
ıeer. More and more I thought about her,
ore and more time I passed where I could
e her, but more and more my heart grew
int. I knew at last that I loved her. But
d she love me? I was afraid she did not.
could have her of course, no man in the
hole camp would refuse his daughter to one
wealthy, and with as great a war record
mine. That was the way with our people:
e suitor sent presents of horses and things
the parents, and they decided their
ıughter's fate. Somehow I did not wish to
arry that way. I wanted the woman who
ept my lodge to love me from the begin-
ng, to come to me willingly, gladly.

"I watched my chance for a few words with
i-te-ka. It was long in coming, but at last
hen she and her grandmother were out in
e timber gathering fuel one day I slipped
ong among the trees and came upon her
ıperceived. 'Little Sister, I said softly,
ittle Sister!' She started, turned around,
ıd looked at me queerly, as if my words had
ırt her. 'It is a long time since I have
lled you that,' I added.

"She looked away in this direction, in that,
l around, but saw nothing of her grand-
other. Then again she turned and gave me
ıat same queer look, only a swift glance, then
ent her head and seemed to be studying the
ead leaves, which she brushed this way and
ıat way with the point of her slender little
occasined foot. I stood in silence, expecting
er to say something, wishing to say some-
ning more myself, yet hesitating; I was
fraid to say what was in my mind, and I
as angry with myself. It seemed ridiculous
ıat I, I who had fought in many battles,
ıould be a coward before a woman. Once
ıore she looked up at me swiftly: "I am
ot your Little Sister!" she exclaimed. And
ith that she turned and fled through the
timber to her companion, whose ax could now
be heard nearby.

"I went slowly back to my father's lodge,
and sat down on my couch to think over
our meeting, my words, her words and queer
actions. I could make nothing of it all.
'Maybe,' I thought, 'I have offended her in
some way.' But no, that couldn't be. I had
not spoken to her for some winters; my name
had never been mentioned with that of any
young woman; we had never quarreled. But
she had said that she was not my Little
Sister, and had run away from me. I was
very unhappy."

"Oh, Mr. Grey Wolf," the young lady
exclaimed, "Couldn't you see—"

The old man stopped her by holding up his
hand in quick warning. Perhaps he under-
stood a few English words, or he may have
divined what she was about to say. "Wait,"
he commanded, "Let me tell it in my own way,
just as it comes back to me after all these
years, somehow more clearly tonight than
ever."

Evidently the bottle of port with his dinner
had taken the effect I desired. Not for years
had I seen the chief so animated, his fine,
benign old face and eyes so lit up, so enthusi-
astic, so full of kindly and sympathetic regard
for his listener. He was talking directly to
the young woman, his eyes intent upon hers.
Not once did he look at the husband, at me,
or at his followers sitting on his right. I
surmised that in this story there was to be
a moral for her benefit.

Yes, I was unhappy," he resumed, "Un-
happy and restless. I found no relief in hunt-
ing, in dancing or gambling with my friends,
nor in anything else which once had occupied
my time and thoughts. For some days and
nights I remained close at home, until I could
no longer bear my trouble, and then I began
to prowl around in the timber and near the
path which ran through it to the creek. Along
this narrow trail I saw Ai-te-ka coming one
morning for water, and she was alone. I con-
fronted her where the willows were thickest,
walked right up to her and grasped her arm;
the bucket fell from her hand clattering to
the ground, and I kicked it out of the way.
With her free hand she covered her eyes,
turning her head away from me as much as
possible. But she did not resist, she did not
try to evade my grasp. 'Ai-te-ka,' I said,
'you told me the other day that you were

not my Little Sister. Is it that you have forgotten me and the days when we played together?'

"She made no answer and I began to despair. 'I am sorry,' I said, 'my heart dies. For I love you—I greatly love you, and I so want you to be my woman.'

"When I said this, at once she withdrew her hand from her face, put her arms around my neck, and looked me full in the eyes. And I saw that her eyes were bright and soft, and that tears were gathering in them. Oh, they were wonderful eyes, expressing much that one can never put into words, at least into the words of men, for the gods have withheld them. Who that has really loved but has experienced that—the powerlessness of the tongue to translate the language of the eyes!

"I held my breath; my heart beat strangely, as if it were moving up into my throat, while I waited for her to speak, and at last she did. 'Oh, foolish boy,' she said, 'could you doubt that I love you, that I have always loved you? Yes, and longed to hear you say what you have? I saw you stealing towards me the other day, and I pretended not to know it, but I was glad, so glad when I saw you coming. And then what did you say? Nothing but 'Sister! Little Sister!' And at that all my hopes and dreams fell, I own. I turned and ran from you. I had hoped for so much, something so different. I felt so badly that it seemed that I must die.'

"Of what use were words then? We just gazed and gazed into each others eyes and we kissed, oh, many times, until at last we heard someone's footfalls along the frozen path. Then Ai-te-ka picked up her bucket and fled, and I, slipping off into the thicket—went my way homeward and told my father and mother my wishes. That very day fifty horses from my herd were given to my sweetheart's parents. That very day my mother and her mother set up a new lodge and furnished it. That very evening we took possession of it, and the flame of the little fire lit up the happy face of my dear one as she cooked our first meal over the red coals. No doubt my face, too, shone with happiness. I know that there was happiness in my heart, a great peace and contentment, greater than my poor words can express."

Grey Wolf was careful and deliberate in his speech. It had taken him a long time to tell, and I to interpret his story up to this point. The night air grew more chilly and the young man from time to time edged up nearer to the flames, until he finally sat so close to his wife that their knees touched. But she did not move away from him as she had done in the car. Once or twice some other passengers, walking up and down beside the train, paused for a moment by our fire. Then the chief would fall silent until they, perceiving that the little blaze and the story were not for them, would move on. And were we not an incongruous group, we people sitting there by the side of the Flyer? Dusky children of the plains and their grand old Chief, the young woman and her husband, highest products of our modern civilization, and I, a grizzled relic of frontier days. Yet had we all one thing in common, an absorbing interest in the old man's love tale.

"Refill my pipe," he ordered; and when it had been lighted and was drawing well, he continued: "Yes, we were truly happy; so happy that when old friends came in to feast and smoke with me, we felt it time lost until they departed, and we could be alone again, just we two in our new and comfortable lodge. Some moons went by. We had been moving from time to time up the Beaver River, then northward over to the Yellow River. I was a member of the Never Laughs band, of which my father was chief, and of course my lodge was always set up in that part of the great camp belonging to it, and always just behind my father's lodge. It was while we were encamped on Yellow River that Little Fisher, my closest friend and a member of the Lone Fighters' band, said to me one evening: 'Our lodges are too far apart. They ought always to be pitched side by side, so that we would ever be close to one another, always but a call, a few steps from your lodge fire to mine.'

"'That is a good plan,' I told him, 'and this is the way we will do it; for two moons my lodge shall be set up beside yours, then for two moons you will come and set yours by the side of mine in the Never Laughs circle, and thus we will keep on, always near and true friends.'

"We moved camp a few days afterward, northward again to the foot of those far mountains you see yonder in the moonlight. Little Fisher and I started very early, in order to make a hunt off to one side of the

trail. 'Don't forget,' I told Ai-te-ka as I mounted my horse, "that you are to pitch our lodge by the side of my friend's lodge when you go into camp.'

"The buffalo and antelope seemed to be unusually alert that day. The wind was against us too, fitful and changeable, and it was not until the sun was far down that we got meat, two fat buffalo cows. Having butchered them we loaded our horses with the skins, and what meat they could carry besides our weight and rode on, sighting camp long after dark. We were surprised to see that my lodge was not set up by the side of that of my friend. I rode on and found it, pitched as usual, behind my father's lodge. At once I felt angry because Ai-te-ka had disobeyed my orders, but I said nothing. She came out shyly, timidly, and took charge of my horse and its load. I went inside and sat down on my couch, pulled off my frozen mittens and moccasins, warmed and dried my gun. My food was cooked and ready for me. There was even a little dish of berry pemmican beside the soup, and the boiled ribs, and the dried, snow-white *depouille* of a buffalo cow. The lodge was warm and comfortable; all our things in order; the couch soft and bright with the new blankets we had purchased from the trader. Ai-te-ka came in and sat down, placed food before me. I did not speak at all until after I had finished eating and lighted my pipe. Then, 'Why did you not set the lodge where I told you to?' I asked.

"'Just because,' she replied.

"'But *why* did you not?'

"And again she answered: 'Just because.'

"Then I was truly angry. I questioned her no more, spoke no more. 'I have got to teach her one thing,' I said to myself, 'and begin now. She must learn that I am chief of this lodge, and that my every word must be obeyed.' Some friends came in and we smoked and talked together, but my mind was not intent upon their words; I thought that they would never leave. When they did, I said to Ai-te-ka, 'Make your couch over there, I sleep here in this place.'

"'Oh, my husband,' she said, beginning to cry; 'listen, let me tell you why I did not do as you said.'"

"'No,' I quickly replied, 'you will tell me nothing, explain nothing; you have disobeyed me and I am angry at you. Do not speak to me. Just do what I say. Do not speak to me.'

"We remained there at the foot of the mountain five days, and they were unhappy days to me, still more unhappy to Ai-te-ka, I am sure. She went about her work with a very sad look in her eyes. Sometimes she would attempt to talk with me, but I would not encourage her nor answer her in my foolish pride and blindness.

"Again my father announced through his crier that camp would be broken in the morning, and that we would travel northward, cross the big river flowing down there before us, and make camp by the first grove of timber on a tributary, the stream we call Point-of-Rocks River. I did not hunt by the way that day, but traveled at the head of the long column with the chiefs and other big men.

"In the late afternoon we came to the big river, and found the ice upon it smooth, shining, free from snow. We rode off to one side, dismounted, and smoked together, while some young men and boys sanded a trail across to the other shore. The people began to pass, crowding closer, riders, and loose horses and pack and *travois* horses, every moment. I saw Ai-te-ka astride her pinto mare, leading the little bay which carried my war-clothes sacks, and shield and other finery. She did not see me, looking always straight ahead, her face showing more plainly than ever the grief that was in her heart those days. My own heart was heavy enough. I knew that I had done her great wrong, caused her much misery. Had I not heard her in the night in sleep, crying and begging me to take pity on her? Ah! the meanness that was in me, the pride and selfishness that had prevented my saying the word that would have made ours again a lodge of quiet happiness.

"I sat and watched my sweetheart, saw her ride out on the sanded trail, and then, midway between the shores, the ice suddenly gave way and she and her horse, and the one she led seemed to sink out of sight in the black water. The people near the place shouted wildly. I sprang to my feet and ran, ran as I never had before, but I was too late; the swift, swirling, sucking current had seized Ai-te-ka in all its terrible power. I looked down stream; as far as I could see was nothing but the glittering ice, not one airhole or open

rapid breaking its even surface. 'I will go too,' I cried aloud in my despair, 'I will go too and join her in the Shadow Land,' and I jumped for the black water. But they seized me, those standing by, and dragged me out and held me close, although I fought with all my strength. They wrapped robes about my dripping body, and bound me tightly on my mother's *travois* and then I was taken into camp, and into my parents' lodge which many willing hands set up. There I lay ill for many days, watched by my friends at all times lest I should kill myself. And oh, the agony of it all! My sweetheart dead, gone to the Shadow Land, and gone without the words I should have spoken at the very beginning. I had intended to make peace with her that very night; to ask her to pity me, to forgive me for my mean and heartless conduct; and now it was too late—forever and ever—too late."

The old man paused; he had now forgotten his listeners and was gazing with tear-dimmed eyes at the fire, his thoughts in the far distant past. I looked at the young couple; their hands were clasped, and hand in hand they arose and stood a moment before him. "We thank you," the young woman began, but her voice faltered and broke. "We will see you later," said the young man gently, and he led his wife away, not to the car, but up the moonlit track.

"Come," I said to the chief, "let us retire."

He roused up with a start and looked around. "I was dreaming. Where are they, the young woman and the man?"

I pointed to them, so closely together now that their figures seemed as one.

"Ah!" he sighed contentedly, "I had hoped for it. I prayed the sun to aid me before I began the story of my own terrible mistake. I pray again that they may be happy as long as they live."

After all the rest were abed that night, the young man and I burned two cigars in the smoking room and talked about things which I may not here set down. But I may say that Grey Wolf's story caused great and lasting peace and happiness for two badly distracted people. Once the old man and I visited them in their home in a far Eastern city, and he never tired talking about his white children and their rich lodge so long as he lived. It seemed, too, that he was never out of their minds; for at Christmas, and on other occasions, and on no occasion at all, came many suitable and acceptable presents from them.

The old man now rests in his grave on top of a hill overlooking the fateful river, and let us hope that in Shadow Land his spirit has found and made peace with that other spirit he so wronged, but loved. At the head of the grave stands a tablet with this inscription:

Sacred to the Memory
of
GREY WOLF,
Chief of Men and Mender
of
Bruised Hearts.

I fancy that there are but three persons in the whole world who know exactly what that means. I would that others could learn that most Indians are something higher than the brutal savages popular opinion pictures them to be. Then, and not until then, would the grievous wrongs we have done them be atoned for.

ANIMAL LIFE ON THE PAMPAS

By Lawrence Irwell.

As a rule, the general aspect of the pampas is monotonous, and notwithstanding the unobstructed view, and the unfailing verdure and sunshine, somewhat melancholy, although never somber. The depressed feeling which this great level plain inspires in those who are unfamiliar with it is due in a great measure to the paucity of life, and to the profound silence. The wind, as may well be imagined on that extensive level area, is seldom at rest, and it gives out an endless variety of sorrowful sounds, from the sharp sibilations of the dry grass to the long moans that swell and die in the tall, polished rushes of the marsh.

It is curious to note that with a few exceptions the resident birds are comparatively very silent. even those belonging to groups that elsewhere are highly loquacious. The explanation is simple. In woods and thickets, where birds abound most, they are continually losing sight of each other, and are only prevented from scattering by calling often. Moreover, the muffling effect on sound of the close foliage, to which may be added a spirit of emulation where many voices are heard, incites some species of birds, especially those that are social, to exert their voices to the utmost pitch in calling, singing and screaming.

On the open pampas, birds, which are not compelled to live concealed on the surface, can see each other at long distances, and perpetual calling is not necessary. Again, in that still atmosphere sound travels far. Nature's silence has infected the birds and, speaking generally, their voices are subdued. In some cases they have become silent by habit. This is not the case, however, with aquatic species, which are nearly all migrants from noiser regions, and mass themselves in lagoons and marshes, where they are all loquacious together. It is also noteworthy that the subdued bird voices, some of which are exceedingly sweet and expressive, and the notes of many of the insects and batrachians have a great resemblance, and seem to be in accord with the aeolian tones of the wind in reeds and grasses. A stranger to the pampas, even a trained naturalist accustomed to a different fauna, is likely to find it difficult to distinguish between bird, frog, and insect voices.

With the single exception of the well-known vizcacha (*Lagostomus trichodactylus*), there are no species of mammals that are distinctly the product of the pampas. That is, none possesses instincts better suited to the conditions of the pampas than to those of other places. The vizcacha is a large rodent which inhabits a vast extent of country, northwest and south of the true pampas, but nowhere is it so thoroughly on its native heath as on the great grassy plain. There, to some extent, it makes its own conditions, like the beaver. The vizcachas live in a small community of twenty or thirty members, in a village of deep-chambered burrows, all with their pit-like entrances closely grouped together. And as the village endures for an indefinite time, the earth constantly being brought up forms a mound thirty or forty feet in diameter. On low or level ground this mound protects the habitation from floods. The vizcacha is not swift of foot, and all rapacious beasts are its enemies. It loves to feed upon tender succulent herbs and grasses, to search for which it would have to go far afield among the giant grasses where its watchful foes are waiting to seize it. The whole vizcacha community saves itself from this danger by making a clearing all around the dwelling, and there a smooth turf is formed, where the animals feed and have their evening pastimes in

comparative security, for when an enemy approaches it is easily seen. The note of alarm is quickly sounded, and the whole company runs into the refuge. In districts having a different soil and vegetation, as in Patagonia, the vizcachas' curious instincts are of no special advantage, which makes it seem probable that they have been formed on the pampas.

The vizcacha is the most common rodent on the pampas, and the rodent order is represented by a large number of species. The finest is the so-called Patagonian hare—(*Dolichotis patagonica*)—an animal twice as large as a rabbit, with ears shorter and more rounded, and legs relatively much longer. The fur is grey and a chestnut brown. It is diurnal in its habits, lives in kennels, and is usually met with in pairs, or small flocks. It is better suited to a sterile country like Patagonia than to the grassy, humid plain. Nevertheless, it is found throughout the whole of the pampas, although its numbers are decreasing.

A common rodent is the coypu (*Myiopotamus coypu*), yellowish in color with bright red incisors, a rat in shape, and as large as a medium-sized dog. It is aquatic, lives in holes in the banks, and where there are no banks it makes a platform nest among the rushes. Of an evening, the coypus may be noticed swimming and playing in the water conversing in their strange tones, which sound like the moans and cries of wounded, suffering men. Among the swimmers may be seen the mother-coypu with her progeny, numbering eight or ten, carrying on her back as many as she can accommodate, while the others swim after her crying for a ride.

With reference to this animal, which is prolific, a strange condition occurred in Argentina. Sixty years ago it was very abundant, and its skin, which has a fine fur under the long coarse hair, was largely exported to Europe. About the year 1840, a government decree was issued prohibiting the hunting of the coypu, with the result that these little rodents multiplied very considerably, and abandoning their aquatic habits, they became terrestrial and migratory, swarming everywhere in search of food. Suddenly, a mysterious malady came upon them from which they quickly perished, and the species became greatly reduced in numbers.

A small rodent of the pampas, worthy of some notice, is the *Cavia australis*, called "cui" in the vernacular from its voice. It is a timid, social mouse-colored little creature, with a strange, low, gurgling voice, not unlike running water. Its habits resemble its relative the guinea-pig. It likes to run on clean ground, and on the pampas makes little rat-roads all about its hiding-place, which little roads tell a story to the fox, as well as to other enemies. For this reason the habits of all cavies are not as well suited to the humid, grassy region as to other districts, with sterile ground to run and play upon, and thickets in which to hide.

A more interesting animal is the *Ctenomys magellanica*, a little smaller than the rat in size, with a shorter tail, pale grey fur, and red incisors. It is known in Argentina as *"tuco-tuco"* from its voice, and *oculto* from its habits, as it is a dweller underground, and requires a loose, sandy soil in which it may move beneath the surface. Consequently the pampas, with its heavy, moist mould, is not the tuco's proper place. In spite of this, it may be found wherever there is a stretch of sandy soil, or a range of hills of light earth. It will be heard, not seen, for all day long and all night its voice, like a succession of blows from a hammer, may be recognized. How these little colonies of a species so subterranean in habits, and requiring a sandy soil to live in, got so far from the natural home is a mystery. These creatures cannot travel great distances like rats can. It is just possible, of course, that the sand dunes have moved, conveying their little cattle with them.

Greatest among the carnivora are the two cat-monarchs of South America, the jaguar and the puma. Whatever may be their relative positions elsewhere, on the pampas the puma is mightiest, being much more abundant and better able to thrive than its spotted rival. Versatile in its preying habits, its presence on the pampas is not surprising; but probably only an extreme abundance of large mammalian prey, which has not existed in recent times, could have tempted the jaguar to colonize this treeless and comparatively waterless desert.

There are two other important cats. The

'grass-cat," a large, dark-colored, powerful nimal, inexpressibly savage in disposition. The second, *Felis geoffroyi*, is still larger, a andsome animal, colored like a leopard. It s known as the "wood-cat," and the name eems to indicate that it is an intruder from vooded districts north of the pampas.

There are two canines, of which one is Azara's grey fox-like dog, purely a fox in abits, and common everywhere. The other s more interesting and extremely rare. It s called *aguara*, its nearest ally being he "maned wolf," found south of the pampeau district. The aguara is smaller than his animal and has no mane. It is about he size of a sheep-dog, but slimmer and with sharper nose, and has a bright red oat. When camping, one may hear its ismal screams, but one's efforts to find he screamer are seldom successful. The *auchos* (natives) say that it is a harmless, hy animal, always ready to fly to remoter vilds to escape from its destroyer, man. The atives usually offer to sell skins to all enquirers, their idea being that nothing more an be wanted. They are not interested in atural history, of course.

The pestiferous skunk is everywhere, and here are two quaint-looking stoats, black in olor except on the back, where they are grey. One, *Galicitis barbara*, is a large, bold animal hat hunts in companies. When these longodied creatures sit up erect, glaring with eady eyes, grinning and chattering, they present an uncommon spectacle. The expression pon their round faces, however, is malignant nd bloodthirsty, and one might almost liken hem to the most ferocious of wild beasts.

On the pampas there is, strictly speaking nly one ruminant, *Cervus campestris*, which s common. The only curious fact about this nimal is that the male emits a rank, musty odor, so powerful that when the wind blows from it the effluvium comes in nauseating gusts, although the producer of he smell may be two miles away. It is stonishing that only one small ruminant hould be found on this immense grassy rea, so admirably suited to herbiverous uadrupeds, a comparatively small part of which affords pasture for millions of cattle and sheep, as well as for very many orses.

There are four *Edentates*. The *Tatusia hybrida*, called "little mule," from the length of its ears, and the *Dasypus tricinctus* which, when disturbed, rolls itself into a ball, are two. The third is the *quirquincho*. All these are diurnal, and feed exclusively on insects, chiefly ants. Wherever the country becomes settled, these three disappear, owing to the dullness of their senses, especially that of sight, and to the diurnal habit, which was an advantage to them, and enabled them to survive when rapacious animals, which are mostly nocturnal, were their only enemies.

The fourth, and most important, is the hairy armadillo, with habits that are in strange contrast to those of its perishing relatives, and which seem to mock many hard-and-fast rules concerning animal life. It is omnivorous, and will thrive on any thing from grass to flesh, found dead and in all stages of decay, or captured by means of its own strategy. Furthermore, its habits change to suit its conditions. Thus, where noctural carnivora are its enemies, it is diurnal; but where man appears as a chief persecutor, it becomes nocturnal. It is much hunted for its flesh, dogs being trained for the purpose. Strange as it may appear, this armadillo actually becomes more abundant as population increases in any district. If versatility in habit or adaptiveness can be taken as a measure of intelligence, this strange creature, a survival of the past, is the superior of the large-brained canines.

There are two interesting opossums which differ widely in habits. One of them is very much at home on the pampas. He (*Didelphys aurita*) has a long, slender, wedge-shaped head and body, admirably adapted for pushing through the thick grass and rushes. This marsupial is both terrestrial and aquatic, therefore well suited to inhabit low, level plains liable to be flooded. On dry land its habits are similar to those of a stoat. In lagoons, where it dives and swims with great ease, it constructs a globular nest suspended from the rushes. The fur is soft, of a rich yellow, reddish above, and on the sides and under surfaces varying in some parts to orange, in others exhibiting beautiful copper and terra-cotta tints. These tints and the luster soon fade from the fur, otherwise this animal would

be much sought after in the interest of those who love to decorate themselves with the spoils of dead animals, both beasts and birds.

The other opossum is the black and white *Didelphys azarae;* and it is strange to find this animal on the pampas, although its presence is not so mysterious as that of the "tuco-tuco." The opossum referred to shuffles along slowly and awkwardly on the ground, but it is, nevertheless, a great traveller. It has been seen on the Andes at a great altitude, and true to its lawless nature it has reached Patagonia where marsupials are most rare. In every way it is adapted to an arboreal life, yet it is found on the level country far removed from the conditions which one would suppose were necessary for its existence. No man can say for how many years this marsupial has been a dweller on the plain with all its best faculties unexercised, its grasping hands pressed to the ground, and its prehensile tail dragged like an idle rope behind it. Yet, if this opossum is brought to a tree, it will take to it as readily as a duck to water, climbing up the trunk and about the branches with a monkey-like agility. Nature seems most reluctant to undo her own work. For immense periods she allows a specialized organ, with the correlated instinct, to rest without use, yet ready to flash forth on the instant, bright and keen-edged, as in the ancient days of strife.

Birds are numerous on the pampas. There are many aquatic species, most of which are migratory with their "breeding" or "subsistence" areas on the pampas. In every sense they constitute a floating population, and their habits have in no way been modified by the conditions of the country. The birds include storks, herons, spoonbills, flamingoes—in all, about twenty species. Perhaps the most noteworthy are two great ibises nearly as large as turkeys, with mighty resonant voices. Ducks of various species abound, and there are two beautiful upland geese, winter visitors from Magellanic lands, and two swans, the black-necked, and the pure white with rosy bill. One is the *courlan,* called "crazy widow" from its mourning plumage and long melancholy screams, which on still evenings may be heard a long distance away. Another is the variegated *ypicaha* fond of social gatherings, where the birds perform a dance and make the desolate marshes resound with their humanlike voices. A smaller kind, *Porphyriops melanops,* has a night-cry like a burst of shrill, hysterical laughter, which has won for it the name of "witch," while another, *Rallus rythyrhynchus* is called "little donkey" from its braying cries. All these creatures have strange voices. Of the remaining aquatic species, the most important is the spur-winged and crested screamer. It is a noble bird as large as a swan, yet its favorite pastime is flying upwards until it becomes lost to sight, but continues to pour forth its resounding choral notes, which reach the earth clarified, and with a rythmic swell and fall as of chiming bells. It also sings by night, "counting the hours" the gauchos say, and where these large birds have congregated in numbers, the mighty roar of their combined voices produces a grand effect.

The largest aquatic order is that of the *Limicolae,* consisting of snipes, plovers and their allies. The only true residents are the spur-winged lapwing and the black and white stilt. Of the snipes, it is surprising to find that, out of twenty-five species, at least thirteen are visitors from North America, several of them having their breeding places as far north as the arctic regions. This is one of the facts concerning the animal migration of birds that seems almost incredible. Many of these visitors have the habits of upland, marsh and sea-shore birds. In their great bi-annual journey they pass through a variety of climates, visiting many countries where the conditions seem suited to their requirements, yet they do not make a final halt till the pampas has been reached. In September, and even as early as August they begin to arrive in Argentine territory, singly and in pairs, in small flocks, and in clouds—curlew, plover, godwit—piping wild notes to which some Greenlanders listened in June, and which a few months later, strike the ear of the huanaco-hunter in the Patagonian wilderness.

The following condition of affairs has long been a puzzle to ornithologists. I

summer on the pampas, there is a godwit—*Limosa hudsonica*. During March, it goes north to breed; later in the season, flocks of the same species arrive from the south to winter on the pampas. Besides this godwit, there are some other North American species, which have colonies in the southern hemisphere, with a reversed migration and breeding season. Why do these southern birds winter so far north? Do they breed in Patagonia? If so, their migration is an extremely limited one compared with that of the northern birds—eight hundred miles, at the outside in the one case, against almost as many thousands of miles in the other.

Land birds on the pampas are few in species and in numbers. This may be accounted for by the absence of trees and other elevations upon which birds like to roost and build nests. In addition, food is scarce, for insects are few in dry places The long grasses which occupy most of the ground yield but a small harvest of a few seeds, so that the pampas is a poor place of abode for both soft and hard billed birds. Hawks of several genera, in moderate numbers are present, but usually keep to the marshes. Eagles and vultures are represented by carrion-hawks, such as the *caroncho* almost cage-like in size, black and crested, with a large, pale blu hooked beak—his battle axe—and by the brown *chimango*. Both of these birds nest on the ground, are versatile in their habits, carrion-eaters also killers on their own account, and, like wild dogs, sometimes hunt in packs, which gives them an advantage. They are the unfailing attendants of all flesh-hunters, both human and feline. They pursue and persecute all eagles and true vultures that venture on the pampas.

The owls are few, and of wide-ranging species. The most common is the burrowing owl, found in both North and South America. All day long this bird stands at the mouth of its kennel, or on the vizcacha's mound, staring at any form of life that passes with an expression of great surprise on its round yellow eyes. The male and female are usually together, standing stiff and erect.

On the southern portion of the pampas the starling is found. It looks like the English starling but it has a yellow breast. It is the only resident pampas bird that has a brilliant coloring, and it may be recognized by its pleasant song uttered on the wing. In winter these starlings congregate in great flocks, and travel slowly northward over the plains. When thu traveling the birds observe a kind of order, and the flock feeding along the ground shows a very extended front, the advance being made by the hindmost birds constantly flying over the others and alighting in the front ranks.

Among the tyrant-birds are several species of wing-banded genus, snow-white in color, with black on the wings and tail. These are very graceful birds, strong flyers, and in desert places, where man seldom intrudes, they gather to follow the traveler, calling to each other with low whistling notes, and in the distance they look like white flowers as they perch on the topmost stems of the tall bending grasses.

The most characteristic pampeau birds are the "tinamous" (partridge)—the rufous tinamou, about the size of a fowl, and the spotted tinamou, somewhat smaller. The habits of all these are identical. They lay eggs of a purple color, and the young acquire the power of flight when very small. They have small heads, slender curved beaks, unfeathered legs, and are tailless. The plumage is deep yellowish, marked with black and brown above. They live concealed, skulking in the tall grass, fly reluctantly, and when driven up their flight is noisy and violent but they soon become exhausted. They are solitary, although many live in proximity, frequently calling to each other in soft, plaintive tones.

WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB
AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME
PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WESTERN FIELD COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Offices:
609-610 Mutual Savings Bank Building.

Registered at the San Francisco Postoffice as Second-Class Matter

FRANK H. MAYER - - - Managing Editor

Matter for publication should be addressed "WESTERN FIELD," 609-610 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal., and not to individuals connected with the magazine. All copy for new advertisements, changes or discontinuances, must be in hand not later than the 10th of the month preceding date of issue, in order to insure attention.

FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the People of California we demand at the hands of our Legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

SHEER BRUTALITY

UNDER the above caption we are reproducing in our "Field Notes" department this issue, a letter from a Redding, Cal., correspondent which for the absolute heartlessness and sickening cruelty embodied therein deserves the anathema of every normally minded man in the world.

It has fallen to the writer's lot, during a somewhat checkered career, to witness much hideous cruelty on the parts of civilized and non-civilized men alike, but nowhere—not even among the most degraded Digger or inhuman Apache Indians of our own country, the ape-like aborigines of Central and South America, or the cold-blooded, non-sympathetic Innuits of our frozen northland, have I encountered such a disregard of humane principle, such a depth of malicious and evil degradation as is expressed and advocated in this shameful epistle.

It would be an insult to Barbarity to couple its name with a characterization of this letter, for barbarity as I have encountered it has some simple virtues of its own—those of dignity and consistency for instance—and if this letter has any inherent virtue, save that of pointing a moral, it is not apparent to any humane reasoning being.

Allowing—*but not admitting*—for argument's sake that the jay is as blue-black as he is painted by some sportsmen; that he is a destroyer of game and other bird eggs and young; that he is in general a despicable nuisance: does that justify the long drawn out torture of piteously wounded birds so that their cries may allure other victims to destruction? Does that condone or palliate the execrable slow butchery of nestlings during the breeding season? Can any sane man calmly contemplate the prolonged agonies of tethered bleeding mothers and starving broods and justify himself in the plea of "sport"?

If that be the American sportsman's idea of sport let God in his unstrained mercy kindly lay the hand of Death upon everything living that can tempt these beasts to forgetfulness of all that stands for manhood and for decency. Heredity demands it, for it is not good to beget a bestial posterity.

And now let us consider the actual facts as to the bluejay's destructiveness. Not even the least truthful of our valiant bluejay butchers will be asinine enough to claim that these birds are as plentiful as they were twenty years ago. And yet, twenty years ago there were an hundred quail to where there is but one now, as even our Redding man must and will admit. Old timers tell us that in those days "the woods were blue with jays." And yet the quail throve and increased. The truth of the matter is that *men* and not bluejays are responsible for the lack of game of all kinds in our land, and to every young bird killed either in flesh or embryo by the little winged destroyers, a hundred are "ground sluiced" by the pot-hunting game-hogs—who by the way invariably kill their birds a-wing—we don't think!

Let it be understood that we are not espousing the cause or pleading in the defence of the mature bluejay; he is unprotected by law and is cunning and wary enough to take such good care of himself as to make his bagging, by ordinary sportsmenlike methods, sufficiently difficult to afford a reasonable

nount of sport. What we protest against the inhumanity and brutality exercised by -called "men" as outlined in our Redding tter, *and the actual offering of prizes for its couragement!* Kill the jays if you must, it don't torture them or their innocent stlings. Incidentally there is a great opportunity for good yeoman work by the Society r the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in d about Redding and we herewith respectlly direct its attention to that fact.

GOOD—ALL BUT THE JOKER

A GOOD-ON-THE-SURFACE but dubious-under-the-hide. bill to establish State me preserves in California is that one inoduced by Senator Caminetti, providing that

ny person, firm or corporation, owning and in ssession of patented lands in the State of Calinia, embracing an area of not less than one ndred and sixty acres, may trasfer, by an inument in writing duly acknowledged before an icer authorized under the laws of this State to ke acknowledgments, the right to preserve and otect all wild game on the land described therein r a period of not less than one year nor more an five years. Such instrument shall be filed the ate Board of Fish Commissioners; whereupon such ard shall declare the lands described in such strument a State game preserve, and thereafter r the period named therein shall for all purposes ating to the preservation and protection of wild me be under the control of said board. Such eserve shall be numbered in the order of the ng of the instrument or transfer thereof. A copy the declaration establishing the same shall, under e seal of said board, be issued to such people, n or copporation transferring the right thereof uring the period named in such instrument it all be unlawful for any person to hunt, pursue oot, take, kill or destroy any wild game within e exterior boundaries thereof. The State Board Fish Commissioners shall cause to be prepared table notices to be posted under its direction on ch State game preserve and such notice shall deribe the lands constituting the same, and shall ntain a warning to all persons to refrain for the riod named herein from violations of the provisions this act.

All State game preserves established under the ovisions of the act shall for all purposes of preserion and protection of wild game thereon be under e control and management of the State Board Fish Commissioners, and the said board, its icers and employes and all game wardens, may all times enter in and upon such preserves in the formance of their duties. The said board may ablish such regulations as may in its judgment necessary for the preservation and protection of e wild game on such preserves, and for that purse may direct and authorize game wardens or other officers to execute such regulations. All expenses incurred in carrying out these provisions shall be a charge against and paid out of the game preservation fund."

The second paragraph constitutes the joker. Under this accommodating clause the State Board of Fish Commissioners—that is, the chief deputy—can not only draw upon the State's game supply for the wherewithal to bountcously stock the preserves of his personal friends at the people's expense—preserves that from the very nature of the statute's requirement must be privately owned and possessed by the preservers, therefore not at any time accessible to and available by the general public—but he can "make such regulations as may in his judgment" et cetera be best for the personal good and private convenience of his favored friends.

Why, it may be pertinently asked, if the law is to be obeyed by the owners of these preserves in common with every one else and no especial privilege other than the restocking of their preserves is to be granted to them—why is it necessary to invest the Commission with such extraordinary powers in the matter? Its jurisdiction—which by the way logically and legally consists of only enforcing the laws and bringing about the punition of law-violators—would extend to such preserves in any event, and the act provides for the free and unhampered entree into such preserves by the proper officials, that is we should have said those "other officers" whom the chief deputy may deem "proper" to meddle with his autocracy.

Take out this joker and the law is all right. Some favored individuals would in the present course of things be indubitably enriched in the way of well-stocked preserves at the public cost, but the natural overflow from such preserves would more than make up for the initial damage sustained.

But make such preserves open at all times to any properly constituted peace officer's inspection, and see that the number of game birds passed over to stock such preserves do not exceed a stated number per acre each year, and that at least one-third of the increase be returned again yearly to the public domain.

The only "regulations" by the Commission that are at all necessary are those requiring the donee to properly feed and water the

birds entrusted to him by the State, and these can be made an invariable condition of the donation.

But this, for certain reasons well understood by the sportsmen at large, would not at all suit the ideas of the man behind the throne, and the bill in a shape amended to conform with the real requirements would assuredly meet with his opposition.

THE CHANGES IN OUR GAME LAWS

THE most important legislation enacted during the recent session of the California Legislature was the enactment of a license bill and the reduction of the bag limit on ducks from 50 to 35 birds daily. The text of the license law we reproduce in full below, so as to call particular attention to the vicious clause therein which exempts all owners or leasers of lands from the paying of a license to hunt on their own property. It is an unjust and unwise exemption and should result in the bill being vetoed by the Governor.

AN ACT

To Regulate and License the Hunting of Game Birds and Animals and to Provide Revenue Therefrom, for Game Preservation and Restoration and to Make Appropriation for the Purpose of Carrying Out the Objects of This Act.

The people of the State of California, represented in senate and assembly do enact as follows:

Section 1. Every person in the State of California, who hunts, pursues or kills any of the wild birds or animals, protected by the laws of this state, without first procuring a license therefor, as provided in this act, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Sec. 2. Licenses granting the privilege to hunt, pursue, or kill wild birds or animals, during the open season as fixed by law, shall be issued and delivered upon application, by the county clerk of any of the counties of this state, or by the state board of fish commissioners, which license shall be of aluminum or other suitable metal, circular in form, approximately two inches in diameter, and have stamped thereon the words: "Hunting License No. ———, State of California, expires June 30, 19—," with the registration number, and appropriate year stamped therein, which said licenses shall be prepared and furnished to the county clerks, and for their own disposition, by the state board of fish commissioners, which board shall take receipt therefor by number and quantity, from the several county clerks, and the county clerk shall be responsible therefor, and shall account for the same to the controller of state every three months after receipt thereof.

Sec. 3. The licenses herein provided for shall be issued as follows:

1st. To any citizen of the United States who is a bona fide resident of the State of California, upon the payment of one dollar.

2nd. To any citizen of the United States, not a bona fide resident of the State of California, upon the payment of ten dollars.

3rd. To any person not a citizen of the United States, upon the payment of twenty-five dollars.

Sec. 4. Every person applying for and procuring a license as herein provided shall give to the county clerk or state board of fish commissioners, his name and resident address, which information shall be by the clerk or board entered in a book kept for that purpose, and provided by said state board of fish commissioners, together with a statement of the date of issuance and number of the license issued to such person, and a description of such person, by age, height, race and color of the eyes and hair.

Sec. 5. All licenses issued as herein provided shall be valid, and shall authorize the person to whom issued, to hunt, pursue and kill game birds and animals during the open season fixed therefor by law, on and from the first day of July until the date of expiration stamped thereon, but no license shall continue in force for a period longer than one year.

Sec. 6. All moneys collected for licenses as provided herein, and all fines collected for violation of the provisions hereof, shall be paid into the state treasury and credited to the game preservation fund.

Sec. 7. Not more than one license shall be issued to any one person for the same fiscal year, except upon an affidavit by the applicant that the one issued has been lost or destroyed, and no license issued as herein provided shall be transferable or used by any other person than the one to whom it was issued.

Sec. 8. Every person having a license as provided herein, who while hunting or killing game, refuses to exhibit such license upon demand of any officer authorized to enforce the game laws of the state, or any peace officer of the state, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor; and every person lawfully having such license, who transfers or disposes of the same to another person to be used as a hunting license, shall forfeit the same.

Sec. 9. Every person violating any of the provisions of this act, shall, upon conviction thereof be punished by a fine of not less than ten, nor more than one hundred dollars, or by imprisonment in the country jail for a term of not less than ten, nor more than one hundred days, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

Sec. 10. There is hereby appropriated out of any moneys in the state treasury, not otherwise appropriated, the sum of five hundred dollars for the

urpose of carrying out the provisions of this act, be used by the state board of fish commis-oners for the printing and binding of suitable books nd blanks, required herein, and for the purchase the metal licenses, described herein. The state ntroller is hereby directed to draw his warrant r said amount in favor of said state board of fish ommissioners, at such times and in such amounts may be approved by the state board of examiners, nd the treasury is directed to pay the same.

Sec. 11. The provisions of this act shall not apply any person who on his own lands hunts, pursues kills any of the wild birds or animals protected the laws of this state.

Sec. 12. This act shall take effect and be in force and after July first 1907.

This bill will in reality allow every land wner to have a preserve of his own, pro-ected by the laws of the State and at the xpense of the State, and will also exempt e preserve club men from paying the license ee. One real step in advance is the reduc-on gained in the bag limit on ducks, and e reducing of the open season for killing oves from seven months to three, the open eason under the new bill being from July 5th to October 15th. In our estimation the eason should be perpetually closed on these armless and non-game birds.

Section 626j was amended to read as fol-ows:

"Every person who, owning, controlling or having n his possession, any dog or dogs, willfully suffers, ermits or allows said dog or dogs to run, track r trail any deer at any time, except a wounded eer, during the season that deer may be lawfully illed, is guilty of a misdemeanor."

This amendment is sheer rot and defeats ts own end. Nobody will dog anything but wounded" (!) deer hereafter.

Section 627b, which deals with the trans-ortation of game, was amended to prohibit he so-called "hunters" transportation com-panies," from acting as a "fence" for them-elves in the violation of the law. It reads s follows:

627b. Every common carrier which receives for hipment or transportation from, or which ships or ransports for, any one person during any one calen-lar day more than twenty-five quail, partridge, heasant, grouse, sage hen, dove, rail, snipe, curlew, his, plover, or other shore birds (*Limicolae*), or nore than thirty-five wild ducks, or which ships or ransports, or any person who offers for shipment or transportation, any of the said birds or any leer, or any deer meat, in any qualtity, unless such birds or deer or deer meat are at all times in open view and labeled with the name and residence of the person by whom they are shipped, is guilty of a misdemeanor; *provided* that nothing in this section contained shall be construed to permit any person to have in his possession any game or fish contrary to the provisions of this chapter, nor to permit any common carrier to have in its possession more than the above specified number of said birds during any one calendar day, though lawfully received, except during the shipment or transportation thereof.

A good amendment *if it be enforced.*

In the amendments of the fish laws, not so much progress was made. In fact the tendency was more to retrogression than to progression, and generally with the plain object of giving the market fishermen more days in which to ply their trade. The close season on lobsters, or crawfish, was shortened two months, and the size limit decreased from eleven inches to nine and one-half inches. This change is a bad one. The fact that lobsters are now selling for more than twice the price they brought two years ago should have suggested to reasoning minds the necessity of greater restrictions on their killing, and an increase instead of decrease of legal size.

The addition of a clause prohibiting the taking of abalones with diving paraphernalia is a much-needed measure, if the producers of these beautiful shells are to be preserved for the enjoyment of future generations. Their taking at all by aliens should have been likewise prohibited.

All efforts looking to the preservation of striped bass, through the placing of a close season on their killing, was fought bitterly by the State Fish Commissioners for reasons best known to themselves. Their scheme was to increase the size limit to five pounds, but the legislature could see no sense in placing a five pound limit on these fish when the commissioners made no consistent effort to enforce a three pound limit. The only valuable addition to the bass law therefore is the prohibition of their shipment from the State. But inasmuch as undersized striped bass have been shipped out of the State against the law by the thousands of pounds every month, the commission making little or no effort to stop it, it is hard to conceive what good this will accomplish.

The change in the trout season is a dubious one; true, it will allow the baby trout another

month of development before they are added to their fellows in the creel, and under the new law the season will not open until the first of May. It will close on the fifteenth of November. The addition of a size limit of five inches is also a desirable feature.

A limit of 50 steelheads per day is also a good measure, but will some of the great piscatorial logicians who worked and voted for its enactment explain wherein lies the logic, sense or necessity of a close season on steelhead trout between the "seventeenth day of September and the twenty-third of October?" The law prohibits the taking of steelhead by any means except with hook and line. Salmon on their fall run, and during the dates named, will *not* take the hook. And, inasmuch as the steelheads only follow the salmon run for the purpose of eating the salmon spawn, what makes for the protection of the salmon by the prohibition of the killing of another species that follow the salmon only to destroy its means of reproduction? A close season on golden trout until May 1st, 1909, is a wise provision.

The extension of the open season on salmon for seven days more during the month of September is in the interest of the canners, and is not justified by the present supply.

The intelligence of the late—but not much lamented—Legislature is shown in the many contradictory bills passed. The fish laws had their share of these. Senate Bill No. 113 provides that steelheads shall not be caught except with hook and line and not more than 50 in one day. This bill passed both houses. Assembly Bill No. 333, which also passed both houses, allows steelhead trout to be netted in any number. Senate Bill No. 113 provides that no net with less than a seven and a half inch mesh shall be used for taking salmon, shad or striped bass. This bill passed both houses. Yet the same solons in both houses passed Senate Bill No. 444 which provides that a five and a quarter inch mesh may be used for the taking of striped bass and shad. Another bill, which in its original form would have proved a good one, was spoiled at the dictation of the Fish Commission. The bill, as originally introduced by the representative of Santa Cruz County, where an excellent county fish hatchery is maintained, grants the supervisors of any county in the State the right to establish a county hatchery at the expense of the county. The amendment which shows the earmarks of a very small and jealous mind, makes it necessary for the Board of Supervisors of any county to secure permission from the Fish Commission before they can take spawn for the purpose of hatching fish to replenish their own waters.

Mr. Ludington's bill, which prohibits the use of a seine, net or trap for the taking of fish in San Diego Bay, is a timely move in the interest of the large pleasure-seeking population of the city of San Diego. So also is Mr. Wyatt's bill creating a preserve for shellfish and invertebrates in a portion of Monterey Bay.

While there is therefore a little to be thankful for, there is a great deal to be deplored. Under the rotten conditions maybe we ought to be thankful that we are allowed to be alive and so able to hunt and fish at all.

OUR COVER DESIGN

THE beautiful cover design used in this issue of Western Field is a photochrome reproduction of a painting by the eminent California artist, Mrs. Nellie B. Scott, to whose generosity we are indebted for its reproduction. We are certain that it will be fully appreciated by all lovers of the gentle art, whose "net results" are so exquisitely portrayed by this famous artist.

IN SOUTHERN WATERS

By Norman Densham

ROSPECTS for the coming yachting season in Southern California waters are bright indeed. The South Coast Yacht Club has opened its new club house on the bluff overlooking San Pedro outer harbor, the membership has nearly doubled since this time last year, all the local builders are busy with new racers and cruisers, and enthusiasm is shown by the regularity with which the club members put in an ap-
arance at the beach every Sunday.

The new club house is very complete and its in-
or arrangements are as appropriate as they are
venient. Its situation is one of the most charm-
features of the club house. Overlooking the
er harbor it commands a magnificent view of
and mountain. Beyond the harbor the broad
anse of Long Beach Bay stretches back to the
ant shore line, whence the hills, softly green in
r Spring covering, roll back to the snow capped
s of the San Bernardino Range glistening
nst the background of deep blue. Further to
south and west stretches the dim outline of
dina Island in picturesque contrast to the spark-
curve of sea lying below, and over all our bright
ter sun shining cheerfully to warm the heart
he yachtsman and make him glad that he lives
he real yachtsman's paradise.

he ground floor of the club house is divided into
main sections by a bulkhead running athwart-
Forward of it are the dining room and general
otion, reading and lounging room combined.
stairs lead up directly in front of the main en-
ce. To the left of the stairs is the big fire-
and beyond that a door leading through the
head into the smoking and card room. The
eads out of the smoking room and beyond this
are the kitchen and offices directly aft the
g room, to which there is a door through the
head.

stairs are bed rooms and bath rooms on the
d floor, while the third floor or attic is unpar-
titioned and acts as a big dormitory. The bed rooms are large enough to be convenient, but no space is wasted, and there is a wonderfully large amount of accommodation considering the dimensions of the building. The dormitory contains sixteen comfortable cot beds and is generally pretty well crowded on Saturday nights.

There is a wide veranda running along the front of the house, covered with a balcony, access to which is obtained from the second floor. This last affords a fine point of vantage from which to watch races, as the entire course is plainly visible.

The annual election of the club has been held and energetic officers elected. Commodore Sinclair, who won the trans-Pacific race to Honolulu last year, retired, and Victor Stewart was elected in his place. Mr. Stewart is one of the first members of the club and has always been a very keen yachtsman, besides always keeping himself well informed of what is going on in the yachting world generally.

Clement Hebeler was elected rear-commodore and is well fitted for the position. He is an Englishman and well traveled. He is a member of several clubs at home and has done quite a little sailing in different parts of the world. The last time he paid a visit to England he went on a wind-jammer, signing as a third mate; a man who will do this is bound to be a thorough water-dog and a good sportsman as well.

Algernon Best retains his position as secretary; his work during the past year has been unexceptionable and it is lucky for the club that he consents to continue the very arduous and thankless task of running this end of the club's business.

The racing outlook is bright. There are two recent additions to the racing fleet that are worthy of notice. Charles Fulton, of the firm of Fulton and Iverson, has designed and built a freak on the lines of Sally VII, one of the lake champions. She is not launched yet, so nothing is known of what her sailing qualities will be. She is intended to come within the thirty-foot class, but there are many pessimists who say that she will never make it.

This craft has a very long overhang both fore and

aft, and in each case has a slight concave running fore and aft. According to the present club racing rules, which are practically the same as those of the Corinthian Yacht Club of San Francisco, such a concave is heavily penalized and it is quite possible that she will have to race in the thirty-five-foot class. There is some talk, however, of adopting the universal measurement rule, which takes into consideration the weight and body of a boat. If this is done it is possible that it will enable Fulton's yacht to scrape into the thirty-foot class.

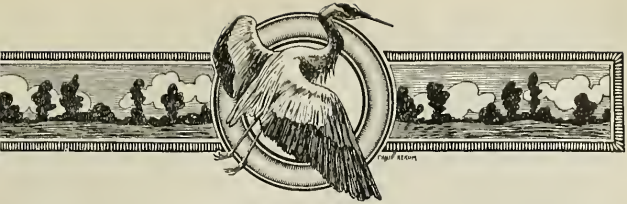
The other new arrival is the yacht "Diamond," formerly the "Yankee," which was bought by Messrs. Spruance and Bronson, well-known business men of Los Angeles, in Chicago. She is a freak of the scow type, lying very flat on the water and having a center board. She is very much after the style of the "Detroit," that won the Lipton Cup races off San Diego two years in succession. She is getting old now and the railway journey did her no good, but she is being fixed up and re-rigged and the yachtsmen are all much interested to see what she can do with the "Detroit" this year. The latter boat has had her center board removed and a fin-keel fitted instead. This was found necessary, as the timbers were pulling away from the center board casing and there was no other way to stop her from going to pieces. These waters are well suited to freak racers of this type and there are sure to be some exciting duels between these two boats.

During the Winter months, while most of the yachts are out of commission, the members of the club go in for "punt" racing. This is a very exciting form of sport and has gained more favor each succeeding year since it was first started. These "punts," as they are called, owing their resemblance to the English river punt, are twelve feet long and are fitted with a center board and a large lug sail. Each boat is the same size exactly and has the same amount of sail, so that the winning of a race depends entirely on the skill and good judgment of the man who is sailing them.

Cups are given by club members for the winner of each series of races. There are usually ten races in a series and it takes three Sundays to complete a series. The course is laid in the outer harbor below the club house, whence the races can be watched, and there is no more picturesque sight than to see these little craft skimming over the bay and nothing more exciting than to watch one's favorite as it bravely struggles for the lead.

Walter Folsom, owner of "Mischief II," last year's champion and winner of the Lipton Cup races off San Diego, was the champion punt sailor last season. This year the first series was won by Joe Fellows, the well-known yacht builder. Another series is now being sailed and honors are so evenly divided that it is impossible to foretell the winner.

People in Southern California are gradually awakening to the pleasures of yachting and to the fact that we have, perhaps, the finest waters in the world for sailing. It is, of course, possible to spend a fortune on a yacht, but by no means necessary. Any man of moderate means can afford to keep a small yacht, and business men of Los Angeles and the neighboring towns are finding out that they get more good relaxation and pleasure out of this form of sport than any other. Meanwhile the old-timers are as enthusiastic as ever and, with good sportsmen for members, money in the treasury, and recruits to the army of yachtsmen coming in every day, there is no reason why the South Coast Yacht Club should not become the leading organization of its kind on the Coast.



SPRAY FROM SPOKANE

Conducted by August Wolf

EVERY hope for the safety of John Ullery, better known as "Beaver Jack," the veteran Craig Mountain hunter and trapper, has been abandoned by searching parties exploring the drifts in the hills of northern Idaho. C. H. Blossom, "packer," in the employ of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company, brought word to Spokane a few days ago that the only clew to the whereabouts of the hunter ssing since last November, is the finding of the ck he used as a cane, in the snow a quarter mile m his mountain shack. The impression is that body is under the deep snow near the spot where stick was found. The drifts are now so deep that will be May or June before the ground is sufently cleared to continue the search. Friends of missing man are of the belief that he either met h an accident and succumbed to his wounds or elements, being unable to return to his cabin, or s set upon by wild beasts and killed.

* * *

Held captive by a pack of timber wolves, with temperature 40 degrees below zero, John Hill ttled the elements near Davidson, Saskatchewan, entire night recently, according to information ceived at Spokane, Wash., through trappers rening from the Northland.

Hill started with two homesteaders to get a load wood, and it was decided while the last two prored fuel, Hill should go on to Davidson for the il. Following a deep snowfall walking was heavy, d the man was overtaken by nightfall in the midst a blinding snowstorm and lost his way. His rs, fingers and part of his face were soon frozen d he sought shelter in a ravine and built a fire. hile sitting in front of the fire, Hill caught sight of blazing eyes of wolves. He shouted and threw ands of fire at the beasts. The wolves, growling d snarling, retreated a few paces. Hill, with his ck to the fire, sat through the long hours and th the approach of morning, when the storm subded, he saw a score of wolves on their haunches watching his actions. He was held a prisoner until daylight, when the wolves slunk off. Hill reached the nearest ranch, where his clothing had to be cut off, for it was frozen to his body. The toes of his left foot were amputated, but he will recover.

* * *

Reports received in Spokane, Wash., from Grand Forks, B. C., are that the settlers in the Christina Lake district are greatly agitated because of the scarcity of their favorite fish, called the kokanee. The latest advices from the lake are to the effect that these fish have suddenly vanished from the waters of the lake. Two reasons are advanced for the nonappearance of the fish this Winter, the first being that the wholesale fishing that has been carried on for many years in these waters has completely exhausted that particular kind of fish. The other reason is that the kokanee, being a deep water fish, spawned at a great depth and this winter does not come sufficiently near the surface to allow being caught. At present however, the black bass and the king fish are quite plentiful in the lake, but these fish do not sell as readily as the kokanee. It is reported that the Dominion government will provide a fresh supply of black bass for the lake for breeding purposes. Black bass deposited in the lake five years ago did remarkably well.

* * *

Game wardens in the State of Washington have recommended to the Legislature in session in Olympia that the first two weeks in November be open to quail shooting. The law now provides there shall be no shooting until 1908, but the wardens say the birds are so plentiful that an open season of two weeks will not greatly diminish the supply. The wardens also recommend that the open season for bass, pickerel, perch and pike shall be from April 1st to November 1st, instead of from May 1st to July 1st as at present. They are acting on the theory that bass is able to take care of itself. They insist that the law be changed so as to prohibit the taking of trout under five inches in length. They desire also that screens be provided for all irrigation ditches flowing from main rivers. The large number of irrigation projects in various parts

of eastern and central Washington makes the proposed screen law an absolute necessity to save the fish from the ditches.

* * *

Five hundred thousand brook trout fry from the government hatchery in Montana will be placed in eighteen streams in northern Idaho the coming spring. The names of the waters and the persons stocking them are appended: Hatwai Creek, S. O. Tanwahill; Mission, Clifford Riggs; Lapwai, J. B. West; Sweetwater, R. L. Pennell; Webb, E. L. Russell; Mason, C. E. Butler; Lolo, Jack O Neill; Fords, L. Stannus; Lawyers Canyon, J. M. Shaw; Clear, Leon Porter; Big Cedar, Lysle Hopkins; Little Cedar, Duke Robbins; Deer, Mr. Fitch; Big Canyon, Will H. Rugg; North Fork, William Rugg; South Fork; William Schultz; Middle Fork, C. M. Day; Meadow, R. C. Whitman. Reports upon the condition of the fish will be made in 1910.

* * *

Members of the Rod and Gun Club and the Commercial Club of Wenatchee, Wash., have prepared a bill for presentation to the Legislature by which it is sought to regulate trout fishing in Lake Chelan at the eastern slope of the Cascades. The measure provides there shall be no closed season, but that a day's catch for each person shall be limited to ten lake or fifty brook trout.

* * *

While in Spokane a short time ago, Charles L. Benson of Baker City, announced that legislation for adequate protection of game in the State of Oregon will be sought at the present session of the Legislature. The measure drafted at a meeting of sportsmen provides that all wild animals classed as game will have full protection, heavy penalties being set out for violation of any section of the law. It is provided that no elk shall be shot until 1910, the penalty ranging from $500 to $1000 for the killing of each animal, the informant in each instance receiving fifty per cent of the fine imposed.

* * *

Seven hundred dollars, derived from the sale of hunters' licenses is being expended by Sheriff Level and the Commissioners of Lincoln County, west of Spokane, in the purchase of game birds, and twelve dozen Bob White quail and three dozen Chinese pheasants will be liberated in a short time. The birds multiply rapidly in the Spokane country and as they are to have the protection of the Lincoln County Sportsmen's Association, they should increase to such extent in a few years that excellent sport will be provided throughout the regular season.

* * *

Dog-poisoning will be made a serious offense in the State of Washington if the measure prepared by attorneys F. C. Robertson and R. J. Danson at the instance of A. B. Jackson, Al. Wiesemann and Joseph Rudersdorf of Spokane, styling themselves "three of the biggest dog cranks in the Evergreen State," becomes a law. This will prohibit the setting out of poison for any purpose within the limits of any corporate city or town. Sportsmen and dog fanciers throughout the State favor the measure and will do everything to secure its passage. Valuable dogs have been killed by the indiscriminate use of poisons and in instances human life has been endangered by children picking up poison biscuits set out for animals it was sought to put out of the way.

* * *

Harry Draper of Spokane, has been invited by A. W. Bell, manager of the Winnipeg Industrial Fair, to send his sextet of man-hunting bloodhounds to the Manitoba city for exhibition next June. Should he accept it is proposed to make for the Canadians demonstrations of the facility with which these highly trained animals take up and follow the scent of the hunted person. It is given out that if the tests prove as satisfactory as they were in northeastern Oregon, where the animals were used in tracking desperadoes, the government may use bloodhounds to run down horsethieves and cattle rustlers.

* * *

Portland Lord Sholto Douglas I, a cocker spaniel owned by George Withrow of Arlington, Ore., was drowned in the Columbia River recently in going under the thin ice. The animal was among the foremost cocker spaniels in the Pacific Northwest, having taken first honors at Spokane, Portland and Salem shows, winning also the McCartney trophy at the Portland Kennel Club in 1905.

* * *

Sportsmen in the Coeur d'Alenes of northern Idaho are organizing local gun clubs to prepare representatives for the big tournament under the auspices of the Spokane Rod and Gun Club September 10-12, when it is expected to have some of the crack trapshooters from the Pacific Coast, as well as the East and Middle West, participate in the three days' shoot. The first club to organize in the mining belt was called into being at Mullan recently, those behind the movement being John Mocine, Charles Cartwright and M. Reno.

TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS OF THE CORONADO COUNTRY CLUB

By Arthur Inkersley

THE annual lawn tennis championship tournament of the Coronado Country Club began on Thursday morning, February 14th, on the cement courts of the Hotel Del Coronado. The list of players included Miss May Sutton and Miss Florence Sutton in the ladies' events; A. E. Bell, T. C. Bundy, N. B. Browne and S. M. Sinsabaugh in the men's competitions. Last year's champion, Grant Smith of San Francisco, and the runner-up, Percy Murdock, of Alameda, as well as Mrs. Bruce (formerly a Miss Sutton), and Miss Gabrella Dobbins, of Pasadena, to the regret of tennis-lovers, did not take part in this year's tournament. The absence of Grant Smith and Percy Murdock left the men's singles, men's doubles and the mixed doubles to the four Los Angeles players named above, who gave an excellent exhibition. Of course, Miss May Sutton, formerly woman champion of the United States and of Great Britain, was the center of attraction, and next to her, Miss Florence Sutton drew the spectators.

The tournament was set down for the 14th, 15th and 16th, but interruption by rain on the 16th caused the postponement of one or two of the events to Sunday, the 17th. Nearly all the events were brought down to the semi-final rounds on Friday afternoon, the final rounds being left for Saturday. The results in the *Men's Singles* were as follows:

First Round:

Sydney Morgan beat Hugh Allan, 6—0, 6—1.

S. M. Sinsabaugh beat A. H. Keeney, 6—2, 8—6.

T. C. Bundy beat Lieut. T. D. Parker, 6—3, 6—2.

Charles Sutton beat E. G. Galusha, 6—2, 6—1.

A. E. Bell beat Harold Parmelee, 6—1, 6—0.

J. O. Hammer beat J. F. Cassell by the default of the latter.

N. B. Browne beat Jeffrey Keyes, 6—2, 6—2.

Dr. J. R. Hardy (a brother of Sam and Sumner Hardy), drew the bye.

In the second round Sinsabaugh beat Morgan, 6—3, 6—0.

Bundy beat Sutton,, 7—5, 6—2.

Bell beat Hammer by default.

Browne beat Hardy, 6—0, 6—1.

In the semi-final round Bundy beat Sinsabaugh, 6—3, 6—4.

Bell beat Browne, 4—6, 6—1, 6—0.

The final round between Bundy and Bell proved productive of some good tennis. As the time was shortened by rain, it was arranged to play the best of three sets instead of five, as set down on the programme. Bundy won the first set and Bell the second, making the score "set all," but Bundy took the third set, the match and the men's championship in singles. The score was 7—5, 3—6, 6—3. Bundy's name will be engraved on the handsome championship trophy, of which he will receive a silver replica. Bell, as runner-up, will receive the gold medal of the Coronado Country Club. Sinsabaugh and Browne, who were beaten in the semi-final round, will receive, one a silver medal and the other a bronze one.

In the *Ladies' Singles* the results were as follows:

First Round:

Miss May Sutton beat Mrs. J. O. Hammer by default.

Miss Fenton beat Mrs. Ely, 6—4, 6—0.

Miss Florence Sutton beat Miss Beckwith, 6—1, 6—1.

Miss Balch drew the bye.

Second Round:

Miss May Sutton beat Miss Fenton, 6—0, 6—0.

Miss Florence Sutton beat Miss Balch, 6—1, 6—1.

Miss May Sutton and Miss Florence Sutton met in the final round on Saturday, and, though the result was inevitable, the play was interesting. Miss Florence Sutton, though there is no human probability of her winning a set from her formidable sister, plays a game that looks scarcely inferior to Miss May's. She makes many excellent returns, and plays with a grim determination that is quite astonishing. If one did not watch the score closely, the game might seem to be almost even, yet Miss May nearly always makes the point. Another noteworthy feature of the play is that Miss May never lets up or takes things easily. Se has no compunction about winning every game and never permits her sister to take one if she can possibly help it. She crushes her opponents absolutely flat. No weak idea of letting her sister win a game now and then to encourage her or make defeat less annihilating ever crosses her mind. No doubt, her brilliant play is largely due to this characteristic.

Whenever Miss May Sutton appears in public, one hears people ask what land gave her birth. Her voice and manner clearly proclaim her to be an English girl, as in fact she is, being the daughter of a British naval officer and having been born in Plymouth, England. Of course, the Sutton girls are constantly claimed as native-born Californians, it being assumed that no other country in the world could produce such brilliant performers. When it is shown that the daughters of a British father and mother, born in an English town, can hardly be said to be Californians, it is then asserted that their skill in tennis is due to their residence in California, the climate of which renders it possible to play all the year round. This sounds more plausible as an ex-

Photo by Fitch, San Diego

Miss May Sutton and A. E. Bell vs. Miss Florence Sutton and S. W. Sinsabaugh

planation of their skill, but even this will not bear close examination. The constant practice permitted by the mild winters of California is a great advantage, but is more than offset by a serious disadvantage, viz.: the lack of opponents of equal skill. Unless Miss May Sutton had the good fortune to have sisters who are as keen about the game as she is, she would not play the game she does. But her sisters are her only opponents and she stands head and shoulders above them. It is almost certain that, had she lived all her life in her native land, she would have been an even stronger player than she is for there she would have had players of equal or greater skill constantly available as opponents. A certain amount of skill in any game may be developed by constant practice against almost any opponent, but skill of the highest sort is produced only by frequent opportunities of playing against the strongest adversaries. To lack such opponents is a misfortune that cannot be compensated by climatic advantages, however great.

Miss May Sutton. (International Champion)

As victor in the Ladies' Singles Miss May Sutton wins a silver replica of the championship trophy and will have her name engraved on the trophy for the second time. She has now won the 1906 and 1907 Coronado championships and one more victory will make the trophy hers.

Miss Florence Sutton, as runner-up, wins a gold medal and Miss Fenton and Miss Balch, who played in the semi-final round, capture a silver medal and a bronze medal.

In the first round of the *Men's Doubles* Bell and Bundy beat Morgan and Allan, 6—2, 6—0; Morgan and Keyes beat Hardy and Mills, 7—5, 6—1; Sutton and Galusha defeated Lacey and Mooney, 6—1, 6—0, and Sinsabaugh and Brown won from Keeney and Parmelee, 6—1, 6—0.

In the semi-final round Bell and Bundy beat Morgan and Keyes, 6—4, 6—2, and Sinsabaugh and Brown won from Sutton and Galusha, 6—1, 6—0.

The final round proved a close and interesting contest. Bell and Bundy were beaten in the first set by Sinsabaugh and Browne; they won the second set, making the score "set all"; lost the third and won the fourth, making the score "two sets all"; won the fifth and the match. Bell and Bundy won silver medals; Sinsabaugh and Browne captured bronze medals.

In the *Mixed Doubles* Miss Florence Sutton and S. M. Sinsabaugh won by the default of J. O. Hammer and Mrs. Hammer; Miss Beckwith and Lieut. T. D. Parker won from Miss Balch and Hugh Allan, 5—7, 6—3, 6—3; Miss Fenton and J. Lacey beat Mrs. Ely and T. Mooney, 7—5, 6—3; Miss May Sutton and A. E. Bell beat Charles Sutton and partner by default.

In the semi-final round Miss Florence Sutton and

Sinsabaugh beat Miss Beckwith and Parker, 5—7' 6—3, 6—3; Miss May Sutton and Bell defeated Miss Fenton and Lacey, 6—1, 6—1.

In the final round played on Saturday morning Miss May Sutton and A. E. Bell defeated Miss Florence Sutton and S. M. Sinsabaugh, 6— , 6—0. The winners received a silver prize apiece and the runners-up won a racket each.

In the *Men's Consolation Singles* Allan, Keeney and Parker drew byes; Galusha beat Hardy, 8—6, 6—1; Morgan, Sutton, Keyes and Parmelee drew byes. In the first round Keeney beat Allan, 6—1, 6—1; Galusha beat Parker, 6—3, 6—1; Morgan beat Sutton, 6—1, 6—2; and Keyes defeated Parmelee, 6—3, 6—0. In the semi-final round Keeney beat Galusha, 6—0, 6—4, and Morgan beat Keyes, 6—3, 6—4. The final round was played on Sunday morning, Morgan beating Keeney, 6—1, 6—4, and winning a handsome racket.

In the *Ladies' Consolation Singles* Mrs. Ely beat Miss Balch, 6—4, 6—3, and Miss Beckwith drew a bye. In the final round Mrs. Ely beat Miss Beckwith, 6—0, 6—1, and captured a cup as a trophy.

Heavy rain fell early on Saturday morning, but the courts were swept and dried sufficiently to permit play to begin about 9:30. At 11 more rain fell and play was abandoned till the afternoon. The courts were swept and were dry enough for play to be resumed about 3 o'clock. On account of the loss of time, the final round of the *Men's Singles*, as already stated was decided by the best of three instead of the best of five games.

The whole tournament was under the auspices of the Southwestern Tennis Association and under the management of a committee consisting of William Clayton, Paul H. Schmidt, Griffing Bancroft and Edgar A. Luce. It was conducted in the generous and liberal manner in which all the undertakings of the Coronado Country Club are carried out and was enjoyed greatly, both by contestants and spectators. Incidentally it furnished an example of the interest people feel in seeing people of note. The grandstand was crowded with spectators whenever the Misses Sutton played, while the excellent tennis in the final round of the Men's Doubles passed almost unnoticed. But comparatively few people know enough of the details of the game to watch it with intelligence, whereas everybody likes to see some one of whom much has been said and printed. It is a tribute to the value of printer's ink.

On Saturday night a dinner was given to the contestants and a few others in the breakfast room of the

Miss Florence Sutton

Hotel Del Coronado. The table was decorated with white carnations and sprays of smilax—green and white being the colors of the Coronado Country Club. In the middle of the table a miniature tennis court was marked out with narrow ribbons for the lines, small figures on either side of the net representing Miss May Sutton and Mrs. Ely playing against Miss Florence Sutton and Miss Fenton. The name cards at each plate were in the shape of tennis rackets. During the evening the championship trophies, medals, etc., were displayed. Those present were, Mrs. Ely, Paul H. Schmidt and Mrs. Schmidt, G. S. Garrett and Mrs. Garrett, A. E. Bell and Mrs. Bell, S. M. Sinsabaugh and Miss Sinsabaugh, A. H. Keeney and Mrs. Keeney, Miss May Sutton, Miss Florence Sutton, Miss Fenton, Miss Balch, Miss Pauly, Miss Beckwith, Charles Sutton, Lieut. T. D. Parker, J. Mooney, Nat Browne, T. C. Bundy, Hugh Allan E. A. Luce, E. G. Galusha.

GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE CORONADO COUNTRY CLUB

By Arthur Inkersley

THE third annual competition for the men's golf championship of the Coronado Country Club began on the Coronado Beach course on Monday, February 4th. Twenty-four entries were received and all but two of these took part in the qualifying round over eighteen holes, medal score. The morning was dull and overcast, but the air was warm and the conditions were favorable to good golf. The players went round the course paired as follows: W. H. Eaton, of Chicago, and Thomas P. Mumford, of Pasadena; W. J. Boardman, of Washington, D. C., and George Sturges, of Chicago; A. B. Daniels, of Denver, and E. J. Shipman, of New York; F. B. Cossitt, of Coronado, and M. K. Waters, of New York; J. F. Taylor, of Chicago, and A. J. Brander, of San Francisco; J. Atkinson, of Chicago, and W. L. Thurston, of Lancaster, Mass.; Captain J. S. Sedam, of Denver, and George Booth, of La Jolla; Paul H. Schmidt, of San Diego, and N. E. Barker, of Chicago; Dr. W. S. Harban, of Washington, D. C., and H. Sherman, of Chicago; Major W. Maize, of San Diego, and Alexander Reynolds, of San Diego; Thomas J. Royce, of New York, and Harold Pearce, of Denver.

The score for each round and the totals for the two rounds, with the resulting positions of the players, are shown in the table:

Golf Championship of Coronado Country Club
Qualifying Rounds.

Competitors	First Round	Second Round	Total	Position
Dr W. S. Harban	40	42	82	1
T. P. Mumford	40	43	83	2
A. B. Daniels	44	39	83	2
George Booth	46	38	84	4
W. J. Boardman	44	42	86	5
Alexander Reynolds	46	40	86	6
Thomas J. Royce	44	43	87	7
M. K. Waters	46	42	88	8
George Sturges	50	40	90	9
W. L. Thurston	42	48	90	10
N. E. Barker	49	44	93	11
W. H. Eaton	47	47	94	12
Harold Pearce	45	49	94	13
F. B. Cossitt	53	46	99	14
Major W. Maize	48	57	99	15
A. J. Brander	52	49	101	*
J. Atkinson	48	53	101	*
Captain J. S. Sedam	50	51	101	16
H. Sherman	49	53	102	..
Paul H. Schmidt	52	54	106	..
J. F. Taylor	58	51	109	..
E. J. Shipman	62	55	117	..

As shown by the above table, Dr. W. S. Harban returned the lowest score in the qualifying round and won the gold medal of the Coronado Country Club. A. J. Brander, J. Atkinson and Captain J. S. Sedam tied for sixteenth place with 101 each, but the first two named retiring, Captain Sedam obtained sixteenth place. The best rounds made were A. B. Daniels' second (39) and George Booth's second (38).

The sixteen took part in the first match play rounds on Tuesday, February 5th, being paired according to the basis of their standing in the qualifying round, Number 1 against Number 9, Number 5 against Number 13, and so on. The day was brilliant and the weather almost too warm for golf. The play proved remarkably true to the form shown in the qualifying rounds, for in every instance the player who stood higher in the list defeated his opponent who occupied a lower place. Dr. W. S. Harban, who was first in the qualifying round, beat George Sturges, who was ninth, 5 up and 4 to play; W. J. Boardman, who was fifth, beat Harold Pearce, who was thirteenth, 2 up 1 to play; A. B. Daniels, who was third, beat N. E. Barker, who was eleventh, 5 up 4 to play; Thomas J. Royce, who was seventh, beat Major W. Maize, who was fifteenth, 6 up 5 to play; Thomas P. Mumford, who was second, beat W. L. Thurston, who was tenth, 4 up 3 to play; Alexander Reynolds, who was sixth, beat F. B. Cossitt, who was fourteenth, 7 up 6 to play; Frank Booth, who was fourth, beat W. H. Eaton, who was twelfth, 5 up 3 to play; and M. K. Waters, who was eighth, beat captain J. S. Sedam, who was sixteenth, 5 up 4 to play. It is noticeable that only one match, that between W. J. Boardman and Harold Pearce, proved to be at all close.

The eight winners in the first round entered the second match play round on Wednesday, the 6th, Dr. U. S. Harban beating W. J. Boardman, 6 up 4 to play; A. B. Daniels beating Thomas J. Royce, 3 up 2 to play; Alexander Reynolds defeating Thomas P. Mumford, 2 up 1 to play; and Merrill K. Waters winning from Frank Booth by the handsome margin of 7 up 6 to play. Waters' medal score for his second round was 41. The morning was somewhat foggy and a light breeze blew part of the time. Mr. W. J. Boardman of Washington, D. C., who was beaten by Dr. W. S. Harban of the same city, is a fine example of the value of golf as a recreation for old men. Though seventy-five years of age, he took fifth place in the qualifying round, his score being only four strokes higher than the best, and won his match in the first round. He played daily and got a

Photo by Hallett-Taylor Co. M. K. Waters (1907 Coronado Champion)

great amount of healthful and pleasurable exercise from the game.

The four winners in the second round played the semi-final round on Thursday, the 7th, A. B. Daniels beating W. S. Harban, 5 up 3 to play, and Merrill K. Waters winning from Alexander Reynolds, 5 up 4 to play. In the Daniels-Harban match Daniels played a strong game, being dormie 4 at the fourteenth hole. As Daniels won the hfteenth hole, the match ended there, but the opponents played out the eighteen holes. Daniels' medal score was as follows:

First Round .....4, 3, 3, 5, 4, 4, 7, 3, 4—37
Second Round .....4, 3, 4, 4, 4, 4, 6, 4, 4—37

Total for eighteen holes.....74

The match between M. K. Waters and Alexander Reynolds ended at the fourteenth hole. Waters' medal score was as follows:

First Round .....5, 2, 4, 4, 6, 5, 5, 3, 5—39
Second Round .....4, 4, 4, 5, 4, ...

The final match was played between M. K. Waters and A. B. Daniels on Friday, the 8th, the weather being very bright and warm. It was over thirty-six holes, eighteen being played in the morning and eighteen in the afternoon. Waters started out with a lead and was never caught. He played a strong game, driving a long and straight ball, approaching well and putting accurately. In the first round Waters won the first, sixth, seventh and eighth holes, losing only in the third and halving the second, fourth, fifth and ninth, where he was 3 up. In the second round he halved the first, lost the second and third, won the fourth, lost the fifth, won the sixth and seventh and halved the eighth and ninth. At the eighteenth hole he was 3 up. After luncheon a small "gallery" of guests from the Hotel Del Coronado followed the players round the course. In the third round Waters neither gained nor lost, being 3 up at the 27th hole. In the fourth round he halved the 28th, won the 29th and 30th, halved the 31st, being dormie 5. He won the 32nd, so that the match ended 6 up 4 to play in his favor.

M. K. Waters is a young man of 25 or 26 years, and plays in excellent form. Last year he won the championship of the State of Vermont on the links of the Ekwanok Country Club at Manchester, W. He captured the 1907 golf championship of the Coronado Country Club and will have his name engraved on the big hammered silver pitcher which constitutes the championship trophy. This trophy was won in 1905 by Walter Fairbanks of Denver, who has been champion of Southern California and runner-up for the championship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association. In 1906 it was won by James Gardner of Coronado. The champion of each year receives a solid silver replica of the championship trophy, which must be won three times by the same golfer before becoming his property. A. B. Daniels of Denver, as runner-up, wins a silver medal of the Coronado Country Club.

The course of the Coronado Country Club was in excellent condition, the greens being truer than they have ever been. A notable fact about the championship tournament of 1907 was that all the matches, except two, were won by large margins, only two being as close as 2 up 1 to go. The tournament, though it did not produce close contests, was much enjoyed, and three of the four players who reached

Photo by Hallett-Taylor Co. A. B. Daniels (Runner-up)

Thos. P. Mumford

Alexander Reynolds

the semi-final round won a trophy, Waters winning the replica of the championship trophy, Daniels a silver medal and Dr. Harban a gold medal. In the qualifying round Alexander Reynolds of the San Diego Country Club made exactly the same score (86) as he did last year, but in 1906 he captured the medal for lowest score, whereas in 1907 four players beat him and one tied with him. The tournament was under the management of a committee consisting of N. E. Barker, Alexander Reynolds, A. J. Brander and Paul H. Schmidt. The full details of the match play are given in the table, the figures to the left indicating the position of the players in the qualifying rounds:

MEN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE CORONADO COUNTRY CLUB.

Position	First Round	Second Round	Semi-Final Round	Trial Round	Winner
1	W. S. Harban	Harban	Harban	Daniels 5 and 3	Waters—6 and 4
9	George Sturges	5 and 4			
5	W. J. Boardman	Boardman	6 and 4		
13	Harold Pearce	2 and 1			
3	A. B. Daniels	Daniels	Daniels 3 and 2		
11	N. E. Barker	5 and 4			
7	Thomas Royce	Royce			
15	Major Maize	6 and 5			
2	T. P. Mumford	Mumford	Reynolds 2 and 1	Waters 5 and 4	
10	W. L. Thurston	4 and 3			
6	Alex. Reynolds	Reynolds			
14	F. B. Cossitt	7 and 6			
4	Frank Booth	Booth	Waters 7 and 6		
12	W. H. Eaton	5 and 3			
8	M. K. Waters	Waters			
16	J. S. Sedam	5 and 4			

The third annual competition for the Women's Golf Championship of the Coronado Country Club began on February 11th. Fourteen ladies had entered, but either the heat of the day or some other inscrutable reason caused six of them to drop out, only eight taking part in the qualifying round over eighteen holes. The scores and resulting position of the competitors are given in the table:

WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP. QUALIFYING ROUNDS.

Competitors	First Round	Second Round	Total	Position
Mrs. F. W. Jackson.....	47	50	97	1
Mrs. Herbert Munn.....	51	46	97	1
Mrs. Heber Ingle.....	50	58	108	3
Mrs. Geo. Sturges.....	51	58	109	4
Mrs. S. Sturges.....	53	62	115	5
Mrs. G. S. Garrett.....	57	60	117	6
Mrs. R. B. Thomas....	58	60	118	7
Mrs. John Hawley, Jr...	71	68	139	8

As the table shows, Mrs. Herbert Munn of the Coronado Country Club and Mrs. F. W. Jackson of the San Diego Country Club tied for lowest score, for which a gold medal of the Coronado Country Club was offered. As only eight ladies took part in the qualifying round, all qualified. In the first match round, played on Tuesday, the 12th, the competitors were paired on the basis of their standing in the qualifying round. Mrs. F. W. Jackson beat Mrs. Solomon Sturges' of Chicago, 8 up 6 to play; Mrs. Heber Ingle won by the default of Mrs. R. B. Thomas; Mrs. Herbert Munn won from Mrs. G. S. Garrett of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club,

Mesdames Jackson and Ingle
(Semi-finalists)

Mesdames Munn and Sturges
(Semi-finalists)

3 up 2 to play, and Mrs. George Sturges of Chicago won by the default of Mrs. John Hawley, Jr. The match between Mrs. Munn and Mrs. Garrett was quite close, Mrs. Garrett being 1 up at the eighth hole and all square at the ninth. In the second round Mrs. Munn took the 10th, and the 11th was given up by Mrs. Garrett; the 12th was taken by Mrs. Garrett; the 13th was halved; the 14th was given up by Mrs. Garrett, who was now 2 down; the 15th was halved; the 16th was taken by Mrs. Munn, who won 3 up 2 to go.

Photo by
Hallett-Taylor Co.

W. J. Boardman

Dr. W. S. Harban
(Semi-finalist)

In the semi-final round, played on Wednesday, the 13th, Mrs. F. W. Jackson beat Mrs. Heber Ingle 8 up 7 to play, and Mrs. Munn beat Mrs. George Sturges 4 up 3 to go. As had been expected from the beginning of the tournament, Mrs. F. W. Jackson and Mrs. Herbert Munn were left in the final round, which was over 36 holes, eighteen in the morning and eighteen in the afternoon of Thursday, the 14th. Mrs. Munn won the first hole and was 1 up at the end of the first round, the medal scores of both ladies being 51. In the second round Mrs. Munn won four holes and halved all the rest, making her 5 up on the eighteen holes. After luncheon Mrs. Jackson played more strongly, gaining two holes in the third round and reducing Mrs. Munn's lead to 3 up. In the fourth round Mrs. Munn won the 28th, lost the 29th, won the 30th and 31st, making her dormie 5. The 32nd was taken by Mrs. Munn, who won the match, 6 up 4 to go.

The score, hole by hole, was as follows:

First Round:

Mrs. Munn .....5, 3, 7, 5, 5, 7, 9, 4, 6—51
Mrs. Jackson .....6, 3, 4, 6, 5, 6, 9, 4, 8—51

Second Round:

Mrs. Munn .....5, 3, 4, 5, 6, 5, 6, 4, 7—45
Mrs. Jackson .....5, 4, 5, 5, 6, 6, 7, 4, 7—49

Third Round:

Mrs. Munn .....5, 4, 5, 5, 5, 6, 8, 4, 7—49
Mrs. Jackson .....6, 3, 4, 6, 5, 6, 8, 3, 5—46

Fourth Round:

Mrs. Munn .....5, 4, 4, 5, 5, .
Mrs. Jackson .....6, 3, 5, 6, 6, ...

Mrs. Herbert Munn thoroughly deserved her victory, her play being strong, steady and consistent. She is the 1907 woman golf champion of the Coronado Country Club and will have her name engraved on the hammered silver pitcher which is the championship trophy. On it are the names of Miss Rosamond Saltonshall of Boston, champion of 1905, and of Miss Jarecki, champion in 1906. Mrs. Munn will receive a silver replica of the championship trophy. Mrs. F. W. Jackson, as runner-up, wins a silver medal of the Coronado Country Club, as she did last year, when she was runner-up to Miss Jarecki. Mrs. Jackson is a tall, vigorous woman and drives a long ball, but has not quite the stamina for a close and grilling contest.

Mrs. Munn and Mrs. Jackson at the time of writing (February 24th) still have to play off the tie for lowest score in the qualifying round. This will be done on some day on which a handicap tournament for ladies is being played, the same scores being counted as the play-off of the tie. The winner will receive a gold medal of the Coronado Country Club.

The annual match play handicap tournament for men began on the course of the Coronado Country Club on March 4th, and a similar event for women on March 11th.

FOX-HOUNDS—ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BRED

By R. Clapham

HAVING read sundry articles of late on fox-hounds and fox-hunting by American writers, it seems to me that the English fox-hound is in need of someone to put in a good word for him.

As my readers are no doubt aware, I am myself a native of the "old sod" across the "herring-pond," where everything in connection with the breeding, training and hunting of hounds has been brought to a far greater state of perfection than in any other country.

In this article I only allude to the legitimate sport of hunting, as carried on in the East, in Kentucky and the Southern states, where Reynard is hunted and killed by the hounds alone, without the assistance of shot or bullet to bring him to hand.

Many Southern and other hunters despise anything which can be called English in connection with hounds, many of them claiming that their so-called "true American" hounds have better qualities than the English hounds. In the first place, they will find by delving into ancient hound lore and history, that there is no such thing as a true American hound in a class by itself. American-bred hounds there are in plenty, showing a greater or less degree of English blood in their veins, but they are, as are all American sporting dogs, the direct descendants of English parents.

I think I hear a roar of disapproval from many American hunters when they read these lines, yet I do not wish for a moment to cast a slur on their favorites, rather do I wish to get their opinions on the subject also, for being but a "human" I am not infallible on the subject.

It is claimed, especially in Kentucky, that the English hounds soon become sore-footed, are lacking in pace and nose, and also are wanting in stamina, when put alongside their American cousins. Now, it is on just these points which I differ with your Southern huntsmen.

Not having hunted in Kentucky, I cannot claim to have had personal experience of that country, but in the woods of northern Ontario and the grass lands and moorlands of England, I have hunted and followed hounds since I could get around at all. Kentucky and the South no doubt can claim to have some pretty rough country over which their different packs run, yet I doubt if hounds ever run over much worse going, especially where cliffs and rocks are concerned, than in the English Lake district.

The American claims that his hounds have to take an old trail, hunt it until the fox is finally unkenneled, and then hunt the line maybe for half a day or more unassisted by the huntsman, before Reynard is run to ground or brought to hand. It is in this style of hunting that the English hound is considered wanting, as being deficient in nose and stamina during a long run.

Here, again, I beg to differ. Take any of the hounds from the Lakeland packs, hunting the moors and crags of Cumberland and

Westmoreland, import them, acclimatize them, and with their own huntsman or someone they can trust, I will bet a new copper horn to an old dog-collar, that they will run into just as many red or gray foxes as the American hounds will. The American make this mistake: He imports hounds from the English Midlands and the crack counties, where they do things very quickly; lifting hounds and pressing their fox all they know, and it is seldom that the pack gets an old-fashioned hunting run, when they have to come to their noses. He takes one or more of these hounds and turns them straight into his woodland and rough country, expecting them to adopt his methods all at once. An English hound would certainly look with awe upon the new order of things, until he got fairly settled down, but afterwards he should hunt as fast and long as his American cousins.

Another thing is, that the English hound comes from a kennel where the science of conditioning and feeding has been brought to a fine art, but when he joins the "scratch" packs in the States, his condition is then pretty well allowed to run riot, when compared to the state of affairs at home.

In some parts of England, hounds are perhaps too heavy in bone to hunt a very rough country, but there are plenty of quick, handy packs, without an ounce of useless lumber about them, which will hunt in any style of country, provided they are hunted in accordance with the new order of things.

Take the Devon and Somerset country, composed of very rough going; huge woodlands, streams, ravines, moorland and marsh, where the big fox-hounds hunt and bring the wild red deer to bay, traveling faster than any of the American fox-hounds ever travel—and yet the Southerners say they have not enough pace and stamina! Again, take the Lake country, where the going is rougher still, mountains, moorland, cliffs, rocks and screes, where hounds hunt entirely alone and unassisted, and where runs of twenty miles have been often recorded, and yet they are said to lack nose, speed and stamina. They may be hunting at one time in blinding rain or snow, and again when the ground is dry and dusty, but yet they bowl over the wild hill-foxes better than their cross-bred brethren in the States could ever do.

As to pace, whoever has seen the Belvoir, Quorn or Cottesmore hounds get away on the back of their fox on a good scenting day, must admit that for pace and action over a country the English fox-hound is par excellence the poetry of motion.

Again, as to lack of nose: that is purely a fallacy. I have hunted with otter-hound packs composed of pure rough coated otter-hounds, and pure bred fox-hounds drafted from the crack packs as too slow, on account of age and work. Starting at six or seven in the morning, I have seen these same fox-hounds, once members of a very fast pack, hunt a cold otter trail up the banks and sandy bed of a stream for two hours before our otter was started, and then hunt him, in water and out, for three and four hours, beating the true otter-hounds for nose, both on a cold trail and on a hot scent; showing how the well-bred fox-hound can accustom himself to either a fast burst or a long, steady hunt when his nose is much in requisition. Time and again have I seen it, and better authorities than myself will back me up here, I know. As to stamina, one has but to look up the records of the Lake district packs, to see the immense distances covered by these hounds.

The Ullswater, the Bleucathra and other packs—many of whose hounds are the direct descendants of John Peel's hounds—will hunt and kill foxes in the roughest country that anyone cares to put them in, just so long as the foxes keep above ground at all.

I was much interested in the hound trials held some time ago, between the American-bred and English packs, yet the contest was anything but satisfactory, as regards judging the merits of the two kinds of hounds. Such a well-known authority as Gen. Roger D. Williams contends that the American-bred hounds have the legs, nose and stamina of their English cousins "beat a mile" in this country, yet I think, if properly handled and hunted, I would put my modest bet upon the Englishman every time.

Some hunting man should take a couple of his American pack over to England, where, according to the American idea, the

going is good and hounds are racing in the open all the time, and I think he would find that his "scratch" pack would be hopelessly outclassed.

Some Americans I know favor the English hounds in their packs, and they kill foxes with them, too; but the "scratch" packs of long-eared, deep-mouthed, babbling hounds which hang on the scent instead of holding a "good head" and pressing their fox at some time during the run, are as much fit to compete with their well-bred brethren of England, as a tortoise is in a race with a hare.

Import the light hounds from the northern packs, give them plenty of road work during the summer to harden their feet, and they will run and kill foxes with the very best of the American-bred hounds.

I guess American hunters will now proceed to hunt me for thus expressing an opinion, but I am ready to listen to their side of the question, too. I honor them as good sportsmen, and honor their hounds which hunt their rough country, and from the bottom of my heart wish them, in the words of the old hunting toast,

"Horses sound and hounds healthy,
Earths well stopped and foxes plenty."

UNFORTUNATE LEGISLATION

THE sleight-of-hand move by which a few bosses succeeded in incorporating the American Kennel Club and shutting out the rest of dogdom, must have been very raw indeed when Jim Watson, for many years one of the henchmen of the gang, is compelled to revolt. This is the way Watson views the matter as stated in Recreation under the caption of "Unfortunate Legislation":

"The incorporators who managed the business of depriving the clubs which comprise the American Kennel Club of their rights, so carefully safeguarded by the old constitution, could only have had their own collective support for what they have done, as the papers have combined with delegates of all shades in condemning the proceedings. Mr. Carnochan even states that he was not fully advised as one of the incorporators as to what was being put forward at the meeting which forced through the new constitution. It is extremely doubtful if Mr. Hollis Hunnewell was fully advised of what was being done, and it is positively certain that Mr. Brooks, chairman of the Committee on Constitution and Rules, to whom the entire matter should have been referred, could not have known. The case was so plain that the simple statement of what had been done carried conviction, so that we have fortunately been spared the infliction of personalities which far too often mar kennel discussions. A careful examination of the appointments of far Western club delegates rather points to efforts being made for the control of the club by Spaniel Club members. If not, then the California clubs have unwittingly acted with singular unanimity regarding the selection of delegates. Be that as it may, I know as a positive fact that a prominent A. K. C. official has been giving advice on the subject of appointing delegates, and the advice from him was for the appointment of a Spaniel Club member."

The so-called management of the American Kennel Club has for years run things with a high hand, but from the reports of the daily papers, the comments of the kennel press, and the stenographic report of the warm time had at the February meeting as published in the Kennel Gazette, it looks as if the arrogance of the bosses had overreached itself by a stride sufficient to plunge it in the mire. Inasmuch as there is quite a large sum of money in the treasury of the old American Kennel Club, which the eight incorporators of the "American Kennel Club (inc.)" has appropriated to itself, the threats to carry the matter to the courts will most likely be realized.

ARTHUR LETS, of the Broadway Department Store of Los Angeles is still importing collies. His latest acquisition from across the big pond is "Squire of Holmby." The Squire reached Los Angeles just in time to annex the special for the best collie in the show. With this new acquisition Mr. Lets must now have a string of collies fit to show in the hottest company.

THE San Francisco Kennel Club has announced that it will hold its ninth annual show on April 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th. The location selected is the Chutes. George Raper of England is to be the judge of all breeds. Entries are to close on April 18th. The club announces that a good list of special prizes have been secured.

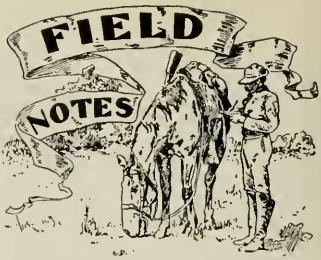
ALEXANDER B. TRUMAN

SINCE the last issue of Western Field went to press, one of the pioneer fanciers of the State, Alec Truman, as he was known all over the Coast, has passed to the unknown. Alec was a born fancier of the canine race, and loved a dog of any breed with the intensity of the true fancier. He leaned specially to the Irish setter and the pointer, though during recent years he owned a number of English setters. Truman brought to the Coast that splendid Irish setter bitch, Lady Elcho T., which developed into one of the most perfect types of the Irish setter in America. Later he brought to the Coast the fine bench-winner, Dick Swiveler, and the blood of these two and their descendants can be traced in the veins of most of the Irish setters of the State. Alec Truman was one of the pioneer pointer breeders of the Coast also. Patti Croxteth T., a pointer bitch of rare beauty, and almost perfect in type, was one of the early importations into the State by Truman. A number of others followed this and now the blood of Patti is traced in the pedigrees of most of the pointers of California. Truman was a patron of the field trials to considerable extent, but his great love was the show. He was prominently identified with the earliest shows on the Coast and continued to be an exhibitor up to the last show held in San Francisco.

MR. ARKWRIGHT IN NEW YORK

MR. WILLIAM ARKWRIGHT, the English pointer breeder, and the author of "The Pointer and His Predecessors," has apparently been stirring things up a bit in his judgment of pointers at the recent New York show.

Well it's about time a lot of professional judges who have been judging pointers "on the bulldog standard" were stirred up and taught to know what a true pointer really looks like. As Mr. Arkwright, in his work on the pointer, very aptly says: "The tail is the pointer's family tree, but the head is the pointer himself." But the kind of heads that M. Arkwright refers to are getting very scarce, and all because men have been judging the breed who have had no conception of what a pointer's head should be like. Every time a badly built or bulldog-headed pointer is placed to the front by an incompetent judge, he is at once sought for in the stud, and a long list of good bitches are compelled to lower the standard of the breed by bringing forth poor specimens from such poor sires.



FROM PENNSYLVANIA

HAVING read with much interest of California as a sportsman's paradise, and having followed with keen enjoyment the many narratives appearing in your valuable magazine, describing the different varieties of game which abound in your State, the writer decides to give the western reader a glimpse of conditions existing almost three thousand miles away in the more thickly settled commonwealth of Pennsylvania; where necessarily the surroundings are painfully different.

Our State cannot boast of vast unbroken stretches of wild country, grand timber and lofty mountains; yet, under existing conditions it is with no feeling of apology that Pennsylvania presents her resources. While the western man would doubtless become impatient with the meager opportunities and contracted area to which our sportsmen are confined, upon the other hand, it should cause him to pause and consider the great privilege he enjoys, and make him ever ready to do all in his power to safeguard that privilege, and by adequate protection, insure to future generations an opportunity to become acquainted with the wild animal life of the nation, which is precious to every right-thinking citizen, it matters not whether he be Californian or Pennsylvanian.

Compared with California this State is about one-fourth the size, while its population is over four times as great.

The territory within our border has been subject to the encroachment of civilization during a period several times greater than California has known. Of the sixty-seven counties in this State there remains not one which is not traversed at one or more points by a railroad. These facts will at once explain that the scope of uninterrupted game country is sadly restricted. Indeed, it is almost entirely to the Alleghany Mountains and subordinate ranges that we owe what remains of our wild animal life. It is inevitable as the march of progress goes forward, with a rapidly growing population, modern improvement of fire-arms and their great increase in number,

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that the wild occupants of our forests must finally disappear. Yet, with proper legislation and a rigid enforcement of the law, the citizens of this commonwealth may postpone that unenviable time to a remote period.

The Alleghany Mountains traverse the central portion of the State diagonally from northeast to southwest, extending from the southern to the northern border, with an approximate width of one hundred and fifty miles. They consist in most part of parallel ranges, and average from one thousand to three thousand feet in height. Beautiful mountain streams and small, picturesque lakes are not uncommon. Nature has been kind to our land, though in a more subdued manner and with a lack of that supreme grandeur so characteristic of the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains.

A deep forest, chiefly of hemlock and pine, originally clad these ranges. Except in a few places this has disappeared before the axe and the saw-mill. A portion of the land thus cleared eventually becomes tillable soil. A small percentage puts forth a respectable second growth. The large majority, however, remains unclaimed, and as a result it is today covered, in part, with a stunted, scattered growth of scrub timber and a rank, uneven vegetation of briers, vines, and thickets, together with old tree-tops and underbrush. In order to travel with satisfaction one must in many places follow an abandoned logging road or an old tram-way. Such cover is well adapted to the protection of game. The food supply is generally abundant. These conditions, with the excellent laws enacted in recent years, have produced a very gratifying effect; and there has been a pronounced increase of both deer and bear throughout the entire mountainous section, deer again occupying ranges where they had been unknown for years. It is stated, by those who should know, that bear are as plentiful in certain regions as they were twenty years ago.

That prince of game birds, the Ruffed Grouse, finds a home in our mountains and in most localities is holding his own. The wild turkey is nowhere plenty, and its range from year to year is becoming less extended. Quail shooting might almost as well be considered a thing of the past in Pennsylvania.

Wild-cats and foxes are the greatest natural enemies of our feathered game. The dense cover is well adapted to their existence. So rapidly have wild-cats increased of late years, that they are credited, in some sections, with the destruction of more game than all the other enemies combined.

The greatest loss to our game must, however, be attributed to forest fires. These occur generally twice a year, in the Spring and late in the Fall. Thousands of acres are burnt annually, resulting in much loss to the State. From the Spring fires, occurring as they do about the nesting time, the destruction is especially deplorable. Thanks to the State Department of Forestry, which deserves the highest praise for its efficiency, this most important evil is destined to be brought under control. This department has, during its short existence, accomplished results which to the present and future generations will be of untold benefit.

The subject of forestry is so closely allied with that of the game of the State, that it behooves every sportsman, and every lover of outdoors, to extend his aid in every possible way to the furtherance of this most commendable work. Let us all assist in directing public opinion to the ever-increasing value which our game, our forests and our streams bear to the prosperity of our states.

W. R. HOOPES.

West Chester, Pennsylvania.

SHEER BRUTALITY

Redding, Cal., Feb. 20, 1907.

Western Field:

Dear Sirs:—Last season I gave a bluejay killing contest; it proved very successful, all the shooters took part in destroying all they could. Nearly two dozen took a strong part in the contest, which lasted from March up to August 1st. The scalps I received amounted to nearly six thousand, and the amount killed which were not found probably amounted to as many as we received; and the bluejay nests destroyed containing from two to five eggs each, must have amounted to several thousand, which accounted for at least 10,000 which could not hatch.

In our shooting district around Redding the quail shooting was the best ever known of; the limit was an easy bag to each shooter; quail were so numerous that I am sending a photo I had taken especially for you. The shooter was ————, of Redding, and his kill was made in four hours, just outside of our city limits. It comprised 25 quail, one wild pigeon, all wing shooting. The bag could have been doubled, but at noon he was in my store with the game.

This is the last day of the season and the quail appear as thick as at the beginning of the season. The gentleman in question has killed the limit seven times straight.

Bluejay hunting is easy: If you cripple a jay, tie a string to its foot about twelve feet long, let it fly and light on a bush; it will call and all other bluejays will answer. So you can easily locate them. This repeated all day long soon thins them out. This season the shooters want another contest, so those most interested in the increasing of quail have contributed $190 for prizes, and we expect to start the slaughter while the jays are nesting. If all gun clubs would do the same it would be a grand thing.

Very truly,

[Our comments on this letter—which we reproduce for a purpose—will be found on our editorial pages.—Ed.]

THE MEANEST EVER

It seems almost incredible that a right out and out mean man could be found camped out in the woods, living next to nature, and—save the mark—posing as a sportsman. In forty odd years I have only run across two exceptions to the rule that sportsmen are good, whole-souled, genial fellows, and generous to a fault.

It was in the Fall of '86, after the big fire that

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The only Cravenette Rain-proof Hunting Garments in the United States.

Why buy the ordinary harsh, stiff and unsatisfactory Sportsman's Clothing, when for the same money you can get a fine, soft and pliable duck, plus the added value which comes from the famous Priestly Cravenette Proofing Process.

Cravenette is a process, not a Cloth, and is absolutely controlled by us so far as Sportsman's Clothing is concerned. Duxback Garments are rain-defying in any ordinary storm, yet permit of perfect ventilation. The only suitable outing garments where rain proof comfort, hard wear and good appearance are desired. Fit and rain-proof qualities guaranteed. Pockets for everything. Regular Hunting Coat and Norfolk Jackets, $5.00; Trousers, $3.00 and $3.50; Hats, $1.00; Caps, $1.25; Vest, $2.50; Leggings, $1.50.

Two colors only, light tan and olive green. Express prepaid.

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Regular Hunting Coat and Norfolk Jacket; Plain Skirt, Divided Skirt, Bloomers, Leggings, Hats, etc. Suitable for gunning, fishing, riding, tramping, boating or climbing. Express prepaid Booklet with samples of material and self-measure blanks sent free. **Special discount to dealers.**

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Here are some reasons why a *Marlin* Model 1897, .22 caliber repeating rifle is the most satisfactory small bore repeater you can possibly own. : : : :

In finish, workmanship and balance this rifle is unsurpassed. The *Marlin* quality of steel drop-forgings constitutes all the working parts. Every single piece and screw and pin in this gun is made with care to a standard pattern so that all parts are positively interchangeable. The barrel of excellent steel is carefully bored and the deep rifling gives absolute accuracy and great wearing quality. This and other *Marlin* rifles are the only repeating rifles to which telescopes can be attached because the top of the breech is solid and the empty shell is ejected from the side.

The fact that this rifle handles .22 short, .22 long, and .22 long-rifle cartridges appeals strongly to all lovers of the small bore rifle.

For all sorts of small game this rifle is recommended, and with the long-rifle cartridge it is very deadly to hawks, owls, eagles, geese, ducks and any other shy birds which are hard to approach and require a hard blow to kill.

As a target rifle at long or short ranges, with or without a telescope, the *Marlin* Model 1897, .22 caliber repeating rifle is the guaranteed equal of any in the world.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct. A complete description of Model 1897 is given in our 1906 Catalog. Sent FREE for six cents postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co., 51 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

burned the prairies a foot deep for thousands upon thousands of acres, and kept it up until after snow fell. A friend had come out to spend a week at my shack that was located at the outside edge of civilization and then some—and we spent our time hunting in the moist spots, few and far between, where the fire had missed.

We used an old pony I had and rode turn about, the one on foot taking the track if following game, while the one aloft kept a sharp lookout for the deer, elk or moose that we might be following. The ground, where the fire had burned over and was not working in the roots, was very hard and made tracking exceedingly difficult. To a trained eye however, a deer can scarcely step on anything short of granite pavement but what he will leave some sign, and when they accidentally stepped in hot ashes they made more than a blind trail.

We were following some deer when to our surprise we found a wagon track. Here was a mystery! Who on earth could be out in that wild country in a wagon? Was it someone lost on the prairie—a very easy matter in those days—or had someone killed a moose and come after it? It evidently only went one way, so we decided to investigate.

We were now about twelve miles from home, and if we could find a camp it would save us a long, cold trip, and we were getting hungry. A couple of miles brought us to a nice camp with lots of grass in a swamp nearby.

Not a soul was in sight, but hanging to a limb of a tree was a nice buck, partly eaten. Here we thought we were in luck, so we picketed out our horse and loafed about till we heard voices, for which we made. Our greeting from the peg-legged leader rather chilled our blood when he said: "Hello! how in ——- did you find this camp? We thought we'd left such a blind trail that no one would ever find us."

We'd had no grub since daylight; hadn't shot a thing; we were sixteen miles from home, a cold night and no bedding but one saddle-blanket between us. I wanted to saddle up and go anything was better than camping with such a cur,—but my friend was "all in" and begged me to go into the tent, even if we had to be all night without food.

One of the fellows was pretty white, but "Peg-leg" was boss, so he had nothing to say. They told us they guessed we'd better come inside the tent, so in we went, but how I did hate to do it!

They knew we had no grub along, so they told us that after they had got their supper we could use the stove to get ours. We did—we melted some snow and drank it! About 9 o'clock they got into their blankets and I told my chum to take ours and I would keep fire all night as it was bitter cold. They had lots of wood cut and I made it warm all right.

Between dozing and firing up the night passed, and at daylight we took another drink of hot water and saddled up for home, leaving the most inhospitable bunch I ever ran across.

Requiescat in Hades would make a fitting epitaph for "Peg-leg".

We made a bee line for home and had only gone about a mile when I spied a deer's ear in some willows. I gave a low whistle and cut loose, when a doe and two fawns jumped out of the brush. A few shots and the three were down for keeps. They had hardly done kicking before we had a fire going and some liver spitted over it. Gee! but we did eat. Those fellows put in three weeks and ate up the only deer they got!

The other edition was not quite so bad. He was a preacher and the rest of the outfit were paying his expenses. He had been one of Moseby's guerrillas and possessed a very high opinion of himself—a good thing, because no one else did.

He insisted on bossing everyone, and I have no doubt that he was an ex-slave driver "befo' de wah!" He had never been West till that trip, and tried his slave-driving tactics when things didn't come his way, but it failed to work and came near causing some of his over-heated blood to flow.

They were a religious outfit and carefully observed Sunday—except the preacher. He hunted, fished, and wanted the horses shod Sunday so he shouldn't be delayed. We sat back and admired his consistency. A friend rode into camp one day with a big buck and told me to send him a hind quarter and keep the rest, as he was in a hurry to get home. I skinned out the quarter and turned the rest over to the cook.

Next day I was sending out a pack and went to get the quarter and found the tenderloin gone. Inquiry disclosed the fact that Mr. Preacher had cut it out for his own breakfast. What I said to him wouldn't look well in print, but if St. Peter gives him as good a cussing when he gets to the pearly gates as I gave him that morning, he'll probably realize what a mean cuss he was.

We had gone in over a long mountain trail and had few canned goods, so they were doled out. One day Mr. Preacher got peach hungry, hiked back to camp, ate two-thirds of a can and at supper informed us he had opened a can and eaten his share. There were six of us! Another time when we were moving camp he rode ahead to find a spot for the tent, and found "a nice green-looking lawn" and then went off and sulked all alone because I wouldn't pitch the tent on a spring.

In over forty years, most of it on the frontier, these are the only two specimens of this character I have met, and the thing that is puzzling me is where will they bring up when they cross the range? St. Peter won't have them, and Gehenna is too good for them. "ELK."

THE PROTECTION OF GAME

Editor Western Field:

Your article in February number entitled "Sensible Men" strikes a keynote, and commends itself to every farmer and sportsman in the land.

The protection of game, small and large alike, must very soon be undertaken by the national government, as well as by the private individual, if we would prevent its extinction.

I plainly see the necessity of providing food, such as hay or fodder, to preserve the larger game animals, such as elk, deer and antelope, also for buffalo in the Yellowstone Park, and game generally on ranges outside.

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Wild animals of this character would, in the past, migrate to the more southern countries from the higher altitudes, when cold weather and deep snows come on, where they would winter, and the females would have their young, returning to their summer range when the snow melted. It is not possible to do this now, as the country has become settled and wire fences obstruct their passage. Compelled to remain in the higher country, and not able to obtain foods, they perish by thousands from hunger and cold. It is safe to say the severe Winters of Colorado, Wyoming, Montana and Idaho kill more elk, deer and antelope than all the hunters, both native and "dudes," combined.

comes in: tame sheep are subject to "scab," "foot-rot," etc., both diseases being fatal to both wild and domestic sheep. It is easy to see what will result in this pasturing of tame sheep where wild ones will go over the same range. Scab and foot-rot will wipe out the wild sheep just as sure as the sun rises in the East. It has done so in other localities before this, and it will happen again.

I pass by the item of game of various kinds killed by the sheep herders, who will supply themselves at all times with fresh meat. And the additional fact must also be taken into consideration, that nothing that eats grass or browse can or will use the same range after domestic sheep have passed over it.

DIEBOLD SAFE AND LOCK CO.

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I saw in Colorado in 1896, in early October, hundreds of deer in a drove passing south for the Winter, and observed where, in their passage, whole panels of wire fence were broken down by them, the barbs of the fence holding shreds of skin and hair, evidence of their numbers and hurried flight in consequence of being fired at by some farmer.

I have also received several communications from the West regarding the safety and protection of the Rocky Mountain Sheep. The national government has issued permits for sheep men to use the Timber Reserve land for sheep pasture, and in order not to interefere with the cattle grazing they are relegated to the foothills. Now this is where the danger

The question is: What steps can be taken to prevent this fatal mistake being made? Will Congress take the necessary action? Will the government officials take measures to stop it? Will the President, who is a keen sportsman and an ardent lover of the wilds, take action and prevent the severely fatal results of this being done? It appears to me if the sporting magazines of the entire country will unite in this cause, particularly those of the West, they will do yeoman work to prevent the destruction of our wild sheep, one of the most interesting of the wild animals of our continent. Will the sporting magazines join in the good work before it is too late?

C. H. S.

GOLCHER BROS.

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SPALDING'S NEW QUARTERS

A. G. SPALDING & BROS. who are known in every land and clime as the largest dealers of athletic goods in the world have re-established their store on the site formerly occupied by them on Geary street, between Grant avenue and Stockton street, being the first firm in that line to locate down town. In conjunction with well stocked store rooms and salesrooms the firm have added a factory to the establishment where everything necessary to the athlete will be manufactured.

The name of A. G. Spalding is legion in the world of athletics, but stands foremost in baseball. From 1865 till 1877 Spalding was a player himself, being captain and pitcher of the Forest City's, of the Bostons and of the Chicago's, who were the first champions of the National League. He was also one of the organizers of that league and has been identified with the pastime ever since.

In 1876 A. G. Spalding, with his brother J. Walter, commenced business on a capital of $800. Two years later their brother-in-law came into the business and the firm's name was changed to A. G. Spalding & Bros. At that time they devoted their time to the supplying of baseball goods only, but the demand became so great for other athletic goods that the firm decided to expand. Gradually implements and accessories for the manufacturing of all athletic goods were added, till now everything necessary for the sportsman is turned out by the firm. There are over three thousand people employed by them in the various stores and factories located in all the leading cities of the world. From a capital of $800 the firm now employs over $4,000,000 in carrying on their vast enterprise.

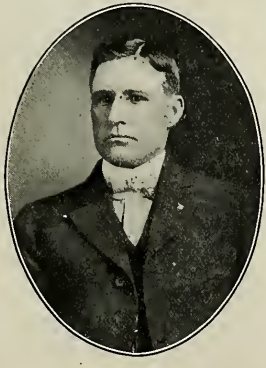
Previous to the fire the firm had a small factory for the manufacture of baseball uniforms, but the demand for goods compelled them to enlarge and today the establishment on Geary street is the largest on the Coast for the manufacture of baseball uniforms and athletic clothing. Spacious salesrooms occupy the first floor, while the second is devoted to the storerooms, where thousands of jerseys, baseball, tennis necessities, soccer outfits, in fact everything for the athlete can be found there.

The factory is located on the top floor and is a model one. There is plenty of light and ventilation and electricity is used for motive power. Here A. G. Spalding & Bros. have facilities for the making of all kinds of caps, jerseys, tennis, football and baseball uniforms, and they solicit correspondence from all dealers.

The firm of A. G. Spalding & Bros. has always taken a leading part in the introduction, encouragement and support of athletics and games, and the prominence attained by athletic sports in the United States, in fact in the world, is in a very great measure due to the energy, enterprise and liberality of this progressive firm.

Mr. C. W. Budd

C. W. BUDD, who has been before the shooting fraternity for thirty odd years, has retired from the professional ranks, much to the regret of the Union Metallic Cartridge and Remington Arms Companies, who are sorry to lose such a valuable representative. Mr. Budd has been a remarkable shot, an active representative and a true friend. His place will be filled by Mr. George W. Maxwell, of Hastings, Neb., a man who will no doubt find a warm welcome from Iowa and Wisconsin shooters, for his smiling face and unerring gun have been popular among the shooters of the entire West.



Mr. Geo. W. Maxwell

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of Spring months, with its raw chill winds, is especially hard on delicate complexions, unless protected and kept soft and clear by daily use of

MENNEN'S Borated Talcum POWDER

A delightful healing and soothing toilet necessity, containing none of the risky chemicals found in cheap toilet powders imitating Mennen's. Just get the habit of using Mennen's every day of the year, after shaving and after bathing.

Put up in SOFT-REFILLABLE BOXES, for your protection. If Mennen's face is on the cover it's GENUINE and a guarantee of PURITY. Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542.

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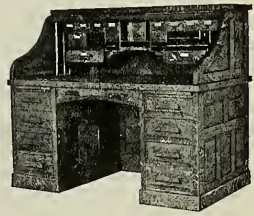

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Sporting Goods Department Western Hardware & Arms Co., Los Angeles

AN ENTERPRISING CONCERN

THE above cut shows the interior of the Sporting Goods Department of the Western Hardware & Arms Co. This firm opened for business March 10th, 1906. The business of this department has been far beyond the expectations of the firm and is attributed very largely to the exceptionally high class line of goods which they carry. The line of guns carried by this firm consists of all standard makes, such as Lefever, Smith, Parker, and Remington. One of the special features of the line of guns which they carry in stock, is that they are the very highest grades of guns manufactured by these different makers, the sale of which has been extraordinarily good.

Another specialty of this firm has been their Peters Ammunition line. They were the first people to ever carry a large and complete stock of this ammunition in Los Angeles, and it seems to be just what the trade was looking for. The sales during the past season have been phenomenal all through the line.

Now that the hunting season has closed, the local sportsmen will look forward with a great deal of interest to their line of fishing tackle, which will be an improvement over last year. This is saying quite a good deal, as the line of tackle carried by this firm last year was by far the highest grade line of goods ever carried by any firm in Los Angeles. They will make a specialty this year of everything in the fishing tackle line manufactured by Edward vom Hofe, that is used in this section of the country. They will have a full line of vom Hofe Salt Water Reels, both for tuna fishermen and for the light tackle enthusiasts, also a good assortment of vom Hofe highest class light tackle rods which are so well known to all fishermen, and are made absolutely accurate in every detail required by the rules of the Light Tackle Club. In the way of light tackle for trout fishing, they have in stock a full assortment of rods made by such makers as Chubb, Orvis, and Fred Devine, also the famous Leonard rods. Their stock of accessories which belong with the trout fisherman's outfit, such as enamel lines, trout flies, leaders, and single action reels, is in the same high class as the rods which are mentioned above. Sportsmen, not only in Los Angeles and the southern section, but all throughout the whole Coast and adjacent territories, will do well to communicate with the Western Hardware & Arms Co., 530-532 So. Spring street, Los Angeles, in reference to their needs. Anything bearing this trade-mark is guaranteed to be the best value attainable for the money invested. When writing them please mention Western Field.

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Our eight elevators in Mr. H. E. Huntington's "Pacific Electric (Railway) Bldg." Los Angeles, Cal., we refer to as a Model Elevator Installation.

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WESTERN FIELD

PUBLISHED AT GREATER SAN FRANCISCO

Vol. 10 MAY, 1907 No. 4

FLOWER SEAS

THE meads of May are flower seas
Untouched by winter gales,
But trade winds blow from southern leas
To fill the bee-wing sails;
And azure isles of violet
Are scattered here and there,
Like atolls in the Antilles set
To lure the incense rare.

The vagrant rainbow butterflies
Are gulls that wheel and whirl
On pinions marked in wonder wise,
Where'er the grass-waves curl;
And here I roam, a pirate bold,
On deeds of plunder bent,
Where all around the cowslip gold
With bluets pearl is blent.

—*Charles Henry Chesley.*

Looking Up-stream from the Bridge

FISHING A MOORLAND BECK

By A "Yorkshireman"

WHEN the icy hand of winter has at last loosened its grip on the country-side, the angler turns to his rods and fly-hook, preparatory to the coming campaign against the fish.

In Canada or the States, the would-be angler usually has some distance to travel by rail or road before he can throw a fly on the water unless he be one of the lucky members of the piscatorial art who lives in the country with fishing close to his hand.

On the "other side, unless one rents a stretch of salmon water in Scotland, no great distance has to be covered to obtain decent fishing, as nearly every country place has a trout stream within walking distance.

Many of the big towns in the north of England have very good fishing within easy reach, which is taken advantage of by the tired townsman when the welcome cessation from business on Saturday enables him to wander by the water for a time.

I suppose I ought to count myself one of the lucky ones, for the old house in West Yorkshire stands in sight of a good trout stream, and is within twenty miles of the river Ribble, an excellent stretch of water for both salmon and trout, which enabled me to become familiar with rod and line just as soon as ever I was old enough to be trusted out of the maternal sight.

I have had many days of excellent fishing during my sojourn in Ontario, but the memory of that mountain stream in bonny Yorkshire is always with me, and I hope, some day, to once again whip its rippling surface.

Fishing yarns are more or less monotonous to the general reader, but possibly a few words on that moorland beck may be of some small interest to other fishermen, some of whom may also know and love the county of broad acres. The stream, on its first three miles descent from the hills, contains no fish of heavy weight, the largest being about a quarter of a pound; but in the lower reaches of the water the weight increases to a pound

and often a good deal more than that. Those little trout are capital eating and put up quite a game fight.

I preferred fishing the upper reaches, on account of the wildness of the scenery where the river has its source, and also because I could usually be sure of having the whole stretch of water to myself. The river, like other English waters, was for years quite free to all, rich and poor alike, and great sport it afforded to the local celebrities, who knew every hole and corner of its picturesque course from the hills to the pretty valley beneath. Some years ago, an angling association, made up of city men, obtained the right to preserve the water and appoint river watches to see that illegal fishing was not carried on.

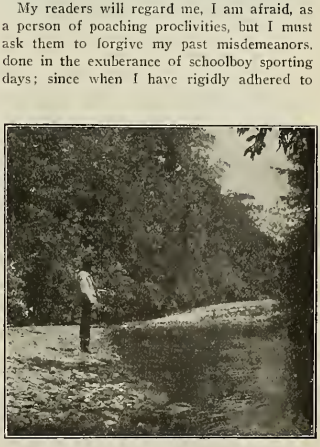
Many streams have been thus reserved without regarding the feelings of the local people in the least, though a landowner can of course refuse permission to club members on his own land through which the water runs, if he so pleases. A license fee of about fifty cents is charged, and many trout fry are turned into the water yearly. Truth to say, the fish thus put in the river never seem to increase the stock at all perceptibly, chiefly I believe because they are turned in when too small and become food for their elders—and other residents of the stream, both furred and feathered.

Old timers stoutly aver that the fishing is not what it used to be, a saying which is common to all old "have beens" whose best days are over. The working men kicked a good deal at the license fee being enforced, but in reality it was no hardship for them to pay, and the hired river watchers certainly keep down a good deal of illegal work with nets and other appliances. I have seen an old hand on the river take enough fish to pay for his license in an hour, and those trout are cunning members of their class to lure with either fly or worms. I must plead guilty to having illegally taken many trout, years ago, when I was trying all the various dodges learned from poachers and other men who knew the water and the woods like a book.

What boy in his eagerness to hunt and fish, but has taxed his ingenuity in devising cunning appliances for the capture of feather, fur and fin? I have waded waist-deep up stream when the night was dark; in one hand a box containing three lighted candles, with a reflector behind to throw a square of brilliant light upon the dark water, and in the other hand a little three-pronged and barbed fish spear, made by the local blacksmith ostensibly for killing eels. Our bag at the conclusion of such trips was, as a rule, but very meagre, and though it seems a simple matter to impale those slowly moving forms beneath the light, I will leave it to the reader to discover whether or no it is as easy as it looks.

Many a good fish have I taken by "groping," a form of sport which, if scientifically done, entails much skill, and which especially appeals to every sport-loving schoolboy. "Groping" is the taking by means of the bare hands of any fish which can be thus approached. With old clothes on I have, as a boy, waded for miles in the hill becks groping for trout. Fairly shallow waters are necessary for doing it, though I have taken fish when I was up to my chin in a deep pool. Anyone can "grope" fish when they take refuge under rocks or in the underground water-rat holes in a muddy river-bank, but to take a fish in mid-stream, with no shelter and no chance of cornering it with both hands, requires no little skill and patience.

My readers will regard me, I am afraid, as a person of poaching proclivities, but I must ask them to forgive my past misdemeanors, done in the exuberance of schoolboy sporting days; since when I have rigidly adhered to



"A Long Stretch of Clear Open Water"

The Head of the Beck

more legal means of gaining the required end.

I well remember a friend of the family being extremely dubious as to the feasibility of thus "groping" a trout in open water, and his doubts so annoyed me that I finally persuaded him to accompany me and watch a sample capture, which was entirely successful and quite assured him that the trick was possible. By approaching a fish thus floating, head up stream, inch by inch and very slowly, it is possible to slide an arm quietly beneath it, and by gently rubbing the fish's belly with the finger tips, it will slowly turn nearer to the hand, when by moving very slowly towards the gills, a sudden clutch makes it yours.

Turning to more legitimate methods, I recall a fine May morning when I wended my way to the source of the little stream aforementioned. Leaving the old stone house, I turned up the grassy winding lane towards the limestone-clad hills, from the foot of which the beck bubbles forth to the light of day. Passing a covert of fir trees in a hollow below the first range of hills, I saw brown forms feeding in the pasture outside it—rabbits, which literally swarm in all this upland country. The covert is damp and somewhat swampy in the interior, and was usually a sure find for a woodcock later in the season. As I topped the last grade I could see the whitewashed farmhouse far ahead, below which flows the stream.

On the right of the road was a large, flat, swampy field, where the lapwings were flying in circles, screaming lustily, as is their wont. Many a snipe have I pulled down in that same field, when crossing it with the gun. Farther along the lane, the ground rises high on either hand above a low-lying valley, with limestone crags on all sides, where the kestrels, and sometimes a peregrine falcon have their nests far us in some almost inaccessible cleft of the rock.

Stretching away into the distance above the cliffs lie the grouse moors, where the birds are yet going about their business of laying eggs and multiplying, to be ready for the guns when the twelfth of August shall be ushered in by the *crack-crack!* of breech-loaders. Reaching the house, I turned down through the farm-yard and came to the rocky slope where the beck tumbles over the stones. Here I put the light cane rod together, and walking a little distance down stream, made the first cast in a little frothing pool below a miniature cataract.

I fished the wet-fly, and as it curled around in an eddy beside a moss-covered stone, a fish took it famously. I carried no net, as these small trout can all be easily lifted to the bank by judicious handling. Failing to get another rise in the little pool, I continued down stream.

At a point just below the stream widens out into a long stretch of clear, open water, and as the day was a little bright for such a place I passed it by in favor of a strip of swiftly tumbling rapids, swirling amongst the stones. Three times the single fly floated past the likely places, but at the fourth attempt a fish took it, and after a short fight for liberty came to creel. This fish was well over a quarter of a pound, and in good, hard condition.

The country around me in this amphitheatre among the rocks was wild in the

A Likely Pool Below the Fall

extreme. Rough masses of stone were piled promiscuously on all sides, with here and there a mountain-ash tree rearing its green foliage amongst the otherwise desolate surroundings. Patches of heather lay here and there on the large pasture fields, and a grouse rose with a noisy cry of *go-back! go-back! go-back-back-bek-bek-bek,* as he winged swiftly round the shoulder of a heathery slope.

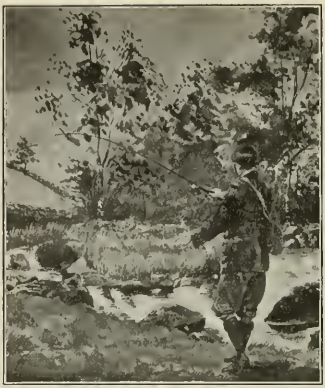
On a stone below me stood a water-ouzel, its white breast shining light against the dark background of water and rock as it flirted its tail quickly up and down, accompanying the movement by its shrill song. Here and there in the shallows it waded, then dived beneath the water to run along the stony bottom, hunting for molusca. A king-fisher winged past me, the greeny blue of its back flashing in the sunlight, to a convenient perch from which to pounce on some unsuspecting minnow. High in the air, stationary except for the swiftly beating wings, hung a little kestrel hawk, on the watch for unwary mice in the grass of the field below its high position.

As I wandered still lower down the water, the little valley narrowed, and trees appeared in greater numbers, the blossoming hawthorn looking pretty where it hung above the stream. A stone wall bounds the beck at a turn in its course, and down the wall side I allowed the dark current to carry the fly until it was drawn in by an eddy close to a low rock. It was a sure place as a rule, and this time I was not disappointed, for I hooked and landed another lively trout.

A little way below this wall is a deep pool at the foot of a series of small cascades, overhung with trees and very awkward to throw a fly into. The water swirls round right beneath a thorn bush, and by shortening the line and manoeuvering, as in the method known as "dapping," I managed to drop the fly on the edge of the eddy. At once a fish took it and I whisked him into my side of the pool, reeling in to lift him out. As I swung him carefully to the bank, he gave a last despairing flop of his tail—and dropped into the water, to slide quickly down a smooth rock over which a thin stream flows and disappear in the rough water below.

I tried the pool again and got a touch, but failed to hook the fish, so went on down stream. Trying the likely places on the way, I landed three more trout, before I got amongst the rocks and trees again.

Just above, an ivy-clad stone bridge, near a little hamlet on the hillside, is a series of small waterfalls, where the stream pours down three rocky ledges, one beneath the other, forming troughs below each, where there is



"I Worked My Way Down Through the Meadows"

usually a fish. I was in luck, for I creeled a brace from these pools ere I passed through a gateway and approached the water below the bridge. On a patch of sand under the stone archway I saw otter signs, telling me I was not the only fisher on the stream.

It is an easy water to hunt with the hounds, but seldom do they get so far upstream, unless sure of a find, as other and more promising territory lies in the valley farther down; so this otter no doubt enjoyed his fish diet in peace. The otters do harm to preserved streams when present in any great numbers, but I like to know that one or two are around, for they are about the only truly wild animal left today in the country, everything else being more or less used to coming in contact with human beings. Seldom does the fisherman see one during the day-time, but I was once lucky enough to capture three young ones on this same stream. I took them home to show the people at the house, then returned the little beggars to their mother, who quite fearlessly appeared in the pool and greeted me with a kind of hissing noise, evidently using anything but Christian language at the two-legged fiend who dared to molest her little ones. We killed a bitch otter with the hounds that season, and maybe it was the same one I saw, but the cubs disappeared, no doubt going down stream to the larger river.

I worked my way down through the meadows where the stream runs through the flat land below the hills, and fished the last stretch of smooth water where it flows beside a scattered plantation of fir-trees. The village bridge was in sight and I finished proceedings by hooking a fish in a pool just above it, safely landing him, much to the satisfaction of a native standing on the bridge watching proceedings.

Counting the take, I found I had eleven good trout, so passed on to the main roadway and hit the trail for home.

Such days are very enjoyable, and though lacking, maybe, the excitement incidental to the more alluring sport of salmon-fishing, they yet bring one near to nature. Many interesting birds and beasts are met with, all helping to add to the pleasure of a morning's fishing on a moorland beck.

HIS LAST RIDE

'TWAS along in the month of April,
In the spring of ninety-four,
And the round-up boys were working
Up the trail from the Mission store .
After a hard day's riding,
For the weather was close and warm,
The saddle horses bolted
One night, in a thunder storm.

And out in the pitchy darkness,
Though the rain was pelting hard,
With the sound of the hoofs to guide them
Galloped the boys on guard.
Swiftly they rode, and reckless,
And spared neither spur nor quirt,
For ahead of them lay the cañon
With its jagged rocks begirt.

Hillside and slough and dog-town,
And sodden, slippery plain,
Riding, blindly riding,
With never a tightened rein;
Gully and draw and wash-out,
And never a glimpse of the track,
But one of the boys brought in the herd—
The other one never came back.

They found him in the morning,
Silent and cold and gray,
But a look that was almost triumph
On his rugged features lay.
For he'd cheerfully done his duty,
Faithful until he died,
To the men who had trusted in him—
A death that's a cow-boy's pride.

Then spoke a veteran rider:
"I dunno from where he came,
He rode for Rand, of Weston,
But I never heard his name."
Unknown he had come among them;
Unknown in death he lay;
And we buried him, wrapped in his poncho,
And silently rode away.

Far out on the wide, free ranges,
Where the long-horned cattle feed,
There's a slab that stands as a headstone,
And upon it one may read
Over the grave of a rider
Who rides the range no more:
"He rode for Rand, of Weston,
But he quit in '94."

—*Arthur L. Caldwell.*

THE BAGGING OF A MAN-EATER

By Eugene M. Van Ingen

EVERY man who goes in for big game shooting can always recall instances where he has, quite unexpectedly, come on to some animal which he has tried hard for days and often weeks to circumvent, and had given up all hopes of ever seeing, and dropped across it, too, in places where he would never dream of meeting any such animal. I can call to memory a dozen such instances, but the one that crops up first occurred as I shall now relate.

It was the first year of the great plague. The scene, a remote village in the Mysore country. The natives, in their usual heartless fashion, used to just leave their dear departed out in the jungles to be disposed of by vultures and wild animals of all sorts, and a tiger took to eating these. When the plague abated, the tiger of course missed these gruesome feasts and thought he would try what live *gowda* tasted like. This, I may however mention, is the native theory to account for the tiger taking to man-eating, such an animal never having been heard of in those parts. Needless to say the man-eater caused no end of a scare. It was officially stated that four people had been killed and eaten, but the healthy imaginations of these simple jungle folk had run the numbers up to nothing short of a hundred.

An amusing feature of this scare was the number of men who had had most wonderful escapes from the *mansa thinnoo hulli* (man-eating tiger); these adventures would be described in detail in the most unblushing manner, and the relators would then calmly wind up by ascribing these escapes to the good deeds of their *herikaroo* (forefathers). The tiger, they would add, stood as high as a man's chest, with a head the size of a buffalo's, and hair on the top a span in length. They would also give the exact width of the stripes and their color, and all were quite certain it was a *dyah* (devil) and nothing else.

I had every facility given me for bagging this tiger, the *Amildar*, the highest official in the *Taluk*, had issued strict orders that I was to have as many baits as I wanted, and the *Patels* (headmen) of all the villages were warned to give me all assistance and to turn out with every available man when I sent word. So I decided to have a drive if I succeeded in getting a "kill" in a suitable place.

For fourteen days I wandered over every bit of those jungles. The baits were tied out in every conceivable spot, but never a kill resulted. This was good tiger country, too, but from pure and simple bad luck the beasts seemed to have gone clean away. I used to come across heaps of other animals, but would not fire for fear of disturbing nobler game. My *gowda* friends would try to cheer me up with the assurance that the tigers would have to return if they had not already done so, as there was not so much water and good cover anywhere else for miles around. The village deity was also consulted: The results were most favorable and I was assured the tiger was my own particular property, for the squat little goddess who lived in the *chowdy*, reveling in castor oil and flowers, never told lies; and when that tiger *was* bagged I would have to give her a goat and so on. But despite all these encouragements, I was thoroughly fed up and resolved to have only one more day and then seek fresh fields and pastures new, as my chances of getting a tiger here seemed almost nil.

On this eventful evening, all my men being away with the baits, I decided to have a stalk through the jungles by myself, and see if I could possibly bag a particularly good chitul stag I had seen on many occasions.

The Man-Eater

I must have strolled about for over two hours and tried all the most likely places, but the only animal I saw was a huge old boar, whom somehow I could not make up my mind to shoot, although I knew the pork would have gladdened the hearts of my followers. As it was now getting on towards dusk, I retraced my steps campwards.

I had just left the dense stuff and got into low shrub jungle, and as camp was not far off, I sat down at the foot of a giant *peepul* tree to make a cigarette, and was about lighting it, when—*whirr—whirr—whirr,* up went several jungle fowl one after another with no end of a row, from the direction I had come. Now, jungle fowl don't behave like this for nothing, and I stood up with the intention of making an investigation and was just in time to catch a glimpse of a tiger as it disappeared.

Well, here was luck! I had worked hard for a whole fortnight, and had given up all hopes of even getting a kill, and now to come across the tiger itself like this. The tiger had in the meanwhile come right out into the open shrub. Only those who have shot big game in this country can understand and appreciate the feeling when the chance of bagging a tiger thus suddenly occurs. My first impulse was to shoot at once; the second to try and get as close as possible and not throw away a chance. The shot was well over a hundred yards, and if the beast only stood still I could have killed it clean; but it kept on the move and I soon discovered it intended coming in my direction, so I promptly got under cover of the *peepul.*

The tiger seemed quite occupied trying to work out a scent, and the great beast reminded me of a pointer dog. On he came straight for my tree, when the awful conviction dawned on me that this was the man-eater I had heard about, *and he was actually roading me!* How fortunate I

should have come out of the thick jungle and had spotted him in time.

How I cursed myself for not having my old .500 express! The rifle I had was a single .303, a beautifully finished and very accurate little weapon, with which I had killed over 200 animals of all sorts. It was quite good enough for any tiger, but under existing circumstances I should not have felt particularly comfortable even had I sat behind a *pom-pom*.

With its peculiar slouching gait the tiger was shortening the distance rapidly, and I got down well behind the tree, glanced at the Lyman and Beech sights to see if they were all right, and the safety catch removed—and awaited events. What a beautiful sight a tiger is out in his native wilds! and how I should have enjoyed it, had I only been well up the good old *peepul*. If it were only possible to know what was going to happen! I looked up to see if there were any friendly branches, but the closest was quite fifteen feet high. If the brute would just stop a few seconds so that I could place my shot with certainty! Meanwhile the distance was being shortened—50—40—30—25 yards. I could stand it no longer; he was end on, with his head to the ground, and aiming at the center of the neck, so that the shot would rake the body, I touched the trigger. *Crack!* and down went the great beast; jamming in another cartridge, I carefully peered round and saw he had got onto his stomach and lay watching me. This time I took a line for the brain and his head dropped on the paws and he looked as though he were sleeping. I fired one more shot—my last cartridge—to make sure.

My trophy turned out bigger than I expected; he was in grand condition and enormously fat, measuring 9 feet 8 inches between uprights. Tigers sometimes follow tracks like this from curiosity, but whether this one meant business or not is, of course, an open question. Most probably he did, for on dissection his stomach was found to be in a dreadful state of emptiness, and it is when in this state that tigers and panthers get desperate. Well, if such was the case some of my *shikaries* had a very narrow squeak, three of them running up the moment I shot the tiger by the very path I had used. They had noticed the pug's and my boot marks, and heard the shots immediately after.

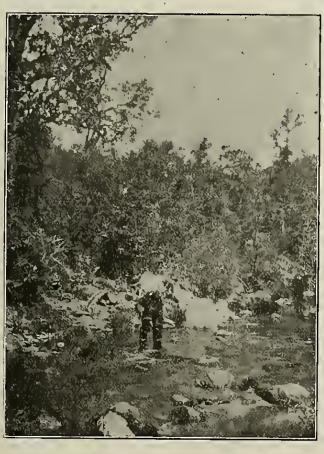
I never heard of any more people being killed in that *taluk* since, and so I must have bagged the *mansa thinnoo hulli*.

THE HAUNTS OF GOD

HERE they have reared their hives of stone,
  Rife with traffic's sway,
Black with the gloom their huge walls own
  Blotting out sun and day.
Never a hint of the woodland's bloom,
  Never a breath of the glen.
This is the mart and the city's heart—
  These are the homes of men.

But here—ah! here there is flood of light,
  Stretch of the field and wood.
Laugh of the waters gay in flight,
  Balm of the solitude.
Bloom of the ever verdant hills,
  Breath of the fragrant sod,
And sweet again the wind's refrain—
  These are the haunts of God.

—*Harry T. Fee.*



Photos by Frank Skinner

SNAPSHOTTED ON THE GUNNISON RIVER
(A Famous Colorado Trout Stream)

Bow River and Banff Hotel

GORGE AND CREST

(A trip through the mountains of British Columbia.)

By Geo. D. Baird.

IT WAS a momentous day for me when I boarded the train that was to take me to the Far West, the Region of Romance, the Land of the Setting Sun. I felt, as indeed it was, that it meant a casting off of hawsers that had lashed me to the dock where I had moored and rubbed with the ebbing and flowing of the tide. I was turning my bow to the open sea of adventure, but my hopes were high, my frame was strong, and I was ready for whatever gale or derelict should happen along.

The first day was passed among the most delightful scenery of its kind that I have ever met. There was nothing grand or startling about it—on the contrary it was just primeval forest and lakes set in a rolling country, traced with creeks and dotted with springs. If it was so fascinating to me on account of its beauty and wildness, how it must have been to a hunter or fisherman! Here were spots by the hundred (I was about to say thousand) that invited one to camp and rest awhile. I was passing through the greatest fresh water lake region in the world, a great spot on the globe that begins in Maine and ends in Manitoba, through most of which I was traveling.

The course of the railroad took us north of Lake Huron, but close to the shore of Lake Superior. I should like to have seen that remarkable inland sea lit up by the afternoon sun, but it was not to be. It was a cold, foggy day, and I do not think the Pilgrim Fathers visited the New England coast in more depressing weather than my first visit and last sight of Superior. I trust my next visit to this fresh water sea will be in more favorable weather.

Again we passed diminutive lakes by the score, but the country through which we rode was becoming more thickly settled. Occasionally the forest would open and reveal a long vista of farm and lake, of meadow and creek, in fact one was constantly reminded of the pictures in our school geographies and in the big family atlas, at which we would gaze with awe. Crude as many of them were, they had stirred our ambition, and now we were happy to see many of them realized.

We stopped for an hour at Manitoba, changed cars and started for the West—the Great West, that like the will-o'-the-wisp seemed forever beckoning us on yet never to be overtaken. From the town we

had just left behind, to Calgary at the foot of the mountains, five hundred miles, the description can be the briefest on record—simply rolling plains. For over twenty-four hours there was absolutely nothing to be seen but hills and hollow, petrified swells of the ocean, covered with scanty grass. Cheerless as is the unvarying scene—a landscape calculated to drive a person insane who might be compelled to cross it afoot or horseback—it has its virtues. The scanty grass is nourishing for cattle, and goodness knows there is enough of it! The climate is mild, so much so, I am told, that horses frequently spend the winter on the plains.

There was something appalling in this ocean of grass. It was so immense: stretching hundreds of miles in every direction, north, south, east and west. Like everything else it had an end, though the end was reached during the night. It was somewhere near Calgary. From now on the character of the country changes entirely, and we approach one of the most stupendous and renowned mountain regions of the whole earth. Up to this time there has been a methodical beat, a rhythm, to the puffing of the locomotive and the snap of the wheels on the joints of the rails. Now the excited puff develops into a chronic cough of the most alarming description, the click on the rails is scarcely audible, and admiration for racing speed gives place to unreserved awe at the immense strength displayed by the tireless engine as it drags the big train up the grade.

One peculiarity of the Sierra Nevadas of California, which is good evidence of their volcanic origin, is the fact that invariably one approaches the range over gradually ascending foothills rising terrace upon terrace, the grand summits standing in all the divinity that doth hedge kings about, from fifty to seventy-five miles from the common plains. Not so the Rockies of which we write. They form a mighty rampart that lifts itself abruptly from the few foothills and cuts a ragged sky-line against the blue sky. Most prominent is the mountain of the triple peaks, called the Three Sisters, which plants itself squarely in the path of the Star of Empire as it pursues its way Westward. Over 10,000 feet high, its boldness and picturesque outline astonishes the beholder accustomed to immense sweep of prairie or to the Catskills or White Mountains of the Atlantic seaboard.

Soon the train entered Rocky Mountain Park, the National reservation of the people of Canada. Space forbids any detail concerning the loveliness of this favored region, where meadow and mountain, field and forest combine to make a garden spot for the pleasure of man. Cascade Mountain, to the north, is the highest mountain in the immediate vicinity, 9825 feet, and to the east of the latter is Inglismaldie, 9785 feet.

Some distance to the south of Banff Hotel is one of the most striking peaks in Canada, or the United States exclusive of Alaska. The most awe-inspiring mountain in Europe is not Mt. Blanc, but the Matterhorn, although the former peak is much higher. It is the almost inaccessible character of the Matterhorn and its tribute of lives that strikes terror, even to one who gazes at its photograph. Mt. Assiniboine can easily be regarded as the Matterhorn of America. It is nearly twelve thousand feet high (11,860 feet) and sharp as a railroad spike.

The base of the mass rises in terraces usual to mountain formation, to the timber line, then becomes more abrupt and sheathed in snow and ice until the base of the peak is reached, between 7000 and 8000 feet. The snowdrifts reach an enormous depth and glaciers fill every fold. From this huge mound of rock and snow the grand apex rises like an accentuated pyramid, for 3000 feet, each face a precipice that would be pronounced inaccessible by the beholder if he was not aware that it had actually been climbed. On these awful slopes the snow has little chance to cling, their very nakedness sending a chill through the blood. Finally the edges of the pyramid approach, like a steep-pitched roof, converge to a sharp point, and cut the blue sky at an angle that is truly terrifying.

The railroad passes onward and upward through the Bow Valley, a locality that deserves better treatment than a summary dismissal, but space is so precious that more important matters must crowd it aside. After passing mountains so numerous that they seem like the very stars of heaven for multitude and are grouped under

such general names as Sawback Range, Vermilion Range, etc., although many of them are over 8000 feet high, Laggan is reached. In commercial language this station is a clearing house for visitors who wish to explore many wonderful trails in the vicinity, and these trails we will take up in detail.

Lake Louise is two and one-half miles from the railroad and lies amid some of the grandest Alpine scenery in North America. Its surface is 5645 feet above the sea, and its surroundings remind one of stalwart brothers keeping guard over the rest of an only and beautiful sister. The Beehive is 10,333 feet, Victoria 11,150, but Mt. Huber overtops them all at 11,400.

South of Lake Louise is Paradise Valley, and still farther south the Valley of the Ten Peaks. Between these two is a marvelous sub-range, picturesque and tremendous, Mt. Dentaform 10,945 feet, Mt. Lefroy, 11,290; Mt. Hungabee, 11,300, and, overtowering them all, Mt. Temple, 11,535 feet above the level of the sea.

There is something heroic about the whole country—everything is cast in such colossal mould. The view from the summit of Mt. Lefroy, particularly that looking southward, is simply sublime. One Alpine climber was heard to exclaim that here were a dozen Alps rolled into one. However true that may be under exact tests it is not for us to concern ourselves. It is sufficient that it started a train of lofty emotions speeding from the finite to the infinite, from time to eternity.

Like the tones of a bass viol came the words of Bryant:

The Three Sisters

"The Hills, rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun."

Then like the calm, steady croon of the violin the utterance of Shakespeare,

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,"

Around us is one frightful riot of snow and rock and ice—hundreds of magnificent peaks—but the one in the foreground

claims our attention. It is Mt. Hungabee, conspicuous afar. Its form is shapeless—almost grotesque. Its base is fixed among glaciers and snowdrifts. It heaves its rude bulk out of the mass like a hippopotamus, and holds itself, not quite upright, but toppled a trifle to one side, one of the mightiest of the mighty, as inaccessible as a mountain of 11,300 feet dares to be.

The Valley of the Ten Peaks is an amazing aggregation of huge spurs with Moraine Lake in the center, gathering about the little sheet of water like lions crouching about a pool. The broad shoulders of Mt. Temple carry us back to the romantic days of early youth when the mailed warrior was a very real personage. Fancy weaves with her deft fingers and we see the waving plume in the passing cloud, white as cotton; a burnished helmet in the cap of everlasting snow; strong arms in the huge buttresses, flanking the mountain's side; chain mail in the granite precipices; a two-edged sword in the dashing creek, flowing down its side; and the shield—is there not a shield for this knight of old, petrified among those awful heights? Yes, there it is, the lake, nestling against the mountain's side, the sun reflected from its surface as from burnished steel.

The railroad now turns a curve, an arc of a great circle, whose diameter is about fifteen miles, meanwhile stopping at Field. This station is also a clearing house for tourists, and no spot on the globe will better repay the traveler. This place is sacred to me because it was here that I first gazed upon a real mountain. The little peaks of the Catskills, in Central New York, beautiful though they are, fled away in sheer modesty from the presence of the majesty I am about to describe.

Rocky Mountain Park, from Hot Springs, Banff

We stopped at Field in the early morning, and as there was a little time to spare I stepped down from the track to the creek below and whiled away the time picking up curious pebbles. It was quite early yet and we were surrounded by a fog which began visibly to rise. Turning, I suddenly confronted the vast base of a mountain, and

Valley of the Ten Peaks

Lake Louise, from Chalet Verandah, Laggan

Takakkaw Falls

Paradise Valley

Emerald Lake, Mt. Burgess in Background

uttered an exclamation, for if that was the base what must the peak be! I was in fear lest the train should start, but the mist kept rising slowly but certainly, then lifting the veil from the face, revealed the shattered summit of Cathedral Mountain, 10,200 feet above the sea and a mile above the railroad track.

Although Cathedral Mountain is the more picturesque, Mt. Stephen is the higher, 10,527 feet. It rises from the valley in which Field station is located, and forms the left wall of said valley which is really the beginning of Kicking Horse pass. It will be noticed by one studying the map that the names of some localities are truly remarkable, and have their origin, like scripture names, in local incidents.

Mt. Stephen is one of the peaks easiest of access in this vicinity, and affords a commanding view of a large section of the Rocky Mountains. Just across the valley stands the huge pile of Mt. Burgess, not so high as Stephen, but in some respects of greater strength of outline and figure. At the foot of Burgess is Emerald Lake, a wonderful stretch of water, the combination of mountains and lake creating elements of beauty and grandeur rarely equalled.

The railroad passed through this district for some years, passengers and crews utterly unconscious that but a few miles away, not more than four as the bird flies, reposed the wonderful Yoho Valley. It is not possible in the limited space at our command, to give such a description of this remarkable place as its merits demand. Enthusiasts claim for it a rank with two other wonder spots in the known world, Yosemite Valley in California and Milford Sound in New Zealand. Whether it can muster the astonishing array of scenic splendors remains for its attorneys to demonstrate. We will, however, make the very modest claim that one who travels from Emerald Lake to Twin Falls will pass such a column of superb natural beauties that he will stare in amazement, even though he should know Yosemite from Bridal Veil to Cloud's Rest or Milford Sound from Sutherland Falls to Mitre Peak. Four lakes and three waterfalls nestle in a gorge, not as tremendous as some of the great cañons of the continent but with a magnificence and individuality that lifts it into rank with its great rivals.

On the heights above the valley and but a few miles away, is the vast Waputehk snow field, 10,000 feet above the sea, equal to anything, perhaps, in the Alps. Above this assembly of glaciers the peaks rise hundreds of feet, making a sight cold enough to chill the blood. In considering these elevations it should be borne in mind that whereas the snow line in Summer at Yosemite and Tahoe is between 8000 and 9000 feet, in British Columbia it is between 6000 and 7000 feet, consequently, from the point of view on snow-fall an 11,000 foot peak in the Canadian Rockies is a giant.

Below the Snow Field and the surrounding peaks is found Laughing Falls, a beautiful ribbon which, like nearly all waterfalls, has a charm of its own. Further up the valley is one of the most unique specimens of nature's handiwork known to man. It is the Twin Falls. There are many double falls in existence, in King's River country and elsewhere, but this is truly the Twins.

Although abounding in splendid precipices and lofty peaks, glorious foliage and forestry the real splendor of the Yoho Valley is the Takakkaw Falls, the Indian name for The Beautiful. To those who are familiar with the great cataracts of the Yosemite Valley let it be said that these falls are a combination of the characteristics of the Nevada and Yosemite Falls. The former is 600 and the latter 1600 feet dead fall. The one in question, the pride of the Yoho Valley, is 1200 feet. The Merced River flings a greater volume of water over the precipice, and thus the Nevada is more robust and furious; whereas Yosemite Creek has much less water, but the fall is more tenuous and ephemeral. Takakkaw comes down from the heights with the rage of Nevada, drops about a hundred feet into a basin, much as Nevada does, which gives such a glorious sunburst to the latter. Then it takes the wild plunge downward with more volume but much of the fleecy charm of the Upper Yosemite Falls.

In leaving this wonderful national park, crowded with such variety and magnificence of natural scenery, created expressly for man's pleasure, apparently, one is instinctively reminded of the words of the Psalmist, who never dreamed that such grandeur and beauty even existed,

"Oh Lord, how manifold are thy works. In wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches."

We now turn our backs on Cathedral Peak,

Kicking Horse River and Mt. Stephen

that Titanic pile whose monumental walls, enormous buttresses and massive piers remind one of Notre Dame of Paris, and enter the Kicking Horse Pass in earnest. For the next thirty five miles or so we are forced to deal in generalities. There is something stupendous in the scenery by which we are surrounded, but, unlike that which we have passed, it is on a scale of magnificent uniformity. Instead of procession of bright, particular stars we are confronted by bearskin ranges that daze the onlooker. Occasionally a gap in the chain will reveal, far in the background, the enormous proportions of Mt. Owen, (10,000) or Vaux (10,740) their shoulders wrapped in the fur of the polar bear. Rushing down grade the train plunges through snow-sheds, roars over bridges, hums around curves until it reaches Leanchoil, at which point the road makes a sharp bend and describes an acute angle from south to west, following the Van Horn Range almost in the shape of an arrowhead. Towering above Leanchoil on the east is one of the highest points of the Ottertail Range, Chancellor Peak, 10,780 feet.

The cañon of the Kicking Horse now becomes a vast slit in the earth's surface, almost terrible in its depth and solemn grandeur. At the bottom the river charges like a column of the Imperial Guard in breast-plates of white. The slopes on either side lift themselves in harsh yet fascinating aspect, while the train creeps along its winding pathway, carved out of the cliffs like a caterpillar on the bough of a tree.

We have been dealing with mountain masses, angular peaks, cleaving geometrical figures on a gigantic scale against the blue sky or white background of fleecy cloud; inexorable glaciers and rolicking waterfalls. Suddenly there is a great change. The train leaves the gorge of the Kicking Horse and glides tranquilly into the valley of the Columbia.

It need scarcely be told here that the Columbia River is one of the great rivers of the North American Continent. Although not

as long as the Mississippi-Missouri, the Rio Grande and others, it "pours forth from its frozen loins" its glacial waters in tremendous volume. It is this same river but by another name, of which the poet Bryant uttered his solemn strain, as he said,

"Where rolls the Oregon, and knows no sound save its own dashings."

After being encompassed by the overpowering ranges, between which the train has just passed, one is delighted to step out on the platform at Golden, take a long, deep breath and enjoy the change. The great river, mighty even in its infancy,

"Dark as Winter: * * flowing rapidly;"

the valley, broad for such a region, embroidered with Douglass Fir and Mountain Pine and piled up in the background on either hand; tier upon tier of ranges culminating in whole chains of Jungfraus, Maladatas, Juras and Seftons.

Once more the iron horse gathers his strength for a long pull and a strong pull up the formidable grade, for 3000 feet must be climbed by the tireless locomotive accompanied by his numerous family. Puffing and wheezing like a fire-hole in the Yellowstone, and making as much fuss as one of its geysers, this embodiment of eagerness and power hauls its load mile after mile up the steep track, over Stony Creek Bridge, one of the most interesting on the continent, suspended like a magnificent rain-bow three hundred feet above the torrent.

We can now understand something of the difference between the two great ranges, the Rockies and the Selkirks. Until the Columbia was reached the traveler has concluded that all British Columbia is one great patch of mountains with as little difference as a field of wheat. Now, however, he discovers that though there are numerous chains and subranges, the Van Horn, the Otter-tail and a host of others, the whole country is really cleft in twain by the Columbia, and from now on to the Pacific he will pass through the Selkirks, as distinct as the Rockies and the Sierras, though not with such a breadth of space between.

Head of Emerald Lake

It is necessary to pause for reflection before engaging in the stupendous task of describing the marvelous spectacles passing before us. Here is a dramatic performance so wonderful that we can scarcely believe that it is real. For the parquet we have the train, for the stage the vast Selkirk grand range. For actors, we have trees all about us, rivers far below us, and mountain peaks far above us. For wings the horizons, for shifting scenes the writhing cañons and ever-changing spurs, boiling torrents and everlasting

Mount Sir Donald

snow; while for drop curtain the night that would come too soon.

Although the mountains in this part of the journey were not the loftiest by five hundred feet their magnificent profiles and marked individuality fully compensated for any loss of stature.

Some years ago I visited Yosemite for the second time. I was standing on Glacier Point, one of the greatest observation points in the world. The contour and construction of the great gorge as it divides at that junction of the valley into a great Y, attracted my attention and turned my thoughts into a geological channel. On my return I "wrote up" the Valley, and in the course of my remarks I made this statement in a facetious spirit:

Once upon a time there was an old woman named Sierra Nevada, and as she lay asleep one day (a matter of a million years ago) a rogue called Earthquake came along and gave her such a nudge that she awoke and began to yawn. She yawned so dreadfully that she could not close her jaws, and so perished. Then she turned to stone. At length her teeth fell in, and with other rubbish, filled her throat, assisted by the snow and rain of these thousands of Summers and Winters. Now if you do not believe this you can go and see for yourself what is left of her teeth. There is a wisdom tooth in a good state of preservation, which they call El Capitan. Two molars are left, Sentinel Dome and North Dome, one front tooth, Half Dome, and two canines, Eagle Peak and Cathedral Rock.

You think I am telling yarns, do you? So did I until I took up an annotated Time Table issued by the Canadian Pacific. Imagine my surprise when I encountered this:

"Concerning Mt. Macdonald and Hermit Mountain, these two matchless mountains were once apparently united, but ages ago some terrific convulsion of nature split them asunder, leaving barely room for the railway."

Since writing the first and quoting the second paragraph I have read a short essay by Professor Whitney concerning the origin of Yosemite. This I have failed to find after diligent search. Sufficient to say that he confirms my theory by his scientific opinion, expressing his belief that once upon a time the granite crust of the earth in that region was rent to an appalling depth by an earthquake of which we have no conception; that boulders, glacial moraine and refuse washed down by torrents filled the gap to the present level.

But to resume. We now enter an amphitheater which reminds one of, even if it does not closely resemble, the Colisseum. Around us the great pile of masonry, tier piled upon tier and terrace upon terrace, the steps peopled with the trees of the forest, the air filled with applause as the north wind crashes through the mountain pines. Is this Bear Creek we see as we watch the grand curve of its orbit, or is it the white-maned coursers, swinging around the last curve, panting forth vapor and clouds as the ruddy-limned charioteer gives them the lash? And when the fierce race is over we turn our eyes to Mt. Tupper, the observed of all observers, the very Cæsar of the Roman-like spectacle.

One would have to search the very earth to find anything to exceed the majesty of that which was yet to come. We were approaching one of the scenes that made the strongest impression on me. We were creeping along the flank of Mt. Hector, a tremendous pile, but hidden from view because we were so close. Opposite, the vast form of Mt. Macdonald rose before us like a petrified cloud, so monstrous as to be inconceivable to one who has never gazed upon anything similar. We all lifted our eyes in awe to those heights, sprinkled with snow banks, a wild, shattered summit of granite, heaving its towers, peaks and battlements ten thousand feet above the sea. Far below the narrow river foamed. I have estimated that from the river to the crest of the peak was a distance of 7000 feet. From the car window it seemed perpendicular, though of course it was not.

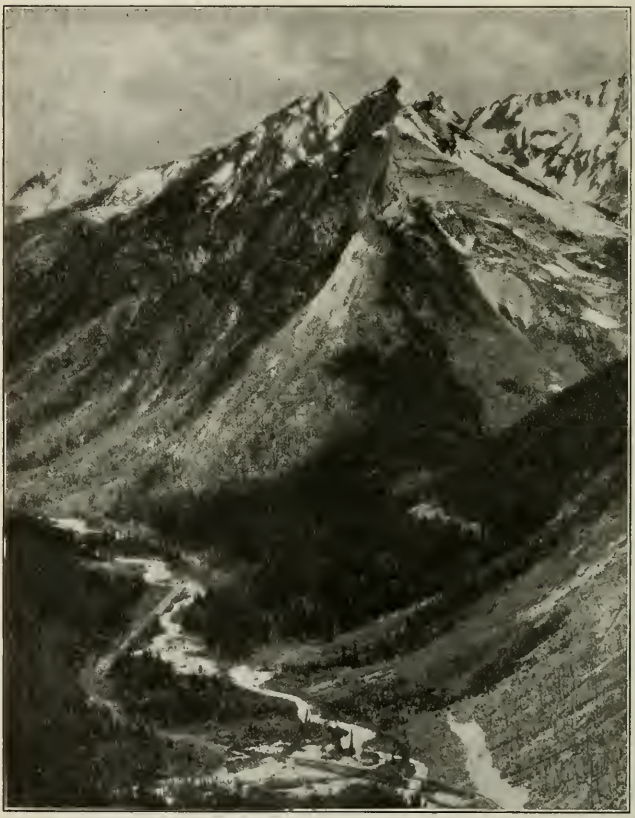
The increased speed warned us that we were on the down grade, and before long we were approaching the great loop. The track at this place forms an immense letter S, and I am hardly exaggerating when I say that a baseball could be thrown from the first to the third track by an expert. Near this, on one of the curves, is situated the station and hotel called Glacier. From this place one can get an excellent view of the great glacier of the Selkirks, a river of ice, but all other objects fade away like mists in the morning sun in the presence of Mount Sir Donald, the giant of this particular range.

Though not so lofty, this peak, situated in the heart of the Selkirks, corresponds to Mt.

Assiniboine in the heart of the Rockies. Both are pyramids and both exceed their fellows. Sir Donald calls to memory that striking line from Milton:—

> "He above the rest,
> In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
> Stood like a tower."

The stupendous ice-invested pyramid rises from the massive uplands of the sub-range. Great is my reverence for the three pyramids on the banks of the Nile, but if they were piled, one upon the other, the height would be inconsiderable compared with this marvellous geometrical figure fashioned by Nature,



Illecillewaet Valley

forbidding as the Matterhorn, thrusting its naked apex into the cold blue sky, to an altitude of 10,600 feet above tide level.

Magnificent as these heights may be they are greatly exceeded farther north. Beyond the sight of the traveler on the train are bold peaks 12,000 and 13,000 feet high, and still farther beyond rises one of the great peaks of the continent, Mt. Hooker. This mountain is practically inaccessible. Its base rises by easy stages and is of immense circumference. Gradually but certainly the pedestal rises and contracts until it lifts the mighty crown 16,000 feet above the level of the Pacific, and to my knowledge no man has ever set foot thereon.

Once more the train starts, and we are soon coasting down the steep grade, making the curves of the great loop. It would be well to remark in parenthesis that travelers in this region have an advantage in Summer that travelers on some other roads do not. There are snow-sheds to protect the trains and tracks from avalanches and snow-slides in Winter, but in the milder seasons the passengers have the privilege of riding outside the sheds on tracks laid for the purpose

In riding down the Loop and entering the valley of the Illecillewaet one passes through some of the experiences of ballooning, or ceases to envy the eagle in his upward flight to meet the sun. In zig-zagging back and forth the eye takes in an immense field of observation. Mt. Cougar, Ross' Peak and Cheops, numerous glaciers and a deep gorge are among the sights of importance. An artist, however, might regard these the least, and prefer the forestry and the coloring of earth and sky. However, that is a question of taste, and it is a matter of congratulation that there is enough variety to meet the demands of the most exacting, whether a Corot, an Angelo or a Sir Christopher

We have called attention to the variety and individuality of the scenery; we have applauded Mt. Macdonald and gone temporarily insane over Sir Donald, and they have all deserved our tributes of praise, but there is one more peak in this mighty group that should be noticed with awe. It is called Cheops. The name is slightly unfortunate, insomuch as we would naturally look for a pyrmidal shape, and if asked to pick it out would naturally select Sir Donald, for Cheops is not a good imitation of a pyramid. However, the name does suggest Titanic masonry and so does the huge mass of almost solid rock. In this respect it is unlike some of its fellows, whose summits are constructed, apparently, from the boulders found at the bottom of the cañons. As one gazes upon these two peaks, Sir Donald and Cheops, clothed in savage grandeur, he is confronted by a vision of the Gates of Hell, as described by Milton in Paradise Lost. "Threefold were brass, threefold adamant and threefold iron."

But to return to the Valley of the Illecillewaet. It is here, more than anywhere else, perhaps, that the traveler understands why the mountains of British Columbia are so remarkable, though their altitude is not. A mountain in Colorado 11,000 feet high attracts no attention, because the altitude at Denver, on the plain, is over 5200 feet. Of course even the bottoms of the cañons must be very much higher up in the mountains. Supposing a cañon to be 7000 feet and a peak to be 11,000 feet—that leaves a difference of 4000 feet. Now to return to our subject, Ross' Station is 3600 feet and Sir Donald is 10,600—a difference of 7000 feet, and it looks it:

"Every inch a king."

It is impossible for human nature, however trained and acute, to fully grasp such stupendous and beautiful spectacles in one short trip. One gentleman, whom I met on the train, remarked to me,

"These exceed the Himalayas. There is more to them. They appeal to me as the others do not." Another has said: "The Himalayas are huge mounds, vast terraces of snow and rock, gigantic but uniform, overpowering but monotonous. These peaks and gorges have a variety and individuality that the others have not."

There are probably few gorges in the world so appalling in their depth and environments as the Valley of the Illecillewaet—thousands of feet deep; surrounded by promontories and peaks that slant upward at the most awful angles to heights that give the beholder a chill. Truly Yosemite Valley has a majesty and charm of its own, and the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas is a picture of marvels set in a framework of rock, but in no way do they detract from the glory of the Grand Cañon of the Selkirks.

Capturing Big Horns

By Will Frakes.

PART III. (*Concluded.*)

THE mother of the lamb that I captured, and the big lamb of the ewe that I had tied up, stayed around in sight of camp for three days; but my time was so entirely taken up with the sheep that I already had in possession, that I could not attend to the traps properly, and so did not succeed in capturing either of them.

By this time the old ewe's foot was very badly swollen, and the weather was so hot that I could not get the fever out of it. There was a thunder-storm in the neighborhood nearly every day, which was a source of continual worry; for I was camped in the bottom of a canon, and if the storm fell above me—and more especially if it fell in the night—I well knew that it would drown all my sheep if I did not get out in double quick time. But as there was no other place that I could camp and be out of sight and in the shade, I had to stay there.

About this time I got a miner to bring me in a load of grub, and some barley to feed the sheep, and prepared to stay there for the rest of the summer. About a week thereafter I captured the lamb, a buck about two and a half years old showed up on top of the hill one evening. I had a peep at him through my glass and saw that he was a very fine sheep. I had all my traps in good shape, and felt that the chances were about even to get him if he came down. It took him about half an hour to make up his mind to come, and then as is their custom he came very slowly. When he got to within about 30 yards of the spring, the Count bawled to him. The loose sheep did not see the one that called him, for the Count was behind the thick brush; the latter being very close to it was able to see the wild buck on the rocks above him.

The wild buck did not know from where the sound came, but he answered it, turned around and stepped into a trap. To my great surprise and joy he did not cut up so badly as they generally do. I ran out ahead of him in the canon, and as he came down I tried to lasso him but failed. He got by me and I had to run him about 200 yards before I came up with him again. When I did, he ran around a bunch of brush and met me on the other side.

We both stopped, facing each other about 10 feet apart. We were both about out of breath and wheezing away for dear life. The sheep was all fuzzed up and ready for fight, but I was so hideously ugly, and reared up so, that he did not like to jump in to me unless he had to. By the time I got my breath right good, I had my rope ready to lasso again. I saw him turn his head to one side, and knew by that that he was weakening and would run if he got a chance. I decided at once to run a bluff on him, so I yelled, swung my rope and jumped at him; he whirled around and tried to climb up the bank on the other side of the narrow canon.

I lassoed him before he got out of reach and pulled him back; and when he saw that he could not get away he whirled around, and I saw at a glance that the fight was on. There was a small bush between us, about two feet high, and when he made his first lunge at me I jerked him down into this bush and jumped onto him before he could get up. He was a

good big sheep and pretty strong, but the bush tangled his legs till he could not kick very badly, and I soon had him tied down.

I got my hands scratched up a little on the brush, but he did not get to jolt me any. I was very glad of it, too, for my rib had a big knot on it and was still sore. I at once dragged him into the shade of a desert willow, blindfolded him, and went to camp. I brought a canteen of water and a cup, and gave him two cups of water. He was so hot that I was afraid to give him any more.

The next question was getting him into camp. He was only about 250 yards away, but he was entirely too big to carry; and with my broken rib I did not like to drive him in, and maybe have a fight with him in so doing. So I finally decided to drag him in. I tied some barley-sacks around him to keep the rocks from hurting him too much, took him by the horns, walked backward, and dragged him to camp.

The next day two sheep came in for water, after looking around till they were satisfied they came down on top of a bluff about 30 yards from me. As one of them was standing on the very edge of the bluff, the other came up behind him, hit him a slight tap, and playfully pretended that he was going to butt him off the rocks. The butted sheep instantly braced himself, but in a moment turned, and shook his head at the other, and both seemed to enjoy the joke. The sheep did not say: "Ha! ha! I gave you a good scare," as a man would have done under similar circumstances; but the cause of the action, and the feeling derived from it were the same; a higher degree of pleasure for the time being.

This little play, slight though it was, shows that the animals have a sense of humor and enjoy it. And in order to do that, one thought added to another and the sum of all held in the mind as a whole was undoubtedly necessary—which would constitute reason. Instinct is the unit of thought. Reason the plurality. The butted sheep instinctively braced himself against an unknown danger, but in the fraction of a second, when he had time to think, to reason, he knew that it was only his friendly companion playing a joke on him. These two sheep came down and watered, but I did not get either of them. They were the last sheep that I saw for quite a while.

Old "Stonewall"

The old ewe's foot continued to get worse, and the big buck's foot was also swollen very badly. I had sent for some medicine to dress them with, but it was a long time coming.

About this time, some miners who located the spring came to do the assessment work on it; and of course that put a stop to any further sheep catching till they were through. They worked on the water for about two weeks, and had been gone about a week when one evening I saw a full grown big-horn come up on top of the hill. I was very glad to see him, for I had not seen a wild sheep for some time.

After satisfying himself that the coast was clear, he came down and stepped into a trap that I had set only a few feet above a little

The Herd in Captivity

bluff. He made one or two lunges forward, and although he tried to save himself he went over the bluff. This bluff was not over 10 or 12 feet high, and any sound man might have jumped over it with a trap on his foot, and have stood an even show for his life, at least, but it killed the sheep. It did not kill him on the spot, but bruised him up so badly that he died from the effects of it. I caught him a short distance from where he went over the bluff, but there was no fight; he was too badly hurt and lay down and gave up without a struggle. He was a fine animal, and the next day I thought he was better; but by the third day I saw that he was doomed. He slowly sank and died in about a week.

A few days before he died my worst fears were suddenly realized by a terrible thunderstorm and water-spout that fell in the canon above and on me. It came in the night, with scarcely any warning, and came near drowning me as well as the sheep. Knowing the danger I always had everything ready to move at the first actual sign of a storm. On this particular night I had laid down among my sheep as usual, to be ever ready to attend to them if any thing went wrong; and had slept until about 12 o'clock, when I was suddenly awakened by a deafening roar of thunder.

Big drops of water began to fall thick and fast within a minute or two. I jumped up and looked around, but could not see even a trace of anything, for no darkness was ever blacker. I realized at once what I was up against, and as I was able to lay my hand on anything in that camp in spite of any degree of darkness, I hurriedly began to carry things out and pile them on some rocks where they would be safe. Every few minutes a flash of zig-zag lightning would come so close that it made me stagger, followed instantly by a roar of thunder that was many times doubled and prolonged by the rocky walls of the deep canon.

I had tied a long rope on to each one of the old bucks, so if a storm came I could just cut the short rope that held them, and the sheep could get out themselves. It was but the work of a moment or two to cut the ropes and yell "skiddoo!"—and they skid! I could not see what they did, but the next flash of lightning showed them both up on the rocks safe enough. I rushed in then and untied the old ewe and the lamb, and dragged them out to safe places and tied them. But when I got back to the Count, the water was up to my knees and running so swift that I could hardly stand up. The sheep in his frantic efforts to get loose, ran round and round me, completely tangling me up in the rope and holding it so tight that I could not get it untied. I worked and tugged at the knot with all my strength, but it would not budge. The water was getting deeper and swifter at every moment, and the sheep continued to lunge and jerk me so that it was impossible to get the rope untied. I saw that my only hope was to cut it, so I hurriedly drew out my knife, but just as I was opening it the sheep jumped against me and knocked it out of my hands.

To even make an attempt to get it in that wild water and darkness was too absurd to think about. I hurriedly tried to untie the rope again, but it seemed to be tighter than before. In a moment or two I was thrown into a frenzy by the roar of the water-spout coming down the canon above me. I at once gave up all hopes of saving the sheep, and began to try to get clear of the rope to save myself. But the rope was so wet and stiff, and drawn so tight, and the sheep kept pulling and jerking so, that I could not get away from him.

I was just about ready to bid farewell to pork and beans, when I happened to remember that I laid the ax down at the foot of that tree that morning. I quickly felt down in the water where I knew it ought to be, and got it almost the first grab. At a single blow I cut the rope, and dragged the sheep out onto the rocks just as a flood of water went tearing down the canon behind us with a force that would have knocked down an elephant.

The rain had begun to let up a little by this time, for these lightning strikers never last over 10 or 15 minutes. A flash of lightning showed that the two old bucks had got tangled up with their long ropes, so I pulled them down off the rocks, and tied them up short with the other sheep.

Had I and my entire outfit been soused to the bottom of the ocean we could not have been wetter. I soon began to get cold and wanted to make a fire, but things were too

"All will agree that they are fine animals"

wet. About this time I remembered that there was a bottle of rock-and-rye in one of the pack-sacks, and says I to myself, "I'll bet anything that bottle of rock-and-rye is turned upside down," and it was—in about a minute after I got hold of it. I felt decidedly better after that, and went back and stood among my sheep till daylight. About the peep of day I began to get uneasy again about that bottle of rock-and-rye, and went and hunted it up once more to see if it was all right, and it was.

As soon as I could see I began to hustle around and soon had a fire and breakfast ready; the sun came up hot as ever and by 9 o'clock things were as dry as they ever were. I watered and fed all my sheep, but the old ewe would not eat and about noon that day she died.

I then went round and reset all my traps, for some of them were washed out, and some were covered with a foot of dirt and rocks. I did not expect any sheep in for several days, for I knew they could get water in the rocks; but sometimes the unexpected happens, and it did in this case.

I attended to my sheep and went to bed early that night, for I was sleepy and counted on a good rest; but about midnight I was suddenly aroused by the sheep running over me, and at the same time there was a racket up on the side of the hill that sounded as if all the rocks up there had started to roll down the side of the mountain. I jumped up and in a moment or two understood the situation; for I had heard that sound several times before, and knew that it meant that there was another sheep in a trap. I also knew from the way things rattled that it was no lamb either.

I grabbed a rope and was ready to start at once, for I slept with my clothes and moccasins on, as I often had to get up in the night to attend to the sheep. The trapped sheep got a slight start of me, and I ran him about 200 yards before I came up with him. I got close enough to see that he was a full grown big-horn, when he suddenly broke the chain, being free from the heavy log, he easily outran me and was out of sight before I hardly realized what had happened.

With a desire to capture him so great that I could not give him up without a frantic effort to get him—that yet seemed entirely hopeless—I started at once, straining every muscle for more speed, and following the

sound made by the sheep and the trap as they went tearing over the rocks. I ran him for two or three hundred yards and lost him. I stopped and listened, but could not hear a sound of him anywhere. I thought it very strange that he should get entirely out of hearing so quick, and came to the conclusion that I must have passed him, and that he must have climbed up on the rocks somewhere. I was just in the act of starting back up the canon to look for him, when I heard him start up only a short distance ahead of me.

I instantly started after him again, wondering what could have caused him to stop there till I got so near him. I had only ran a short distance by the sound, till he was gone again. I stopped, held my breath and strained my ears to try to locate him, but could not hear a sound. I took a step or two with the intention of making a search for him, when up he jumped again just on the opposite side of some bushes from me. This time I got a good close start on him, and could see him plainly as there was a big moon. He outran me from the first jump; but like the dog that never catches the rabbit I was determined to try, and before he got out of sight he stumbled over the trap some way, went heels over head and lay there.

I was already running with all the might that was in me, but when I saw him fall, I think I crowded on another notch or two, and just as I got to him he began to get up. I made a jump and grabbed him by one horn with one hand, threw my other arm around his body and pushed him over. He was cowed, however, from the start and did not try to fight. I understood then why he had been stopping.

A sheep's token of surrender is to lie down, and lie still. Once he possums, no matter what you do, or how badly you may hurt him, he will never even flinch. And when this sheep was thrown down by the trap he evidently thought that he was captured, and lay still for a few minutes before he found out the difference, which gave me time to come up with him. His leg was badly cut and twisted out of place. I could not get the trap off, for in my hurry to start after him I had forgotten to bring a clamp. He was a long way from camp, but I decided to drag him in as I did the others. I did not like to have a fight with him, and I knew that if he jumped around on his broken leg that he would not be worth taking to camp.

So I went to camp, got a clamp and some sacks, made a kind of sled and dragged him in. It was just midnight when I got him tied down, and just sun-up when I got to camp with him. I fixed him up the best I could, stood him up beside the other big-horn, and took their pictures. He looked so "rough and ready," that I named him Old Stonewall. But for all his proud, defiant bearing, he has always been a good sheep, and never once tried to fight me. Still, he can hit quick and hard when he wants to, and I have to keep him tied up all the time to prevent him from killing the other bucks.

After this adventure I rested one day, and then took a look for my horses which had left me. I felt sure they had gone home, but I could not leave the sheep to go after them. I hardly knew what to do, but decided to learn my sheep to lead, and so soon as they were able, pack enough grub on the old bucks to do me home, and strike out. I packed one of the bucks to see what he would do, and although he tried to run away, he did not try to buck the pack off, nor scare at it, and I saw that as soon as their feet got well that I could come in all right.

About this time the big-horn that fell over the bluff died. I then had four sheep left, and concluded to not try to capture any more on that hunt. So I took in my traps, and spent all my time doctoring the sheep that I had so as to get them ready to go as soon as possible. But before they were anything like in condition to make such a trip, my cousin, Mr. Will Mudget, very agreeably surprised me by coming into my camp one evening.

He said the horses had come home, (for we live together) and as I did not show up in two or three days he thought that something might have happened me, so he took the horses' back tracks across the desert and followed them to my camp.

As he came with a wagon, and the sheep's feet were in such bad condition, we decided to haul them home. We tore up a blanket and wrapped the sheep's legs so the ropes would not hurt them, and tied them down. But their sore feet were not tied at all. We then gathered grass, and with some sacks and quilts made a soft bed in the wagon for them

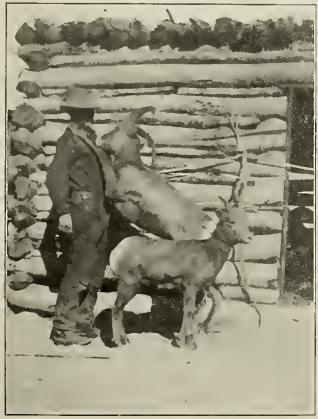
to lie on. With some desert willows and a piece of canvas we rigged a shade over them, and were ready to go.

The first day out we were caught in a sand storm, and when it let up, the "Rambling Rakes of Poverty" would have made a gorgeous appearance beside us. We made it to water, however, about dark, took the ropes off the sheep's legs and tied them up to the wagon wheels like so many horses. We then gave them a drink of water and a good feed of barley. I had trained them to eat out of nose-sacks, so all we had to do was to put each sheep's rations in his sack, tie it on his nose, and the sheep would attend to the rest of it. I still feed them in the same manner.

By the second day they began to get used to the wagon, and would eat grass and chew their cuds as we traveled along. One little incident happened that was much funnier to see than it is to tell. We were going over some very rough ground and one of the bucks was chewing his cud; the wagon made a sudden jolt just as the sheep had opened his mouth and his cud flew out. He had been having surprises ever since he was captured, but this took the cake. He held up his head, and looked so wild that for a few moments I thought he was going to try to jump out of the wagon. In a few minutes, however, he decided to try another and didn't let that one get away from him.

The fourth day we arrived home and the big sheep hunt was over for 1906. From time to time quite a number of people came to see the sheep. All agree that they are fine animals, and all agree that they will soon die. I think they will, too, in the course of time. But barring accidents, or some pest, I see no reason why they should die any sooner than any other sheep, so long as they are properly handled.

In conclusion I would say that, although I have probably captured more mountain sheep than any other man I do not claim to be the most expert trapper in America. There are doubtless plenty of other hunters that could have captured the sheep as easily as I, had they cared to have done so.



"As Tame as Kittens Now"

Photo by Geo. Gignac

SIERRA MADRE

O strong thy everlastingness, my gaze
  Turns thankfully away from weaker things
And tries to penetrate the golden haze
  That hangs between me and thy forest springs,
    Thy cañons and thy profile 'gainst the sky,
    Now distance-hidden from my far-off eye.

Yet memory is richer for the day
  I climbed thy steeps to highest Alpine crest,
And looked upon the littleness astray
  'Mid plain and valley, while the blazing west
    Held open wide the gates of crimson hue
    As sunset angels bade the world adieu.

A sea of carmine surged to tones of night
  And glad-eyed stars came forth, above, around,
While southward spread the galaxy, a sight
  Well worth the Grecian myth. Not faintest sound
    From cities reached my ear. No troubled part
    Had I in life, so sweet was nature's heart.

O, misty mountain, I shall not forget
  The hours I spent with thee. If lonely ways
Sometimes seem clouded with the year's regret,
  My thoughts will turn to thee, thy nights, thy days
    Of majesty and deep, serene repose
    Beneath the sunlight or the winter's snows.

So may my soul arise and leave below
  Its puny vistas, climbing to the heights
Of everlasting Love, and learn the slow
  But certain growth of heavenly delights,
    Thus typified so splendidly by vast
    And noble triumphs from a mountain's past.

—*M. Watrous.*

STRIPED BASS FISHING

By W. R. MacFarland.

NOW that our striped bass have become so scarce, owing to the pollution of the waters of San Francisco Bay by the dumping therein of large quantities of crude petroleum, contrary to the laws "made and provided"; and the non-enforcement of the other laws for their protection, I have thought that a recital of a few observations I have made concerning these fishes, during the last ten years, as to their peculiarities, habits, methods of catching them, seasons, favorable waters, etc., might be of interest to some of the readers of Western Field. At any rate, while my brothers of the striped bass fraternity are waiting for that striped bass hatchery(!) to materialize, so that the fish may again increase and multiply, to the delight of the angler, as well as the benefit of the fish-eating public, the relation of a few facts showing the peculiarities of striped bass may be of interest.

My attempts to catch bass began a number of years before the anglers of California learned how and where to catch them. In 1895-6 Al Wilson, Dr. Dean, the late Patrick Boland and the late Wm. Ward, visited a small slough which empties into the ocean a short distance above Tomales Bay, and caught a few fish; some days later the same parties went to the same slough, and upon this occasion Dr. Dean, after having ineffectually tried every bait and lure he had, cut a strip from one of his business cards and stuck it on a bait hook, and casting into the current had the felicity to hook and land a nice bass. Up to this time the writer had never known of clams being used as bait for striped bass and no fish were caught on clams that trip. In fact, the only other fish caught by any of the party was one of two or three pounds taken by the writer on a long abalone shell spoon, and the strange thing was that the fish took the spoon when it was lying still upon the bottom. I had become tired of whipping the spoon, and casting into the creek allowed it to settle upon the bottom, placing the rod on top of a fence at the water's edge, I proceeded to rest a spell. Fully ten minutes afterward the fish picked up the spoon and was safely landed. But I have never heard of another fish being caught on a piece of cardboard, nor of one picking up a "dead" spoon.

In 1897 striped bass were noticed in San Leandro Bay and a twelve-pound fish was taken by an Alameda gentleman on an old-fashioned brass and feathered spoon; but during the whole of that summer, and the following one, the writer and a few others trolled those waters industriously with every kind of trolling appliance then at hand (the Wilson bass spoon had not then been created), without striking a fish. In the fall of 1898 bass were discovered in Oakland Estuary, and during October of that year a few anglers had some fine sport there, taking a number of large fish, all on the juicy clam. And it was during that time that we observed the disposition of the bass to quickly eject from his mouth a bait the instant he felt the slightest weight on the line, and it was this that caused Wilson to suggest the adoption of the old perforated sinker, which allows the line to slip through without resistance when the bait is taken.

In the following year, 1899, bass were discovered by some of the members of the Petaluma Gun Club in the waters of San Antonio Creek, and in November of that year the writer and the late Henry E. Skinner were the guests, at the Club House, of that genial, veteran sportsman, Mr. W. S. Shattuck, upon which occasion a few nice fish were taken. And from that time until last fall San Antonio Creek has produced

more hass to the rods of the anglers than any other California waters.

As soon as the Wilson spoon was created, it proved the best lure used in San Antonio Creek for several years, hut strange to say during the last three years it has been almost impossible to get the fish to take a spoon in San Antonio Creek; and yet in San Pablo Bay and elsewhere they take it as usual. Will some brother angler suggest the reason for this? Again, until three years ago that creek furnished fine summer fishing, the fish running from three to five pounds. Now one can scarcely ever catch a bass there in the summer.

Some of the catches made in this creek have been phenomenal. Many an angler has taken in a day eight to twenty bass, averaging from six to ten pounds each.

On a certain Sunday, two seasons ago, when the anglers who had fished that day met at San Antonio station to take the train home, it was found that about twenty persons had fished, and had taken one hundred fish that weighed one thousand pounds. In the month of November, 1905, the writer fished thirteen t'mes in San Antonio Creek and took twenty-seven bass which weighed three hundred pounds, an average of over eleven pounds each, and there have been many others who have beaten that record. For several years the record big bass of the Pacific Coast was one taken in San Antonio Creek by the late Fred Bushnell, which weighed twenty-nine and a half pounds; but that record was beaten in San Antonio by Mr. Will Burlingame on November 14th of last year, his fish weighing just one pound more. As far as I have been able to learn, my old friend Louis Boutillier, is far and away ahead of all others in the record of big fish; his catches having been made in the summer of 1905, in Russian River, trolling with a minnow, and I regret very much that he never kept a record, for I would like to see it published in Western Field. One fish which he sent to the city weighed a little over forty pounds after arrival, and Mr. Boutillier told me that he caught a number of fish weighing over thirty pounds each.

It is curious that in the great army of striped bass anglers of the Pacific Coast, no one has been able to catch the "big fellows". Bass are brought to the market weighing as much as sixty pounds, and usually in the months of February and March many can be seen in the markets of thirty to fifty pounds weight, but the anglers do not catch many of over twenty pounds.

A great deal has been said and written about the habits of striped bass on this Coast, but I am convinced that there is still as much to be learned about them as we already know. I think every observing angler will bear me out in the statement that he is a very uncertain quantity.

We first began to catch bass with clams for bait and that is still the surest and most reliable all around bait, and yet a bass is not a clam digger, nor is he provided with the grinders for smashing shell fish possessed by some other fish; and he never gets a clam except when he finds one specially provided for him by some angler. The best reason I have ever heard given for the fondness of these basses for clams, was given by a Chinese clam merchant, who said "clam make heap light in water, fish see light; come quick catch um clam"—his idea evidently being that the phosphorescence given off by a fresh opened clam attracted the fish. I have known anglers who argued that the neck of the clam alone was just as good as the whole clam; and again others who argued that clams stale to malodorousness, were just as good; but I have observed that the angler who provided large fat clams, and opened them himself as they were needed, were the men who got the most and best fish.

Although the bass feed upon every variety of young fish, it seems to be difficult to catch them here on live bait, so that anglers generally depend upon the spoons or clams. In 1901 Al Wilson invented his bass spoon, the first successful lure of that kind ever used in Pacific waters for the taking of striped bass, and in October of that year the writer and a friend tried the new spoon in Raccoon Straits. It was the first time it had been used in those waters; and that day we took nine bass weighing 87½ pounds, and during that fall and winter and also during the following two years, many fine catches were made in Raccoon Straits, trolling with a spoon. But finally the fishing there became very poor, and for the last two years so poor that it has been almost abandoned. And this is much to

be regretted, for of all the bass fishing we have had in California waters, that of trolling in the clear, deep waters of Raccoon Straits has been the finest.

As before mentioned, when bass fishing first began in San Antonio Creek the Wilson spoon was the most effective lure used, but for the past two years it is almost impossible to get a bass on a spoon in those waters, and the writer has put in many hours trying, after every one else had abandoned the spoon. What is the reason for this change of heart on the part of Mr. Bass? On December 23, 1902, a friend and myself, trolling in the same boat in San Antonio Creek with a Wilson spoon, took eighteen fish weighing 148 pounds in a forenoon's fishing, and without changing spoons; and besides perhaps half as many more were lost. The same day "Billy" Goodwin alone got eighteen, averaging as well as ours. And generally for two or three years the best catches were made on the spoon, whereas for the last two years no fish have been taken in San Antonio Creek on a spoon. Why is this? Have the old fish got wise to the spoon and advised the youngsters to steer clear of the glittering, alluring thing?

Upon one occasion, when trolling alone in San Antonio Creek, I hooked and lost a large fish; rowing back over the same spot, a fish again struck, and was again lost, but a third strike in the same place secured a splendid sixteen-pounder which, upon examination, showed the two cuts where the hook had torn out after the first two strikes. This fish had struck the third time after a hook had been torn out of his mouth twice; and yet a bass is considered one of the most easily frightened fishes inhabiting the waters. And I think he is justly so considered, and yet I have seen times when a dozen to twenty boats were splashing around in such close proximity to each other that it was often difficult to make a cast without fouling your neighbor's line, and everybody catching fish, and everybody laughing and shouting all the time, clanging oars, moving from one place to another continually. But I trust no one will think that I recommend noise and confusion when fishing for striped bass. On the contrary, I think that usually the quieter one can be the better luck he will have.

It is claimed by some that striped bass are as numerous in our waters now as they ever were; to such I would say, make a close observation of the markets; also note the prevailing price for those fish in the market. Then interview the anglers who go to all points where there seems to be a chance to catch bass. It has been claimed that the bass are spreading out into larger territories, and that is the cause of their apparent scarcity in this immediate vicinity. Well, about fifteen years ago two or three specimens were taken from the Columbia River, but they have never, so far as I know, been seen there since; about the same time two were taken just below San Pedro in Los Angeles County, but no more have been seen there. Fifteen or sixteen years ago they were to be found in Russian River, and in the Sacramento as far as Redding, but as far as I have been able to learn they have not been observed in new locations for years. They were introduced in Pacific waters in 1879 and 1881, and in that lapse of time they certainly would long since have spread out into larger territories, if their surroundings and conditions had made it necessary.

As an ardent striped bass angler, I hope we may be able still to catch a few, but the difficulties with which the fish have to contend, leaves rather a gloomy outlook.

A GRIZZLY HUNT IN LILLOOET, B. C.

(*From the Notes of L. Macadam.*)

By H. F. Pullen.

THE time to hunt the grizzly is in the early Spring just as the snow is melting from the mountain sides, for at that season he has left his Winter den after his long sleep and his coat is just in its prime. On the mountains of upper British Columbia everything begins to grow directly as the snow leaves and even before. Large slides of snow and gravel are very common about that time, the immense mass of debris carrying with it every tree or loose rock that stands in its way and leaving in its wake a clear strip often miles in length. On these "slides", as they are called, the young herbage is very succulent and they are the first feeding places of the bear after he awakens in the Spring.

One of the ambitions of my life has been to kill one of the monarchs of the Rocky Mountain forests, so with that end in view I made my way to Lillooet last April and there engaged a guide, Henry Schwartz, and Bell, an Indian cook, with whom I started out on the 21st of the month, taking along five pack horses, three for riding and one spare.

For two days we traveled with no more serious adventures than the bolting of a pack horse. The load was spilt all over the ground and guide Schwartz was obliged to tie up the other horses and go after her. He soon met her returning, she preferring toil to solitude.

On the third day, after leaving the main trail and climbing the summit of a divide in order to make a short cut, we came to a small lake about a mile long and quite narrow. It was swarming with fine rainbow trout and they were so hungry that we were able to catch enough in one hour to last men and dogs for the next three days.

That night we pitched our camp on Cadwallader Creek and decided to make this our main camp or base of supplies. There were a few bear signs in the surrounding woods but none of them very fresh. We decided therefore to move on to the south fork of Bridge River, where the guide's partner had shot an enormous grizzly the previous year.

The most successful plan of hunting the grizzly is to watch the open strips or slides in the early morning and evening when he is likely to be out feeding. At other times he lies in the thick bush in a regular lair. As soon as he is sighted the hunters proceed to stalk him, always approaching from the windward side in such a way that the wind shall be blowing from the bear to the hunters otherwise he would smell them before they got within range and make off into the thickets.

While we were watching one of these slides with our glasses we heard a noise like thunder, and looking in the direction from which the noise came we saw, about ten miles away, what seemed a whole mountain side sliding downwards. It was a splendid sight but better viewed from a distance than near at hand. In the wake of the slide was a brown barren strip more than half a mile wide, a bear pasture for next year.

The next day we pushed on a few miles farther, and soon came across two fresh grizzly tracks which we followed for some time. Several times we were much tempted to shoot a coyote which continually obtruded himself as if aware that he was immune while there was a chance of getting bigger game. When returning to camp we saw where the coyote had followed our back trail to camp, moved probably by curiosity or the knowledge that where there is a camp there is usually pork, also.

The first grizzly we saw was when we had camped at the foot of a slide five hundred yards wide and about two miles long. We

The Big Grizzly of the Lillooet .
Killed by C. W. Burton

were straightening up the camp, and Bell had gone out into the open to gather some dry firewood when he came hurrying back to tell us that there was a big grizzly on the slide. We took off our boots and put on mocassins, but the delay cost us the bear, for when we arrived on the scene he had gone into some willow bushes and although Schwartz got a glimpse of him I did not see him at all. Picking up his trail we found that he had doubled round and passed within one hundred yards of where we were watching.

From this time on we saw bears every day. At one time it was a mother with her yearling cubs, the latter romping and tumbling over their mother as she fed and passively joined in the fun. At another I got a shot, but owing to the rareness of the atmosphere I misjudged the distance and the bullets all struck low. A third time a big fellow came out onto the slide, sat up on his haunches bear-fashion as if looking at us and then lurched off into the thickets.

One evening we had climbed into trees in order to better see the slide. It was bitterly cold but we stuck to our posts and were rewarded, just at dusk, by seeing a bear come out into the open about three hundred yards distant. Sighting carefully, I fired and the shot broke his back, but he pawed his way down the mountain, dragging his hind legs and roaring like a bull. Again and again I fired, but only one ball hit the mark and as it was now too dark to follow him we went home to camp.

Our grub was getting scarce so Bell that evening cooked a porcupine. Its liver and kidneys were very good but the rest of the meat was soft and flabby. However, we were so hungry that we could have eaten anything. Whether the rest of the porcupine community realized what we had done and come to haunt us, or whether they were anxious to be cooked also I cannot say, but that night our dogs spent most of the time chasing porcupines and in the morning we found no less than a dozen of the quilled beasts treed within a few yards of the camp. One was in a bare

spruce tree right above the camp fire. It took us some time to get the quills out of the dogs' noses.

We breakfasted on porcupine and were away by six o'clock on the trail of the wounded bear. It was easy work following him as the tracks in the snow were very plain, and now and then he had lain down, leaving a pool of blood. We found him about a mile away lying in a hollow. He tried to get away but a ball through the neck put him out of his misery. No sooner was he dead than Bell began to sing a weird Indian song that they always sing when a bear is killed. It is suppose to act as a charm against ill luck which would otherwise fall on the person who should dare to kill one of the kings of the forest.

Our bear was of the brown or cinnamon variety, not a grizzly, although he was almost as large as one of the latter. This did not satisfy me, for I had come hundreds of miles to kill a grizzly and there seemed to be plenty in the woods, so I determined to try again. It was necessary first to return to our main camp, which we did, making from there a new start up the Cadwallader creek.

We had not gone many miles when pointing to the other side of the creek, Bell said in Siwash:

"There one of horses."

Schwartz looked and then called to the Indian to come back. "It's a grizzly, sure enough," said he. One look through my glass confirmed this, so we hurried along, coming at last to an open spot just opposite where bruin was feeding.

She, for it proved to be a female, was feeding on the other side of the creek about half a mile away. We hurried down the mountain and tried to find a place where we could cross the creek, but failing in that we climbed a little knoll right opposite the bear and not more than two hundred yards away. Just as we got there we saw a big gravel slide come rushing downwards with a noise like thunder within one hundred yards of the grizzly, but she took not the slightest notice of it, continning her feeding as before, perfectly unconscious of her two enemies and of the dark muzzle of the English Winchester pointing in her direction.

Remembering how I had misjudged the distance once before, I raised the sights to four hundred yards in spite of the protests of my companion, who told me to fire low. Accordingly my bullet went whistling over the bear's back, sending up a shower of sand just beyond her and showing me that I had missed. Anathematizing my folly in not accepting the advice of an experienced man, I expected to see the bear rush for the timber; but instead, she jumped around and stood broadside on. Ramming in another cartridge and lowering the sights I fired again, my shot this time taking effect. She flew round and charged straight for us with mouth open and uttering terrific roars or bellows. It was the finest sight I had ever seen but there was no time for contemplation. A false move meant certain death, and even the coolest brain and the strongest nerve could not be quite sure of winning out against this infuriated creature with the lives of a cat and the strength of an ox.

On she came and it seemed as if nothing would stop her. At the edge of the creek she raised herself a little, holding her head high in the air. It was just the opportunity I wanted to send a ball into the center of her chest, piercing both lungs and heart.

She fell and lay still for a few seconds and guide Schwartz went wild with excitement slapping me on the back and shouting, "Good boy! You've got her." But we hadn't yet. My magazine was empty and I was busy pushing in more cartridges when up jumped the grizzly and tried to make for the timber. A ball through the back of the neck gave our Indian another opportunity to sing his weird death song over one of the finest silver-tips I have ever seen.

TWO FAMOUS REACHES ON THE TRUCKEE RIVER
Photos by E. A. Mocker

SOUTH COAST SHOOTING

By "Stillhunter."

PART IV. THE COYOTE

A LONG time ago, when I first began to scatter ink over the pages of Western Field, I wrote a short sketch on the stalking of a couple of the little gray wolves whose name adorns the head of this article. They are among the most characteristic of all California's fauna, and, next to the grizzly and the mountain lion may be called typical animals of the State.

It is, doubtless, needless for me to state that the coyote is a small gray wolf, long of leg and thinner of brush than any other wolf known to the North American continent, yet in no wise like either the jackals or the hyenas of the Orient, nor yet the dingoes or wild dogs of the Antipodes, to all of which I have heard our California coyotes erroneously compared.

As a rule the coyote makes no den, in the sense of occupying a cave in the rocks or a hole in the hollow of a tree, as does the Eastern gray wolf, or even the big black timber wolves. These latter were the terror of the farmers of Minnesota and Wisconsin and Michigan in the days when I was a boy in those States, and I learned more of them than I could do now, when they are so nearly extinct in all civilized parts of the Union.

The female coyote makes a "form" in the tall grass or in the brush of some secluded cañon mouth in which to have her young, or, more rarely, scratches out the mouth of a badger or squirrel hole to a size sufficient to shelter her and her cubs. One family which I remember finding in the hills of the Chino Ranch in Orange County were snugly hidden in a curve in a fallen sycamore trunk. They were found only by the writer's almost jumping on them as he cleared the log while following his pack of hounds which had treed a wild cat a few hundred yards down the cañon, and to whose frantic barking "treed" he was responding as fast as human legs would permit.

So far as I can learn, though I have seen but three broods in my brief and plain career, the coyote mother has but two young at a birth, possibly three at the most. Families of five have been shown me as taken from one form but I doubted the hunter's word then, and have since had no reason to change my mind. The young are pretty little things, and insofar as so wild a beast ever can be tamed make nice pets, but not for the young generation, for they are as familiar with sharp teeth as a fox terrier puppy, and a deal more careless.

But for all the fact of their small broods, these little wolves increase at an astonishing rate, and, where there is much poultry raised, undoubtedly do some harm to such careless chicken farmers as do not lock the hen-roost door before the coyote finds it open. Beyond this, however, as one or two counties of the State have found to their cost, the coyote is an invaluable aid to the rancher in keeping down the jackrabbit crop, and in clearing out the ground squirrels, for both of which pests no effectual remedy save the coyote has ever been found.

From the sportsman's viewpoint—provided he knows what coyote hunting really is and how to carry it on—there is no mild out-door pastime of the Southwest which can equal it in the way of rifle practice, or on the other hand excel it in strenuousness when the hounds are followed on horseback. Because the writer has an inherent love for the rifle he prefers to stalk his coyotes, to lie in wait for them at some waterhole, to "walk them up" in the edges of the lower hills, and to shoot them cleanly rather than to ride them down with

a pack of hounds, before which the little wolf has not one chance in a thousand for the life to which he is entitled.

One of the earliest recollections of my shooting days is of my first coyote. By dint of much careful economy I came to be the happy possessor of a .25-20 rifle.

I started out one afternoon in late December through the high hills which slope down from old Saddleback toward El Toro, looking for nothing in particular but for much in general. Sheep were thick in this part of Southern California then, and coyotes, wild cats and even "lions" were more numerous than I have ever known them in the years which have since passed.

Passing down a small draw to the west of the high hill at whose foot two of us were camped, a jackrabbit jumped out of the long grass on the north side of the "hogback" and loped leisurely along some fifty yards ahead. At him the rifle cracked and he doubled up, quite dead and almost as well drawn by the soft lead bullet as he could have been with a knife.

Cutting a willow staff from the scant growth in the bed of the draw, I stuck it straight up in a level place between two of the low hills, skinned the rabbit and hung him up until I should return, intending him for a meal for the dogs, of which we had four in camp. Further down the coulee I picked up two more rabbits, saw a couple of coyotes at both of which I wasted a cartridge, and then turned back, following the comparative dry bed of the stream in the shade of the willow growth.

Wearing soleless leather shoes, as much like moccasins as any white man's footwear I have ever seen, I made almost no noise on the gravel of the creek bed, and so came opposite the hanging rabbit without disturbing a pair of coyotes who had preceded me. I say a "pair" of coyotes, though of course I have no reason to know they were a pair; both may have been females—the one which I killed was, and it is not always the custom of the little wolves to remain mated except during the breeding season.

I dropped down behind a clump of willows just as the two finished a careful inspection of the stake, the ground around it and especially my tracks leading away from the flat. One, the larger of the two,

Indian Boy with Pet Coyote

followed my steps out from the stake to a point where she could see well down the draw. There, just raised slightly on her forefeet, clear cut against the green hill behind, she made an irresistible mark and the rifle had another word to say.

Caught just beneath and a bit forward from the ear, the little wolf leaped straight up into the air, turned halfway over and fell on her side, stone dead. As soon as I could take my eyes from this one, I whirled to get in a shot at the other; but he or she, as may have been, was disappearing over the ridge as fast as four fleet feet could carry it. The bullet damaged the head of the coyote slightly, otherwise the skin was in good condition; proud of my kill as I have since been of much larger game, I carried that coyote, *entire,* with my three "jacks," to camp. Nowadays I would skin the wolf, but then it was a matter of pride to me to come stalking into camp with all my game slung over

my manly shoulder, as I saw hunters do in so many magazine pictures. That coyote skin has long ago gone the way of all skins, worn out by many feet, mayhap motheaten a bit, but it served its time well, and its taking always will remain among the proud moments of my life, along with my first trout and my first deer.

One other way of killing the coyote of the Southwest—with greyhounds and horses—is fast dying out owing to the cutting up of the great ranches into small tracts by wire and other fences. Time was, however, when the San Gabriel Valley and other open places throughout the southern end of the State echoed to the shrill sounds of the chase every Sunday afternoon and every holiday as well. For the most part in those runs over the level mesas and in open country where the eye had a sweep of many miles unobstructed by timber or hills, greyhounds were used. Not a few so-called "Russian wolfhounds" were brought in, but none of them are noted for any wonderful kills they made. Now and then a brace of greyhounds will grow up in a community with nerve and strength enough to kill a coyote, but I have seen even skilled foxhounds badly cut by the teeth of the little wolves before they managed to kill one of a pair they were running together.

As a rule the greyhounds are better for chasing jackrabbits than coyotes, and where they are still kept by ranchers and sportsmen it is for this purpose almost exclusively. To my mind there is no more utterly useless dog on earth than a greyhound, and though I once participated in a coyote chase after a pack of greyhounds I saw little sport in it. The Santa Ana Valley Hunt Club, the principal Sportsmen's organization of Southern California, however, has real sport every year, usually in the spring, in the chase of foxes, coyotes and wild cats with their pack of foxhounds. Stronger, braver and more intelligent than greyhounds, the foxhounds which have grown up in the past fifteen or twenty years of hunting over California hills lead the men on horses a most strenuous chase, often extending through the better part of the day ere some wary old coyote yields up his brush. The writer, with four dogs but quite alone as to human companionship, followed a coyote from a point in Brea Cañon opposite the Puente oil-well settlement to the cañon through which the road to Chino passes, a distance in a straight line of eight or ten miles, and fully fifteen in the roundabout course we followed. This chase was in April and was started just after the hounds had treed a wild cat (plateau lynx) which weighed nineteen pounds—a fair sized cat for the early spring.

This coyote was old and wary; he doubled on himself, jumped from a rotten log, ran in a small wet gulch as far as he could and leaped sideways far up the sidehill to mislead the dogs. But to all these tricks the hounds were trained, and the end was Mr. Coyote cornered in the head of a steep-walled cañon from which he could not escape.

Skilled in exactly what was expected of him, old "Colonel," the leader of the four, feinted at the coyote's throat and seized him in the foreshoulder, close up to his foaming jaws, bearing the little wolf back against the wall of rock. On the instant "Don Juan," running mate of the Colonel and half-breed bloodhound, set his teeth into the coyote's ham. There was a short struggle, marked by the useless clinking of the wolf's teeth as his jaws came together in vain attempts to snap the hounds, and all was over. Slung on the back of the pony I rode, the coyote's skin kept that of the little red lynx company.

Given a pack of good, well-trained foxhounds and lively coyotes, running through the rough, rock-strewn hills of the Southwest; follow them with a company of from twenty to thirty horsemen and a sprinkling of lady riders, and there is as good a day's fun—and as hard a day's work—as the average lover of horse and hounds can find. The chase here is entirely different from the "riding to hounds" which has made Kentucky and Tennessee and Virginia famous; the dogs are different and the horses are far from the lean jumpers of the Blue Grass State.

Thoroughbred hounds which have been brought from the fox-hunts of the East to slay the wily coyote have failed miser-

ably. The life was too strenuous for them, the hills too rough, the land too dry for scent to lie well—any one of a thousand excuses were offered by their importers, but the fact remained that the squat, deep-chested hounds of the West ran away from them in the long grilling runs through the dry beds of the hill gorges. In fact, it is not recorded that these importations ever slew any of the wild runners of the California hills without the aid of the leaders of local packs. Hounds here differ from Eastern dogs in being shorter of leg, deeper of chest, finer of scent and of greater ability and willingness to fight anything that walks on four legs. Possibly over the runs of the Eastern hunt clubs our dogs would find as great difficulties in the chase as did the Kentuckians here, but it seems improbable to one who has seen the work of California-bred dogs.

Horses here in the West differ from the hunters of the East, as well as do the dogs, and one must see the ability, endurance and intelligence of the little cow-ponies in their long runs over the hills, through all sorts of rocky and bush-covered country, following the toughest hounds in the world, to appreciate just how perfectly adapted they are to work in the regions where they are used.

There is another wolf in Southern California, which, while not so large as the gray wolf of the East and North, is considerably larger than the coyote, and deserving of mention in these chronicles because it is, next to the mountain lion, one of the hardest animals to stalk in all the curriculum of the hunter. This wolf has a heavier brush than the coyote; it of thicker fur and sturdier body than the most of the little gray wolves of which I have just written. It confines itself to the hills rather more than the open country; in fact I do not remember ever having seen them in the bare mesa, or running in packs as do coyotes. So far as I know they make dens, like the Eastern wolf, and have but two young at a litter, though I cannot speak with certainty of these things. Around Bakersfield and thence southward through the Tehachapi mountains and on down in the Fernando, San Gabriel and Sierra Madre ranges, this wolf is not uncommon, and is known as the "hill wolf," by most hunters, in distinction to the coyote. Undoubtedly they do a great amount of good in the killing of rabbits and rodents of every sort, while it is unlikely that they do any noticeable harm to game. Quail, about the only game bird they can catch, roost so high here that it is out of the power of a wolf or any other dog-like animal to kill many of them, while I have never heard of these wolves attacking deer.

There is little sport to be had hunting these hill wolves with dogs, as they seek the underbrush and heavily wooded cañons at once, where the best of hounds are soon worn out. To kill one by still hunting—which the writer considers the highest form of the hunter's art—is an achievement of which any rifle shooter may be proud. In all probability, nine-tenths of the hunters of the Southwest have never seen this wolf, though they have passed, doubtless, within ten feet of one or a pair of them every day while in the hills during the deer season. Securely secreted in a heavy clump of underbrush, a tangle of scrub oak, wild rose bushes or manzanita thicket, there is no seeing the gray animals. Even the sharp-nosed dogs rarely find them out, unless by accident they come on them up the wind. The writer has killed these wolves, as he has killed coyotes, by waiting at a waterhole on light summer evenings, or in early spring mornings, but this is by no means a sure way, and the hunter may lie in wait every morning for a month before one chances to come to the particular waterhole at which he has chosen to wait.

SONNET

THE mountain tree which breaks the storm bird's wing
And beats down rain to nurse its roots so true,
Holds soil that births the living crystal spring
From out whose bounty seas their wastes renew.
Thence fleet the clouds which, vap'ry, snowy, grand,
O'erreach the whole wide earth's utmost domain
'Till chill of wind or change from sea o'er land
Wrings down their moisture in the fruitful rain.
By cycle true, from tree to brook so clear
And down its course into the briny sea,
Thence up through clouds adrift both far and near
Nature does slake the thirst of mountain tree.
Thus friendship is; each simple thought and deed
Links in a chain of constancy indeed.

—*Geo. P. Low.*

* * *

THE LESSON OF THE PINES

("In Colorado Gulch, near Helena, Montana, two gigantic boulders over ten feet in diameter have been split open by the roots of trees that sprouted in small orifices in their upper surfaces."—Technical World.")

BORN in the crevice of a mighty rock,
Unnurtured, unprotected, without soil
Enough for roothold, yet ye bravely mock
At fate through patient years of rugged toil,
Fighting for bare existence day by day,
Clinging to life with grim, tenacious hold,
While slowly, surely, just a little way
Deeper your roots have bored, with pain untold,
Each weary moon, until, at last, ye burst
The prison walls that once your being cursed!

So shall our souls take courage and endure,
Learning this humble lesson from the pines:
To growth persisting steadfastly and sure
E'en granite prison that so oft confines
The struggling life, must yield at last, and we
Burst from the riven walls triumphant, free!

—*Marian Phelps.*

* * *

PERFECTION

I DO not long for cloudlessness. That sky
That never frowned were all too bright to bear.
Nay, I should miss the highest joy, the rare
Keen bliss of pain, if peradventure I
Might dwell in days that laughed eternally.
Satiety hath naught to feed on. Were
Each longing filled, each aspiration dear
Assured, no smile without companion sign,
No ill would beckon toward perfected good.
For clouds mean rain and fair bright after-shines
And all mean rainbows. So I would not hide
My heart from any storms that darkly brood,
For mine unfearing faith serene divines
That in the storm Hope's rainbow doth abide.

—*Maurice Smiley.*

A GENIUS OF THE MINES

AND HIS STORY OF A DISASTROUS PEDIGREE

By Clyde Scott Chase.

A SNOW STORM of rather unusual severity was playing pop-goes-the-weasel among the peaks and crags of the Sierra Nevada mountains, and the air was filled with stinging, powdery whiteness and careening gusts of crisply-frozen leaves. Small gulches, ravines and watercourses were rapidly becoming buried under a smooth, level oblivion of countless atoms of congealed moisture, and whistling with reckless, immoral gaiety through the stiff-needled pines, the wind laughed mockingly about the little log cabin where I had domiciled myself for a few months of prospecting and roughing it in the higher altitudes.

It was evening and I was just thinking about retiring to my blankets when the door was pushed open and in the midst of the few square yards of snow that was whisked into the room I beheld the ghostly outlines of a large sized man clad in a huge muffled cap, wolfskin overcoat and mittens, and a tangled mass of blizzard-laden whiskers that rustled ominously in the breeze.

"Woosh! Pretty decent little squall, this!" exclaimed a sepulchral voice from the midst of the boreal whiskers.

Closing the door with a bang the apparition proceeded to shake the snow from his person like some wild animal of the mountains—and then I breathed easier. I recognized my neighbor, Old Grizzly-Bear Yarnsmith, whose claim lay just over the ridge adjoining my own.

"Hello, Griz!" I exclaimed. "Thought you were old King Boreas himself come to pay me an especial visit. Take a seat here by the fire and thaw yourself out."

"All right—as far as the seat goes," responded my visitor, divesting himself of his outer garments and throwing them carelessly into one corner of the shack, "but this pilgrim is not badly congealed, not for a minute. No frost in the blue blood of the Yarnsmiths—bet your life!"

As he drew up a stool and spread his feet out before the fireplace, I forsaw what was coming, and mechanically my hand stole toward my hip pocket. For a six-shooter? Oh, no. For my plug of "indispensable." It was a matter of religion with Old Grizzly to always open discourse upon any and all occasions by borrowing a chew. Drawing it forth I silently handed it over to him.

"Huh! just going to ask you if you had a small chew of old Betsy anywhere about your clothes," he remarked. "Glad to see you so thoughtful of a fellow's comfort—it shows the proper kind of bringing up. And say—speaking of early training and hereditary influence, and such things as that, reminds me of a peculiar little circumstance that came about a few years ago over in Arizona. Ever hear me tell about old times down there in the land of horned toads and petrified squaws?"

"Don't remember that I ever did," I replied. "And what do you mean by petrified squaws? Do you pretend to say there are fossilized human beings in Arizona, as well as petrified forests?"

"Why shouldn't there be?" he responded, with an enigmatical smile. "All flesh is grass, you know, and if one kind of vegetation will petrify, why won't another?"

"Well, I am not quite prepared to answer that proposition off-hand," I confessed, a trifle nonplused by the simple directness of the conundrum.

"Then just open your ears for a minute, and I will let a little daylight into your unsophisticated brain," said he, with a tinge of sarcastic pity in his voice. "There are petrified human bodies in Arizona!"

"Indeed?"

"Quite a number of them," he went on, coolly ignoring the silent invitation of the fireplace and aiming an unerring projectile

of "Old Betsy" at a small knothole several logs above the glowing nest of heated rocks.

"Plumb center!" he remarked, complacently leaning back upon the rustic prongs of the chair. "You see, in olden times it was a custom with many Indian tribes of the southwest to abandon their old people when they had become decrepit and helpless, and leave them to starve or succumb to the chill of frosty nights out on some lonely desert. Easy way to get rid of them.

"The wily schemers would take their blankets, grub and wickiup poles, and strike out for some distant point fifty or sixty miles away, and when the old helpless ones collapsed under the toil of their forced march, the others would pretend that they were angry and out of patience with their slowness and their whining, until in evident wrath and indignation the band of travelers would march on, leaving the old folks to perish upon the desert.

"Many of those unfortunate victims still lie where they were abandoned by their own kind—turned to stone by the same process of the elements that created the petrified forests. Nothing very strange or remarkable about it, either. Arizona has many queer and interesting relics when you gather them all up."

"Oh, but look here!" I exclaimed, raising a finger in expostulation, and favoring my friend with a quietly malicious smile, "how could those bodies have remained there long enough to become petrified, with all the coyotes and scavenger birds of the desert as thick as ants? Looks as if they would be food for such prowling creatures before the first sunrise!"

I felt that I had my companion in a pretty tight box, and leaning back in my seat I surveyed him with a glance of conscious satisfaction.

But he merely settled himself more snugly in his chair, let drive one of his amber sure-shots just in time to extinguish a blazing spark which had wandered from the fireplace and settled on the cabin wall, and giving me a scornful look, replied:

"Well, you are some green, for sure. At the time those objects were undergoing the process of petrification, the coyotes and buzzards knew enough to steer wary of that section of country for fear of being made subjects of the same treatment. A few green ones who thought they were wiser than others of their family ventured to do a little investigation, and they are now chunks of stone and dornicks, half buried in the sand, broken by the sledge-hammer of time, and kicked about over the ground just like other worthless objects. Many a man has said disgraceful things and cuss-words from striking his toe against a piece of petrified coyote, and never suspected what hurt him. The only animal able to withstand that strange process of nature was the four-legged ironclad, the protected cruiser of the southwest—the armadillo. And they don't feed on human flesh. Prefer bugs and ants, and cactus roots."

"Oh, yes—of course. Certainly," I responded, very humbly. It was beginning to dawn upon me that I was no match for Old Grizzly.

"But, what I started to tell you about was a little illustration of the law of heredity," he went on, in his undaunted way, while I listened in respectful silence. In the exercise of his abundant loquacity the old mountain veteran sometimes strays from the main pass of strictly verified facts and fetches up in side ravines and arroyos, but always plunges heroically ahead regardless of such trifling circumstances.

"In the early days there was quite a boom at Snake-trail Gulch, but it soon fizzled out. During the rush some very queer specimens of the human race drifted to the camp, and it acquired considerable reputation as an abode of freaks. But the freakiest specimen of the lot was a fellow we called Mincemeat Wellington. We all sort of pitied him on account of his outlandish appearance, and helped him along whenever we could. His name was a very appropriate one. If ever there was a sadly mixed-up lump of clay, he was the lump. The poor fellow had a pedigree as devious and winding as the root of a wild cucumber vine. Ever try to follow up a wild cucumber root? Well, it's not quite as straight as the flight of a south-bound goose in December. Seems to be smooth sailing when you start out, but before you find the other end you are apt to meet yourself coming back, and experience a

severe case of *mal de mer* from complex visual disturbance.

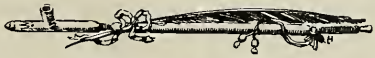
"That pedigree of Mincemeat's was enough to hoodoo any man. He was a descendant of the great pirate chief, Captain Kidd—but in a sort of complicated, quartz-vein way that would make the trail of the Wandering Jew look like an air-line railroad. The piratical old skipper had a Fiji wife once—a fine looking society bud with a grass girdle—whom he had rescued from the surf just as a hungry shark was about to woo her for his own. The pretty little Fiji maiden felt very grateful to her brave rescuer, and when she came and put her arms around his neck and rubbed her warm, wet nose against his cheek, his heart melted like a piece of sheep tallow, and he took her then and there as his sailing mate on the craft of life. It happened that, in the course of time, a son was born to the wife of Captain Kidd. Also, in the course of time, that son grew up and took unto himself a helpmeet as his father before him had done. She was the daughter of a Portuguese navigator and an Eskimo belle with a ring in her nose. Some years later their son, Mincemeat's dad, drifted over to Jerusalem and married a girl whose father was a South African Yankee and her mother a scion of some old hot-foot who flouished in the palmy days of the Babylonian empire. If the matter had ended there, things would not have been so bad. But it didn't, and that is the sad part of the story.

"We noticed that Mincemeat and a certain girl who ran a faro game were getting rather friendly, and one day he took me out to the mule cemetery and told me confidentially that he and Ace of Hearts were to be married in a few days. I knew the girl to be the daughter of a French-Absythian circus lady and a Choctaw medicine man, and I advised Mincemeat to reconsider the step he was taking before it was too late. But he wouldn't listen to reason, and went right ahead and married the girl. I felt all the while that it was trifling with fate—and in the natural course of events my worst fears were realized.

"About the time of the wedding I went on a two or three years' prospecting trip up into Colorado; but when I returned, the first one to greet me with a shake of the paw was my old friend, Mincemeat. And then about the first thing he did was to hustle me over to his shanty where he pointed out, with misty eyes, the fruit of the union I had so stoutly argued against. Talk about the 'only child in the world'—that was it, sure. It's skin was all sorts of colors, a patch of one shade here and another there; it had one finger on one hand, and sixteen on the other; one foot toed ahead, and the other backward; one eye was set horizontally, and the other perpendicular, while its hair grew up the wrong way and was a scientific blending of a beautiful pearl pink and the hue of a bob-cat's liver. Ever try to classify the color of a bob-cat's liver? Easy job, no doubt, to the man properly qualified for the work; but for some reason that man has never seen fit to tackle the proposition, so there the matter rests for future generations to dispose of."

My friend ceased speaking and carelessly aimed an off-hand wing shot at a distant crack in the ceiling, hitting four or five inches wide of the mark. "Missed it," he remarked, in a regretful tone. "And that reminds me! Haven't got another small chew of old Betsy in your pocket, I suppose?" In humble silence I searched about in my pocket for the remains of his previous interview therewith, and meekly handing it over, I gave it a farewell glance of sentimental tenderness, realizing that I would never see it again.

"Rather small chew," he observed, with evident disappointment, "but if it's all you have, I won't kick. It's not what we want that makes us happy in this world—it's what we get." Then, remarking that the hour was getting late, the old fellow rose, donned his wolfskin garments, waved me a cheerful good-night, and plunged boldly out into the storm.



SOUTH AMERICAN SEA OTTER SHOOTING

By W. L. Crowninshield.

WE ARRIVED at Punta Arenas on December 4, 1906, after a rough passage from Montevideo, much pleased and anxious to coal ship and get away to the Smith Channel. We had been told of the wonderful shooting to be had there and had made plans all the way from New York. Before leaving, Mr. Kariger, our second mate, had bought two rifles, an army Krag and a .45-70 Winchester, and many arguments we had as to the shooting qualities of the two. I was using a .30-30 Winchester and was quite satisfied with it.

Our first disappointment came in the evening, when Captain Trott came aboard with the news that Captain Smitz, the channel pilot, was unable to go, but that Captain Pritchard, a retired sealer and pilot, had been engaged to take the Armeria through to Coronel. He came aboard Thursday evening, so that we might get an early start the next morning. Two-thirty found us with anchor on the bow, headed for Cape Forward, which we could see some forty miles away, its snow-capped peak showing plainly in the clear morning air. We saw many ducks and geese, but not wishing to stop to secure them we saved our powder for a more favorable time, which came that afternoon.

Not being able to make the next anchorage before dark, we anchored at two-thirty in Glacier Bay. Eating a hasty lunch, we called away the cutter, Yates, Kariger and myself, with two sailors to pull. The bay at the point was about a half mile wide, dotted with small islands, and ran seven miles to the Field's Glacier.

The kelp surrounding these islands was a favorite feeding ground for the sea-otter which we were told by Captain Pritchard were plentiful here. We determined that each should land on an island and the cutter go on to the mainland shore for a load of mussels for fish bait.

About a mile from the ship I landed on a small island, made my way carefully to the other side and found a little cove, some twenty yards wide and fifty to the bay. It was fairly red with kelp and the shore was lined with fish bones and empty mussel shells.

I had hardly got in position when I heard the sharp report of Kariger's rifle. It seemed I was there an hour before I saw the slightest move, and then I saw a small line of bubbles breaking the water at the edge of a large kelp leaf. The bubbles were quickly followed by the small brown head of an otter, but down it went again, slowly moving through the kelp, and then once more it came up for the last time, being met by a .30-30. I soon saw another, but much farther away and got it with the second shot. A drizzling rain had now set in and I was glad to see the boat returning, Kariger standing in the stern with coat outspread, making good time before the wind.

We picked up my two otter; the first was quite small, but the fur was in prime condition. They had seen no otter but had three fine geese and one seal, together with a couple of bushels of fine black mussels.

We spent the evening listening to the yarns of Captain Pritchard, who had been a pioneer sealer and trapper, and had had many hard fights with the Channel Indians. We got away the next morning at three, and just at noon passed a small island completely covered with young seals. We fired into them and got five. The pilot said these were the last we would see, as the Indians would be working south through the Channel on their summer hunt. We anchored in Muleneux Bay and landed on the mainland shore, taking with us our hound, secured from the "Bide-a-Wee" home in New York. We expected nothing from her, but had not gone three hundred yards before she had taken a scent and was gone. Up the hill

she went, then down by the short and again up the hill; we made for cover, hoping she would drive her find to us.

We waited some time and presently heard her coming toward us again. They were soon in sight, and before her was the largest grey fox we had ever seen. Kariger fired at about fifty yards; the fox turned on an angle and I fired, bringing it to the ground with one jump. Each taking a leg we carried it to the boat and went aboard, well satisfied for the day. We found the fox to measure five feet and six inches from tip to tip, with fine prime fur. It is now in the Santa Clara tannery and will some day make a rug. Loud and long were the praises for "Nell," our tramp dog, that evening.

We arrived at Icy Reach the next day at noon and were forced to await the fair tide through English Narrows. Here we found a camp of Indians. Captain Pritchard made arrangements with two of the bucks to take us to a bay the other side of the island, noted for the number of otter to be found. We left the ship at two o'clock and an hour's hard paddling brought us to the bay. Here, by great good luck, we got seven otter and four geese. As it was now six o'clock, although quite light, we launched the canoe and started back, this time with a good four-knot tide with us. Arrived at the ship, we found all ready to proceed with a fair tide through the Narrows. We gave the Indians all our old coats, blankets and underwear, and as we steamed away could see their chief, attired in an American Line frock coat, a pair of pink underdrawers, and, to top off, an opera hat presented to him by Captain Trott. The next morning we were on the broad Pacific, sorry to have left the quiet waters of the Channel, but glad to be so much nearer the Golden Gate and the end of our voyage.

BENEATH THE SKY SO BLUE

THE banker counts his gath'ring gold
  'Tis all in life to him;
The lawyer dwells 'mid volumes old,
  His eyes with work grown dim;
The doctor slaves to cure man's ills,
  His days are lived with pain;
While I am free to roam the hills,
  Or wander o'er the plain.

For this is life to hunters bold,
  It's life to anglers true,
Away from cities drear and cold,
  Beneath the sky, so blue.
And this I ask—a simple plea—
  And be it not in vain,
That I may ever so be free,
  The cup of life to drain.

And when my sun shall sink from sight
  In Death's deep, silent sea,
It is my pray'r—I claim the right—
  My resting place may be
A green-top't knoll, where whisp'ring pines
  Above my earthy bed,
In accents low, shall sing sweet lines—
  A requiem for the dead.

—*Burton Jackson Wyman.*

WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB
AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME
PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WESTERN FIELD COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Offices:
609-610 Mutual Savings Bank Building.

Registered at the San Francisco Postoffice as Second-Class Matter

FRANK H. MAYER - - - Managing Editor

Matter for publication should be addressed "WESTERN FIELD," 609-610 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal., and not to individuals connected with the magazine. All copy for new advertisements, changes or discontinuances, must be in hand not later than the 10th of the month preceding date of issue, in order to insure attention.

FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the People of California we demand at the hands of our Legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

IT IS TO LAUGH

THE State Fish Commission is laying, these days, a great deal of unction to its soul—that soul so sorely bruised at Monterey—in the matter of having passed all the game and fish laws at the last session of the legislature. Pages of fulsome laudation of the noble work done and to be done, appropriately illustrated by the photograph of the chief doer, have appeared in the Sunday editions of the yellow dailies, and the whole state is awash with the egotistical slush that has been gushing from the sewers of the Commission's offices ever since they received the last coat of ochreous whitewash. There is a continual reiteration of the stereotyped boast: "WE, and not the sportsmen of the state, passed all the last enactments"—for which God be praised!

And now let us look with an honest dispassion into the virtues of these wonderful laws. Section 632 of the Penal Code protects white fish and trout, fixing the open season from May 1st to November 15th. And yet Section 632½ makes an open season of eight months and 26 days for catching steelheads in tide water, and a seven months and 26 days open season on steelhead above tide water! Query: Are these "steelheads" thus discriminated against a new species, or are they the regular *Salmo Gairdneri* (trout) of our familiar acquaintance? If so, why the discrepancy as to season? As it is a conceded fact that all the "trout" in Californian coastal streams are "steelheads," anglers can legally, under this new wise law, fish all these streams until February 1st, slaughtering thousands of breeding adults as well as myriads of small steelheads. As regards that "close season" on steelheads from September 1st to October 23d, we are informed by a certain County Game Warden that one of his constituents claims to have in his possession a letter from the Chief Deputy of the State Commission, advising him that he could catch small steelheads during that so-called "close season" for his own use, but not for sale! Rather an elastic close season, is it not? Maybe the Chief Deputy made this ruling in order to get around the otherwise strenuous kick that would go up from the hundreds of summer resorts on the Klamath and Eel and other rivers, whose patrons would be debarred from their best fishing by the law's literal and up-to-letter enforcement.

And as a matter of interest it may be asked what is the Commission going to do to men who fish after November 15th, above tide water for steelheads? Will they permit them to take rainbows under the name of "steelheads"—the scientists are agreed upon the opinion that steelheads are simply rainbows that have gone to sea for a season. If that be so when does a "steelhead" cease to be a steelhead and return to his original rainbow condition—as soon as he returns from the sea to fresh water, or must he recover his iridescent citizenship again by being so many months in the river and so many days on the riffles?

Again, take the deer-dogging law. This wise law permits the running of *wounded* deer, in the open season, by dogs. It goes

without saying that, as California sportsmen are all jealous and zealous conservers of the law to its very letter, they will never, never run an unwounded deer with dogs again, never! Not even if they have to waste a shell or two, shot at random, in order to at least wound his feelings.

But the muchly vaunted hunting license bill is the cream of the whole milking! Its provisions exempt from the payment of a license fee every person who hunts on his own lands, i. e., it exempts the landed farmer, the preserve owners and lessees—the members of the shooting clubs and other people of more or less wealth who are abundantly and peculiarly able to pay such a fee, while it mulcts the very class who are not, the thousands of poor men who own no lands and who can at best only hope for an occasional and desultory shoot on the game-barren public domain.

Of course we appreciate that the interests and welfare of the proverbial "poor, barefooted farmer boy"—who, by the way, in this state at least, generally wears silk stockings, shoots high-grade smokeless shells out of a $100 hammerless breechloader and has money in the bank—must be religiously looked after; while it would be a burning shame to put upon our pecunious land-owning and preserve-leasing magnates the petty indignity of coughing up a big iron dollar for anything relating to the sport of which they already possess a monopoly.

Such discrimination constitutes class legislation of the most vicious and unconstitutional sort and we predict that the first test case brought into court will result in the nullification of the whole hunting license law. The game in this State belongs to the people of this State in common, and the allowing of any one man's killing it under conditions made by the statute absolutely impossible to other men is obviously unfair discrimination.

We are firm believers in, and have long, earnestly and strenuously advocated a hunting license law; but our advocacy was for a common-sense, equitable and just law which would compel every citizen alike to pay an equal and stated fee for his hunting privileges—a so-called "blanket" law that covered all men, poor and rich alike. We say "citizens" advisedly, for aliens have obviously no right to special privileges concomitant with citizenship only, and non-residents are only entitled to modified enjoyment of privileges peculiar and single to the state in which they are only visitants and not tax-payers. Only those should shoot in a State who pay taxes—or a cash fee equivalent thereto—in such state and thus contribute toward the liquidation of the heavy charge upon the commonwealth in protecting game and fostering its supply. A non-resident should be compelled to pay at least ten times the fee exacted from a citizen resident; in that one particular our present law is right, as is also its provision that aliens must pay twenty-five times as much. But in its exemption feature it is bad—so bad as to be literally rotten and constitutionally unable to hold water when once tested.

These are the ludicrosities upon which the State Fish Commission is felicitating itself. We wish them joy of their achievement and only regret our inability to perceive the glory of the garment with which their exultant dignity is invested.

But to the clear-thinking, horse-sensed, common, every-day, decent sportsman who has the welfare of the game and fish interests really at heart, it is to laugh!

LOOK OUT FOR HIM

THE public is hereby notified and warned that one Andrew V. Todd, formerly connected with Western Field in the capacity of advertising solicitor, is a defaulter in his accounts with this company and has been discharged from our employ. He is no longer connected with the Western Field company in any capacity whatsoever, and the public is hereby warned that any one paying him any money on account of Western Field, either for subscription or other considerations, does so at his own risk. Any one having any knowledge of his present whereabouts will confer a favor upon this magazine by informing us promptly, as we greatly desire his apprehension for obvious reasons.

CALIFORNIA GAME & FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION
• Organized May 26, 1900 •

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SOME CLEVER SHOOTING

THE exhibition of fine rifle shooting given at West End, Waco, Tex., recently by J. W. Akard of Fairplay, Mo., representing the U. M. C. and Remington Arms companies, was something never before equaled in the city, and the crowd present was spellbound. The exhibition was free, and it is strange that there were not a thousand people present, at least, to witness the amazing stunts with rifle, shotgun and revolver. A small rifle was used in most of the shooting, and during the exhibition there was shooting with a mirror held up, while Mr. Akard also lay down and shot, held the gun at his hip and hit tin cans without even taking aim, just shooting "Indian fashion" and by feeling. A tin can thrown high in the air had half a dozen holes shot through it before it struck the ground, the gun being the kind which loads itself automatically after it is fired; marbles thrown in the air were rent by rifle pellets as though they had been as large as the head of a barrel; the rifle was laid across the arm and shot without aim at objects, hitting them; the sights of the gun were encircled by a big piece of cardboard, and yet small articles tossed in the air were struck easily; a postal card held off to one side by Mr. Joe Speight, with the thin edge towards Mr. Akard, was cut in twain, while matches held up thirty or forty feet distant were ignited by shooting a rifle ball against the sulphur tip; round pieces of metal the size of a dollar were thrown into the air by the score and probably fifty were hit without making a single miss, these being eagerly caught up as souvenirs; a tin can was laid on the ground and a bullet sent hurling under it, and while it was in the air it was struck by another bullet and sent flying straight out into space, while another and yet another leaden pellet would follow and strike it, keeping the can skating through the air as long as it was in range; as many as five discs of clay were sent whirling high in air and they were all broken, separately, before they struck the earth, while Irish potatoes thrown into space were shot to pieces with the greatest ease, and small pieces of brick were shot into powder; as many as four clay pigeons, thrown into the air at one sweep, were broken before they struck the ground, by Mr. Akard while lying flat on his back on a board and shooting back over his head. Another amazing stunt was to set a bottle on the ground and then place another on top of this, the bottom bottle being shot to pieces and the one on top, thus left without a support, would start towards the ground, only a short distance away, but would be smashed before it could reach the earth. Probably the best feat of the afternoon was the breaking of a bottle on either side of him by firing simultaneously a rifle and revolver, the bottle behind him being broken by means of a glass held in front of Mr. Akard while at the same time aiming at and breaking the front bottle with his revolver. Two bottles set out in front of him about ten paces and about three or four feet apart were broken simultaneously by balls from a pistol held in either hand.

The exhibition was the finest ever seen here, and if Mr. Akard ever shoots here again he will have a big audience. Some excellent shooting was also done by Ed. F. Forsgard and his little son, Sam. Mr. T. E. Hubby was present and also Mr. Joe Speight, and favored the audience with a little of their splendid work, both being very popular.

THE INTERNATIONAL FLY CASTING TOURNAMENT

THAT there seems to be a considerable amount of interest taken in the International Tournament of Bait and Fly Casting Clubs, which is to be given by the Racine Fly Casting Club, at Racine, Wis., August 15, 16, and 17, 1907, is evidenced by the many commendatory letters which the committee are receiving from various sources. The manufacturers are responding nobly to the call which has been made on them, and are particularly moved to do so in view of the recent action of the affiliated clubs in determination not to solicit donations of prizes for club contests or merely local tournaments, and as a result, the prize list promises to be the biggest ever offered. All the committees feel that they have their work cut out for them, and are rapidly getting things in shape even at this early date, so that they know where they are at.

It is the general impression that we will have the biggest crowd at Racine that has ever attended a tournament in the history of the sport, and it behooves each and every one to be up and doing. It is the earnest desire of all committees that no favoritism be shown any one in any way, and this, of course, is meeting with general approval. New clubs are being formed in various places, and will no doubt rapidly affiliate with the National Association. Milwaukee has dropped into line, and ought to support a first-class organization, and being close by, they should be well represented at the tournament.

In this connection, we wish to add that the National Association has given the matter of the "professional" its close attention. Every consideration and courtesy will be extended to the reputable and sportsman-like "professional" and opportunities will be given him to display his skill and make rec-

ords. A sincere effort will be put forth to make all restriction of "professionals" as fair and friendly as possible, and to look after their welfare and enjoyment to the fullest extent.

However, it is recognized that the time has arrived to establish a demarcation between the two different interests, and the Racine Tournament will be conducted largely for the caster who engages in the sport solely for the love of same, and who is without trade jealousies or financial interest in the game.

The Entertainment Committee is making arrangements about accommodations, and it will not be necessary to "double up," as is usual for conventions of this sort.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE AMERICAN "IBEX"

THROUGHOUT the Rocky Mountain region from El Paso to Dawson City belief in the existence of an undiscovered American Ibex springs eternal in the human mind. Again and again has the creature been seen and reported, with positiveness and particularity. From the State of Washington, one man sent a very good drawing of its head and horns, and from Colorado came a photograph, an admirable description, and measurements, of a specimen which had actually beeo shot and mounted. Two really distinguished sportsmen of our acquaintance were with some difficulty convinced that a journey in pursuit of the horned mystery would be a waste of time.

The spirit of investigation which prompts the pursuit of a mysterious animal, is highly commendable. Without it the scientific world would lose much. At the same time, it is unfortunate that all Rocky Mountain hunters can not know that there really is not the faintest probability of the discovery in America of any living representative of the genus *Capra*, and that it is useless to pursue the phantom "Ibex" of the West.

The specimen shot in Colorado, and submitted to us, was a domestic goat, presumably of Spanish breed, that had escaped from captivity and become wild and self-supporting. Such animals account for some of the "ibexes" that have been observed. A pair of horns and a pelt recently sent to us by Dr. D. T. MacDougal, from the Desert Botanical Laboratory at Tucson, Arizona, illustrate another source of honest belief in the existence of an American Ibex. Dr. MacDougal, who is himself a keen naturalist, had no difficulty in naming at sight the species which these specimens represent, but he kindly elected to afford us another practical demonstration of an "Ibex" story reduced to its lowest terms. The animal shot as an "Ibex" in the Santa Catalina Mountains of Arizona proves to be a big-horn mountain sheep, female (*Ovis canadensis*), about four years old. As in all horns of female mountain sheep, these describe only a quarter of a circle, and in their lack of curvature they are slightly goat-like.

Beyond doubt, the many "Ibex" stories and queries that have so frequently arisen during the past fifteen years, originated in honestly made but wholly erroneous observations of domestic goats running wild, of mountain sheep ewes, wbose horns are short and rather straight, and of young mountain sheep rams.

In this connection, it may also be noted tbat in many instances female white mountain sheep seen at a distance have been mistakenly identified as mountain goats.—W. T. HORNADAY in Zoological Society Bulletin.

Courtesy of Zoological Society Bulletin

Rocky Mountain Sheep Horns

A CALIFORNIA SENATE'S IDEA OF GAME LAWS

CALIFORNIA LEGISLATURES for several years past have been peculiar combinations at the best, but that of 1907 bids fair to send its name "echoing down the corridors of time" as the most stupendous aggregation ever exhibited under one canvas. In the language of the showman it could be said: that this wonderful hippodrome, gathered together at an enormous expense, contained living specimens of every variety of the genus homo, including Mark Anthony—not the Roman—known to the world's greatest anthropologists. So choice and so rare was this 1907 collection that during its sixty-day stand at Sacramento, something over 500 attaches were employed to protect its members from the vandal hands of those curiosity-seekers who are prone to slip up in the gloaming and chip off corners from the best specimens to be carried away as souvenirs of this wonderful legislature. This army of attaches, sweltering under the herculean task of drawing salaries of from $4 to $6 per day, were the unfortunate victims of the poor mathematical calculations of the members of both houses in not discovering that there were not sufficient square feet of space in the lobbies, corridors, halls and committee rooms to accommodate the political footpads they had placed on the pay roll. Had the weather been so as to allow about one-half of them to have been placed outside as a body guard for the building, it would have lessened the labors of these gentlemen of leisure in trying to keep out of each other's way.

It was unfortunate, also, for the good name of the State that the august body of Senators were not allowed by law to have swapped places with their attaches. This might have resulted in less silly Senatorial courtesy, but no doubt it would have produced a good deal more good common horse sense.

Speaking of Senatorial courtesy brings to mind a forensic passage at arms between Senators Leavitt and Belshaw. The great debates between Lincoln and Douglas paled into nothingness by the side of the stentorian oratory of Leavitt when he arose in his place, and with the mien of an accusing angel, pointed the finger of scorn at the child-like and bland countenance of Belshaw, and in thundering tones pronounced him a "Fish hog of the most pronounced type!" Imagine a rushing torrent emptying its seething waters into the fiery mouth of a volcano. Such a scene no doubt would be grand to the eye, but in that real sublimity which appeals to the higher senses it would be tame indeed, compared with that clash of words, that forensic war alarm blared forth from the almost livid lips of Belshaw as he thundered back, "And you're a game hog of the worst kind." It was indeed a dramatic scene to see the pot arise in its dignity and call the kettle black!

But there was a still more amusing side to this discussion. These two great minds were attempting to discuss the game question, a subject of which neither had the least rudimentary knowledge, and so each accused the other of a total ignorance of the subject, and both unconsciously told the truth.

Another exhibition of Senatorial ignorance of game legislation was given with all the cap and bell accompaniments that rightfully belonged to it, when the subject of running of deer with hounds was under discussion. One of this grand aggregation of pseudo-statesmen arose with all the dignity becoming one on whose shoulders rests the great responsibility of the political life of the State, and informed his less posted colleagues that he never heard of such a thing as hunting deer with dogs. "The way to hunt deer—and I know by personal experience—" said this oracle, "is to build a platform in a tall tree, take your position thereon and wait till the deer comes within gun shot range." After this Senator had relieved himself of this chunk of solid wisdom, which happily hit no one in its fall, another of the people's tribunes was seized with a desire to be heard and a longing to sow broadcast a portion of his great knowledge of woodcraft. He therefore contradicted the gentleman up the tree in the most pointed terms, and informed him that bears were sometimes hunted in that way by boys and cowardly men, but such animals as deer cannot be baited with either dead pigs or stale honey. "In open country," said this lineal descendant of old Nimrod, "deer are sometimes killed without a dog, but in all countries where the brush is too high to see to shoot, the hunter sets his dogs on the deer and they catch and kill them for him."

But the wise men were not yet through airing their knowledge, for the last speaker was barely seated when another of these solons jumped to his feet like a spitball from a boy's popgun, indignant at the mention of catching deer with dogs. He informed his colleagues with a show of intense feeling that he knew something about deer himself, and when it came to dogs—why he could be called in any time to give testimony as an expert. "Talk about catching deer with dogs! It's nonsense," thundered this new Demosthenes, "the worst of nonsense! No deer can catch a dog—I mean no dog can run fast enough to catch a deer. You can pass a law to run deer with dogs or without them, it all amounts to the same thing in the end and depends on the dog. It, gentlemen of the Senate, I repeat depends on whether your dog is a smart dog or a lazy dog. That, Mr. President, is all there is to it. If your dog is a lazy dog he will run the deer from one to two hundred yards. If he is a smart dog he will run the deer from twenty to forty minutes, but in no case will the very smartest dog run a deer more than an hour and a half. I know what I am talking about Mr. President and Senators, and that's all there is to it." As the gentleman took his seat it was plain to see that he was not only surprised but hurt because there was no encore following his burst of oratory.

Still the question was not clear to the minds of this august assemblage, for strange to say, even after so much elucidation from gentlemen claiming to be experts, every man who ever had an opinion on any subject, still had his own ideas as strong as ever, and each began to patch up the already misshapen bill with all kinds of amendments, strangely constructed and wonderful to behold. Leavitt, the reputed game hog, wanted to increase the season's limit on deer to four. Belshaw, the accused fishhog,

wanted to have the size of the mesh decreased so as to permit of the gilling of does after they had shed their horns. Lynch didn't care much about the limit so long as the season was long enough to get 'em easy. Walker was sure that an automatic stop-watch could be attached to the dog when running deer so as to throw him off the scent at the expiration of three hours provided the deer wasn't wounded. Of course the stop-watch must be able to discriminate between a wounded and an unwounded deer. A rising (constantly rising) statesman from the "biggest county in the State," thought it didn't make any difference what the limit was, whether one or ten, because he never could get more than one in a season in the "San Berdoo" mountains anyhow.

Finally after the bill had been amended so as to lengthen season, and to shorten it, so as to increase the limit, so as to hound deer for three hours, so as to hound them not more than five minutes, and so as to prevent the killing of them for three years, some one called for the question, and the President, much relieved, said: "All-in-favor-of-the-motion-say-aye-contrary-no-motion's-carried."

After the vote(?) was taken, Belshaw reached across the aisle and asked whether the vote just taken decreased the size of the mesh or increased the limit? McCartney replied: "I voted for it, but damfino."

After sending the Sergeant-at-arms over to the printing office to quell a threatened strike caused by an ineffectual attempt to decipher the meaning of the bill, the Senate push sent down word to the Assembly (where there was considerable more intelligence on game matters), to, for God's sake, keep the bill out of sight until after they had amended it so as to make it at least understandable.

BANDITS

HALBERD of lupine and tidy-tip disk,
  Attar of lilac and thistle's red whisk,
Tossed by the breeze blowing tenderly brisk;
  Blowing the crosiers of tall heliotrope,
Lifting the laces of clematis stars,
Brushing the purple flag's velvety bars,
  On the odorous chemisal slope.

Cordons of compass plants quiver and shift,
  Myriads of mustard blooms shiver and drift—
Wavering windrow and tremulous rift;
  Fragrant the sceptre the spring zephyr wields,
Brilliant the land when the painted-cup blows,
Ample the harvest the sunbeam sows
  In the flowery chemisal fields;

Harvest for linnet and helmeted quail,
Blackbird and hummer in glistening mail—
Free-footed all down each bounteous trail;
  So!—but the opening flowers' sweet ring
Reaches my heart, and it quickly commands:
Hasten, oh hasten, bold bandits, my hands,
  Seek a share of the spoils of the spring.

—*Mary H. Coates.*

NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

SPRAY FROM SPOKANE

Conducted by August Wolf.

TOM HOPPER, veteran hunter and trapper, of Spokane, Wash., has returned home from a trip into the mountains of northern Idaho for big game. He was accompanied by Joe Maxwell. They had exciting combats with cougar, killing three in one day. This is Tom's version of the chase:

"We hunted a couple of days without locating anything that looked like a cougar track. On the third day, however, we were more successful. We were up on Granite creek hunting, one morning, when Ring, my start dog, found a cougar track. The track was frozen and appeared to be several days old, but the dog opened on it and away he went baying and yipping. We knew he was after the real thing and followed as fast as possible.

"He finally went out of hearing, but we followed in his track, and after covering a distance of about three miles were rewarded by coming onto him baying and barking. I released the other two dogs. I tell you the music those two hounds made was just about as good as I ever heard.

"They surrounded a tree and barked and bayed. When I approached I saw a big cougar in a limb of a leaning tree. The dogs were jumping close to him and I was afraid they would force him out of the tree and cause trouble for themselves, so I fired. The bullet entered his head between the eyes, killing him instantly.

"The other cougar had jumped and run. I called the dogs from the dead one and sent them away on the other trail. We followed this one and the dogs treed him. When we reached the place where he was treed I called the dogs off and held them back while Maxwell shot him, killing him with a single bullet.

"That afternoon, higher up on Granite creek, we landed another. We stayed a few days longer with Thomas Whaling, who lives on Granite creek, and when we came away brought several hides with us to show for our cougar hunt. One of those hides I sold to 'Bill' Gilroy, at Sandpoint, for $45. The big cougar that I shot first from the leaning tree measured nine feet and three inches from tip to tip."

* * *

Dr. Alexander Lambert of New York City, where he is identified with the Boone and Crochett Club, of which President Roosevelt is a member, has written a letter to Dr. Henry Power of Spokane, relative to the protection of the eggs of ducks and geese in Alaska. He intimates that some action will be taken, as urged by the sportsmen of Spokane, although there is nothing definite in regard to the matter. The President is interested in the movement and may decide to handle the situation in his usual vigorous style. He says in his letter:

"I did as I promised you and took the petition to Washington and told the President about it and left it with him. He already knew of the destruction of the birds' eggs in Alaska and both he and I knew of the fact which you mentioned in your last letter—that the Indians used birds' eggs for tanning purposes.

"There are several definite elements for and against the stopping of the destruction of eggs, and among those who do not wish anything to be done are the Indian associations, containing many well-meaning, but stupid persons, who feel that the Indian should be allowed to do as he pleases, lest he go hungry.

"I cannot tell you absolutely what is being done, nor what can be done, but I can assure you that the President is much interested in the subject and intends to do what he can. How much that will be I do not know, nor, I think, does he at present."

* * *

W. J. Fuson, a rancher, living near Dartford, eight miles north of Spokane, killed a large lynx a few days ago near his ranch. The lynx, which had been hiding in the neighborhood for two weeks, weighed twenty pounds and measured forty-one inches from nose to tip of tail.

* * *

Evan Gay, of Wardner, Ida., east of Spokane, captured the Wardner-Kellogg Fishing Club's trophy for the largest fish caught this spring. He landed a trout weighing one pound, ten and one-half ounces. Mrs. W. D. Peeples, wife of the superintendent of the Federal Mining & Smelting Company, first prize winner last season, came in for second honors with a trout weighing one pound, eight and one-quarter ounces.

* * *

Jacob Wilbourn, a member of the Spokane Rifle and Revolver Club, scored 244 out of the possible 250, shooting from the 25-yard mark with an ordinary sporting rifle against a quarter-inch ring target recently in an indoor range. The method of scoring was as follows: The count is based on ten consecutive shots. The 25 is scored if a half-inch circle

is struck, 24 if a circle of an inch is entered, and each half inch added to the diameter of the circle reduced the count by one.

* * *

From Burley, Ida., southeast of Spokane, comes a story of a fierce fight between a miner and a mountain lion at the bottom of a 40-foot shaft. The story:

"Nephi Birch, a veteran prospector of Cassia county, owner of several claims in the mountains south of Burley, recently visited his property to do the annual assessment work. His mission took him into the shaft on a ladder, which was within three feet of the bottom. When he dropped from the last rung he was made aware that the narrow space was occupied. A wild animal sprang at the ladder as though to climb out; failing in that it turned upon Birch and jumped on him, knocking him down. It sprang at his throat, but missed, and in a second attempt grabbed the collar of his coat to which it clung.

"Then ensued a terrific battle for life between man and beast. Birch beat the animal off with his fists and again made an attempt to reach the ladder. The animal sprang on him again and this time hore him to the ground. Birch fought desperately and tried to regain his feet, but the brute kept trying so persistently to reach his throat that all of Birch's efforts were devoted to protecting himself.

"Finally Birch, struggling on the ground, grasped a short piece of a drill. A vigorous blow laid the brute out and Birch regained his feet. Hastily striking a match he saw that the beast was a mountain lion that had fallen into the shaft. A few more blows with his drill ended the beast's life and Birch, trembling and exhausted, made his way to the surface and to the nearest habitation, a few miles away. Birch declares he will have a rug made of the hide as a souvenir of the hardest 'scrap' he ever had in his life."

* * *

Nearly $2000 in bounties was paid by the State of Washington to coyote slayers in Douglas county, west of Spokane, in 1906. The bounty is $1 for each scalp delivered to the county auditor. Hundreds of animals were slain and not reported and it is safe to say that not less than 3000 coyotes were killed in Douglas county last year. The question is debated with considerable earnestness whether it is sound policy to continue the bounty on these so-called pests. Many ranchers have expressed the opinion that the coyote does more good in getting the principal part of its living by killing jackrabbits than it does harm in sneaking a chicken, a watermelon or an occasional lamb.

* * *

"I suggest a bounty, say $20 on cougar, $10 on lynx and wild cat, $5 on coyote and $1 on hawks and owls, as an incentive to encourage the extermination of game-destroying animals," writes Rev. Albert Bean of Colville, Wash., north of Spokane, adding: "Then put a limit of four or five years' time when said bounty shall be removed, which will make it an incentive to do speedy work. 'Tis true this would mean heavy bounty expenses for a time, but the good effect gained is self-evident, while under present conditions the small bounty totals as much while the end is not obtained and soon no game will be left.

"Repeatedly do I read reports of terrible slaughter of deer and other game by cougar and coyotes, and I hav seen enough evidence myself to convince me that some special measures should be taken for game protection or soon our forests in Washington will he depleted of game. It is an undisputed fact that the entire cat family lives on what it kills, and delights to kill for every meal, and unless forced to do so will never eat a second time from dead prey, but like the cat, though hungry will not stop to eat while a living mouse can be seen. So with the cougar. I have known of a wild cat killing three rabbits and one pheasant within four miles' travel and yet eat none of them. While these facts exist we must find a remedy, hence the foregoing suggestion, which may find favor not only with the true sportsmen, but the people all over the Evergreen State."

* * *

Pierce Johnson of Spokane, has everything in readiness to pilot a party of sportsmen from the middle western, eastern and New England States, on a bear and big game hunt in the mountains at the head of the Clearwater river in northern Idaho into British Columbia. The trip will occupy two months. Tom Hopper, guide and bear-fighter, with his pack of fourteen hounds, which have been in training a month, and a cook will accompany the nimrods. The trip will cost $3000.

Hopper says the water in the Spokane river is higher than it has been at this time of the season in twenty-six years, this indicating that the snow in the mountain wilds of Idaho is melting and that there will be an early spring. This being true, the hunting party will pitch its first camp near Delta, Ida., and work south along the mountains to the Clearwater. It is expected that a number of bear will be shot on this trip, as the Indians, coming to the settlements, report Bruin in evidence at the foothills. When the Clearwater is reached the party will board a train for British Columbia, and another big hunt for the Silver Tip Mountains will follow.

Johnson, who is widely known in the Northwest as an enthusiastic sportsman and dead-shot, is credited with making the greatest bear hunt in Colorado, and he expects the coming trip to be just as extensive.

* * *

Walla Walla Rod and Gun Club has issued invitations to fifty gun clubs of the West to attend a tournament to be held at Walla Walla May 16th to 18th. They include clubs from Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Montana, Utah and British Columbia. Nine hundred dollars in purses, besides many merchandise prizes, will be distributed.

THE NEW IDAHO GAME LAW

Sportsmen all over the Pacific Northwest are expressing their approbation over the fish and game law just enacted by the legislature of Idaho. The principal provisions of the law are:

Private fish ponds are authorized; also private game parks, but no such pond or park shall contain

lands or waters where wild game or food fishes naturally abound. No native trout shall be sold at any time whether raised in a private pond or not, excepting fish from Bear lake.

Owners of private ponds must procure permits from the game warden before any fish can be shipped from such ponds. No other fish can be shipped.

No species of fish shall be caught in any device whatsoever excepting in Bear lake. It is lawful to catch fish with a line held in the hand at all times of the year, and salmon may be caught on a 4-inch snag hook. No fishing can be done within 300 feet of a fish ladder.

Mongolian pheasants, fool hens and swans are protected for four years.

The open season for quail is from November 1st to December 1st, and the limit in one day is 18.

For sagehens the open season is from August 1st to December 1st, and 12 birds is the limit.

Open season for snipe and plover, September 15th to January 'st.

Open season for partridge, pheasant, turtle dove, grouse and prairie chicken, September 1st to December 1st; limit 12.

Open season for ducks, September 15th to January 1st; limit 24. For geese the season is the same and the limit is three.

Moose, buffalo, antelope, beaver and caribou can not be killed at any time.

The open season for deer, elk, mountain sheep and mountain goat is September 15th to December 21st. They can not be hunted with dogs or trapped.

The license for resident males is $1 for hunting and fishing, but it does not apply to boys under 12. For non-residents the license is $25 for big game and $5 for birds. The fishing license for non-residents, regardless of sex is $1.

There is a limit of one elk, two deer, one mountain sheep, one mountain goat and one ibex for the season.

The usual provisions are made against shipping game out of the State.

Dams without fishways may be opened by the game warden.

The penalty for violation of any provision of the act ranges from $10 to $300 fine, or imprisonment not to exceed six months, or both fine and imprisonment.

It is provided that "as soon as sufficient funds are accumulated in the State fish and game fund in the hands of the State treasurer, the salary of the State game warden and the salaries of the deputy wardens and clerk shall be paid out of that fund." They shall be paid upon their sworn statements, approved by the State warden..

This provision has caused some unfavorable comment since it looks to some as though all the present fund could be absorbed in salaries and all that may hereafter come in, since the warden can name all the deputies that may seem necessary.

Another provision subject to criticism provides: "There is hereby appropriated all the money now standing to the credit of the State fish and game fund, and all money which may be received during the coming two years under the provisions of this act, for the purpose of paying the salaries of the various officers provided by this act, and for paying the traveling expenses provided for in this act and for the expenses of the office of the State fish and game warden, and for the purpose of importing, propagating and protecting fish and game."

The objection to this section is that it is in violation of the law, in that it provides a means by which moneys which should pass into the State treasury would be disbursed without being properly appropriated. The contention is that the money must be paid into the treasury and remain there until appropriated by legislative act, just like all other fees.

The bill gives the game warden authority to appoint such deputies as are necessary he shall appoint one chief deputy and two assistants, all of whom shall give bond to the State. He may appoint one or more deputies in any county of the State, as emergency shall demand, on petition of ten or more resident taxpayers. He shall also appoint a clerk.

The salaries are fixed thus: The warden, $1800 and $1000 or traveling expenses; chief deputy, $1200 and necessary traveling expenses not to exceed $600; each assistant, $1000 and expenses not to exceed $600; clerk, $1000. All other deputies shall receive $3 a day, but shall not receive pay for more than 150 days in one year.

HANDICAP GOLF TOURNAMENTS AT CORONADO BEACH

By Arthur Inkersley

EACH year, after the men's and women's golf championships have been decided, handicap tournaments are held on the links of the Coronado Country Club. The Men's Handicap tournament of 1907 was set down to begin on Monday, March 4th, but was postponed on account of rain until Wednesday, the 6th. Twenty-two entries were received, and twenty of these actually took part in the qualifying rounds over eighteen holes. Merrill K. Waters, 1907 golf champion of the Coronado Country Club, did not enter, and Alexander Reynolds, of the San Diego Country Club, though entered, did not play. A. B. Daniels of Denver and Coronado Beach was thus left the only scratch man. After making the best gross and net score in the qualifying rounds, he retired, losing his match in the first round by default. The handicaps, gross and net scores and places in the qualifying rounds, as well as the pairings, are shown in the table:

Men's Golf Handicap: Qualifying Rounds.

Competitors	First Round	Second Round	Gross	Handicap	Net	Place
O. D. Conger	69	57	126	18	108	—
G. W. Denfeld	68	63	131	18	113	—
Chapman Young	56	51	107	16	91	10
W. H. Eaton	48	50	98	12	86	5
H. S. Rich	55	55	110	18	92	12
W. T. Hoadley	54	50	104	18	86	6
J. R. Stanton	55	59	114	18	96	—
J. F. Taylor	60	53	113	18	95	16
A. J. Brander	52	52	104	12	92	13
N. E. Barker	54	50	104	6	98	—
W. C. Lipe	55	56	111	18	93	15
C. A. Brand	57	48	105	14	91	11
W. L. Thurston	44	45	89	10	79	1
A. B. Daniels	42	42	84	0	84	2
C. R. Dauer	54	48	102	18	84	3
E. B. Larimer	59	46	105	16	89	9
F. B. Crossitt	50	52	102	18	84	4
J. S. Sedam	52	54	106	14	92	14
G. S. Gay	48	54	102	14	88	8
Major Maize	56	47	103	16	87	7

In the first match round the players were paired according to their standing in the qualifying round, Number 1 against Number 9, Number 2 against Number 10, and so on. Each player received three-fourths of his match play handicap, the next higher number being taken in case of a fraction. In the first round W. L. Thurston (handicap 8 strokes) beat E. B. Larimer (12), Commander of the "Paul Jones," 2 up; A. J. Brander (9), beat W. H. Eaton (9), 3 up, 2 to play; C. R. Dauer (14), beat C. A. Brand (11), 3 up, 2 to play; Major Maize (12), beat W. C. Lipe (14), 6 up, 5 to play; Chapman Young (12), won by the default of A. B. Daniels (scratch); Captain J. S. Sedam (11), beat W. T. Hoadley (14), 3 up, 2 to play; F. B. Cossitt (14), beat H. S. Rich (14), 4 up, 3 to play, and G. S. Gay (11), beat J. F. Taylor (14), 4 up, 3 to play. When the two players in a match had the same handicaps, they played even; when their handicaps varied, the one having the larger handicap received the difference between his own handicap and that of his opponent. Thus E. B. Larimer received four strokes from W. L. Thurston, while W. H. Eaton and A. J. Brander played even. The strokes were taken on the holes designated in the table of handicaps.

In the second round, Brander, receiving one stroke, beat Thurston, 3 up, 2 to play; Major Maize defeated Dauer, receiving two strokes, 2 up; Sedam beat Young, receiving one stroke, 9 up, 7 to play, and Gay beat Cossitt, receiving three strokes, 5 up, 4 to play.

In the third or semi-final round Brander beat Maize, who received three strokes, 1 up on nineteen holes, the match being the only one during the championship or handicap tournaments, for men or women that ended "all square" on eighteen holes. Brander really pulled the match out of the fire, for at the twelfth hole he was 3 down. He drove well, his drives being, almost without exception, long and straight. Sedam and Gay, having the same handicaps, played even, Sedam winning 2 up.

In the final round, played on Monday, March 11th, Brander beat Sedam, who received one stroke on the seventh hole in each round, 2 up, and won the cup presented by the Coronado Country Club. Sedam won a Coronado Country Club silver medal. Maize and Gay, the two players who lost their matches in the semi-final round, played off over eighteen holes for bronze medal, which was won by Gay, who beat Maize, 1 up.

On the same day on which the final round of the Men's Handicap was played, the qualifying round over eighteen holes, medal score, of the Women's Handicap took place. Ten ladies played and of these the eight who returned the lowest net scores qualified. Neither Mrs. Herbert Munn, 1907, Woman Golf Champion of the Coronado Country Club, nor Mrs. F. W. Jackson, runner-up, took part, so that there was no scratch player. Mrs. G. S. Garrett of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, received the smallest handicap (2 strokes). The gross and net scores and resulting positions are shown in the table.

In the match play rounds each lady received three-fourths of her medal score handicap. In the first match round Mrs. G. S. Garrett beat Mrs. F. W. Stearns, receiving seven strokes, 2 up, 1 to play; Mrs.

R. B. Thomas, receiving six strokes, defeated Mrs. S. Sturges, 2 up, 1 to play; Mrs. W. Ely (8), won her match by the default of Mrs. J. B. Morton (15); and Mrs. A. B. Daniels, receiving twelve strokes, won from Mrs. Helen Ingle, 1 up, in the closest match of the tournament.

WOMEN'S GOLF HANDICAP: QUALIFYING ROUNDS.

Competitors	First Round	Second Round	Gross	Handicap	Net	Place
Mrs. F. W. Stearns..	60	71	131	12	119	5
Mrs. Heber Ingle....	57	60	117	4	113	4
Mrs. W. Ely.....	59	60	119	10	109	2
Mrs. J. P. Morton....	70	69	139	20	119	6
Mrs. G. S. Garrett...	56	54	110	2	108	1
Mrs. A. B. Daniels..	73	71	144	20	124	8
Mrs. A. Reynolds....	76	75	151	22	129	—
Mrs. S. Sturges.....	69	63	132	12	120	7
Mrs. John Hawley Jr.	76	*		22		—
Mrs. R. B. Thomas..	66	63	129	20	109	3

* No Returns.

In the second and semi-final round on Tuesday, March 13th, Mrs. G. S. Garrett beat Mrs. R. B. Thomas, receiving thirteen strokes, 5 up, 4 to play, and Mrs. A. B. Daniels, receiving seven strokes, defeated Mrs. W. Ely, 4 up, 3 to play.

In the final round on March 14th, Mrs. G. S. Garrett beat Mrs. A. B. Daniels, who received thirteen strokes, 4 up, 3 to play. Mrs. Garrett played a steady game, receiving her lead after having it reduced and winning a match in which she gave a stroke on nearly every hole. Mrs. Garrett made the eighth hole, which is 100 yards, in two strokes, landing on the green with her first and holing out with her second. She halved the first, won the second, third and fourth, making her 3 up; lost the sixth and seventh, reducing her lead to 1 up; won the eighth and ninth, making her 3 up at the end of the first round. She won the tenth, halved the eleventh, lost the twelfth, won the thirteenth, halved the fourteenth and fifteenth and won the match. Hole by hole, the score was as follows:

First Round:

Mrs. Garrett .....5 3 4 5 7 8 * 2 6—
Mrs. Daniels .....6 4 * 8 8 7 8 * 8—

Second Round:

Mrs. Garrett .....5 4 5 5 6 7 . . .—
Mrs. Daniels ..... 4 5 7 7 8 . . .—

* denotes that the hole was given up without being played out.

Mrs. Daniels received a stroke on every hole except the second, sixth, eighth, eleventh and seventeenth, but had no opportunity to use the stroke on the seventeenth, as the match ended at the fifteenth. Mrs. Garrett won the cup presented by the Coronado Country Club and Mrs. Daniels captured a silver medal. Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Ely played off over eighteen holes on the afternoon of March 14th for a bronze medal, which was won by Mrs. Thomas.

Mrs. Herbert Munn, champion of 1907, presented a handsome silver trophy (exactly like the men's Del Monte Cup of 1906, except that it has three handles instead of two) for competition on the Coronado Country Club course during January, February and March, 1907, in weekly handicap tournaments among the women. The trophy is to be captured by the lady winning the largest number of tournaments. At the time of writing the full number of tournaments has not been played.

The championship and handicap tournaments, for men and women, were under the management of a committee consisting of Arthur J. Brander of Coronado Beach, N. E. Barker of Chicago, Alexander Reynolds of San Diego, and Paul H. Schmidt, Secretary of the Coronado Country Club, assisted by Alex. Taylor, the resident professional, formerly of the Exmoor Country Club, Highland Park, Ill.

A driving contest for men was won by N. E. Barker, and one for women by Mrs. Herbert Munn.

THE RACE MEETING AT CORONADO

Photographs by
H. R. Fitch, San Diego

By Arthur Inkersley

THE March meeting of the Southern California Polo and Pony Racing Association, held on Thursday and Saturday, the 7th and 9th, on the track of the Coronado Country Club, was highly successful and interesting. The race for the A. B. Spreckels Challenge Cup, the most important trophy of the meet, took place on Saturday afternoon and was won by Charles W. Clark's Joe Ross, ridden by Marsh, Dr. Elmer J. Boeseke's Blue Knot, winner in 1906, being beaten easily by three or four lengths. C. W. Clark's Ethel G., ridden by Carman, was third. The distance was 1¼ miles and the time 2:18. In 1906 Blue Knot, carrying 146 pounds as against 155 pounds this year, won in 2:16. Blue Knot won the sixth race on Thursday's card, three-fourths of a mile, in 1:20, beating C. W. Clark's Joe Ross and R. L. Bettner's Mignonette. In this race Blue Knot was ridden by Parsons, who, according to the etiquette of racing, was entitled to ride the horse in Saturday's race. Parsons politely offered to waive his claim, if the owner wished any one else to ride. Dr. Boeseke roughly said that he had engaged another jockey, and Parsons accepted the situation. Later, when Boeseke wished to secure Parsons' services, Parsons forcibly told him that under no circumstances would he ride a horse owned by the doctor.

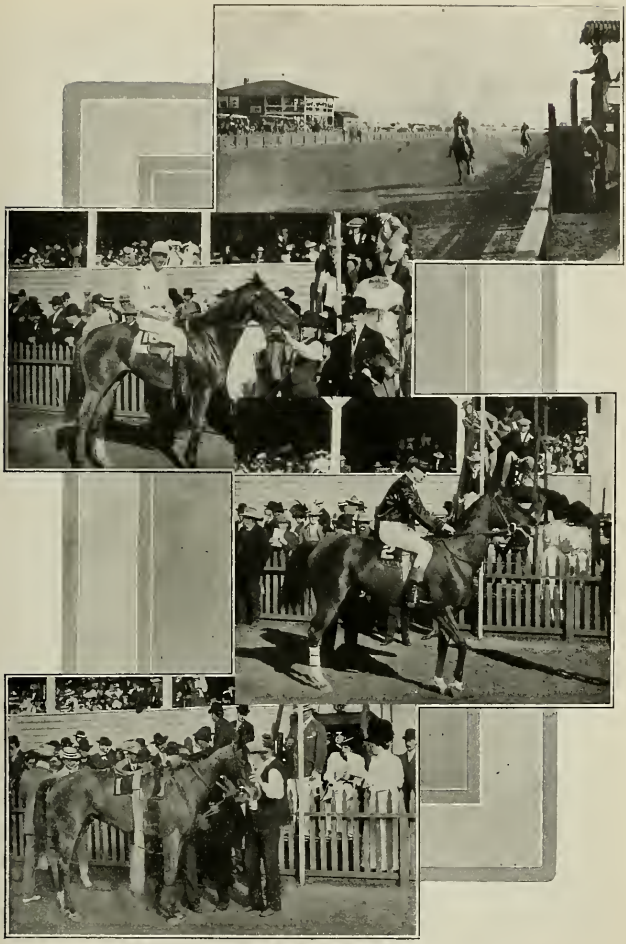
Another horse owner by Charles W. Clark, Bas Blancs, won the first race on Thursday, three-eighths of a mile, beating Rudolph Spreckels' Ulctma and Francis J. Carolan's Montera easily. Bas Blancs also won the fourth mile and repeat on the second day, beating S. F. Nave's Leah easily. In the three-fourths mile for galloways C. W. Clark's Mary Aileen was second; E. E. Hewlett's Daruma being first and G. L. Waring's Peninsula third. S. F. Nave's Leah, owner up, won the polo pony race, three-sixteenths of a mile, for gentlemen riders only, beating Dr. E. J. Boeseke's Wild Rose by a nose, W. L. Roberts' El Rey being third. In the selling horse race Carman's Colonel Bronston, owner up, was first, G. L. Waring's Peninsula, ridden by Frank Hudson of the Santa Monica team, being second, and Burkhill Jacques' Courant, owner up, third. Distance, three-fourths of a mile.

In the one-fourth mile, the fifth event on the first day, Clark's Copper was again to the front, Midlove, ridden by Marsh, winning in 24 seconds, S. F. Nave's Leah being second and C. W. Clark's Bas Blancs third. Before starting in this race, Rudolph Spreckels' Shorty Brown broke from control and galloped round the track; about a furlong beyond the judges' box he swerved and threw his rider, Dr. W. J. Smyth, against a fence. Dr. Smyth sustained a fracture of the clavicle of the left shoulder; he was removed to the Hotel Del Coronado in John D. Spreckels' automobile and received the best medical attention. In this race Frank Hudson rode W. E. Pedley's mare Carlotta, one of the best-known ponies in California. In coming down the straight, the mare stepped on a clod of mud, which slid from under her; she fell heavily, breaking a hip and throwing her rider, who escaped most fortunately without a scratch. Carlotta was mercifully destroyed by a bullet from a revolver.

The first event on Saturday was a consolation race, three-eighths of a mile, for ponies that had not won first or second prizes. The winner was Francis J. Carolan's Montera, ridden by Parsons, Burkhill Jacques' Sorosis, owner up, being second, and Dr. E. J. Boeseke's Wild Rose, Norton up, third. The Breeders' Stakes, five furlongs, were won by W. E. Pedley's Lady Rucker, ridden by H. Pattee, La Salina Stable's El Munda being second, and Burkhill Jacques' Becky Sharp, owner up, third.

The galloway race, one mile, was won by E. E. second and C. P. McCann's Socks third. In the Hewlett's Colonel Bronston was first, Burkhill selling horse race, the last event of the meeting, E. E. Hewlett's Colonel Bronston was first, Burkhill Jacques' Courant second, and G. Wiggins' Crosby third. The distance was one mile. When half way round, G. L. Waring's Peninsula, ridden by Marsh, fell, breaking his foreleg in two and throwing his rider, Marsh, heavily. Marsh, however, was only bruised and was quickly on his feet. Peninsula limped pitifully on three legs after the racing ponies, but was soon put out of his misery by a kindly bullet. Much sympathy was felt for his owner, who is a good sportsman and much liked.

Many people well known in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Riverside and San Diego society were present at the races, among them being Mrs. W. T. Swinburne, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin, Miss Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Percy A. Crump of Riverside, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Chase, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Flowers, Walter Scott Hobart, T. A. Driscoll, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Garrett, Frank Belleville (the crack English poloist), William Clayton, Paul H. Schmidt, R. H. Hay-Chapman.



1. Finish of a Pony Race at Coronado. E. E. Howlitt's Darwinia winning
2. Darwinia, Carman Up
3. Chas. W. Clark's Bas Blanc, Marsh Up. Winner three-eighth the first day
4. Joe Ross, Winner A. B. Spreckel's Cup

THE POLO TOURNAMENT OF THE CORONADO COUNTRY CLUB

Photographs by
H. R. Fitch, San Diego

By Arthur Inkersley.

THE 1907 championship polo tournament of the Coronado Country Club was highly successful and brought out some excellent play. Though the Santa Barbara team, which took part in the tournament of 1906, was absent, their place was supplied by a team of military officers from the Presidio of Monterey. The five teams that struggled for the championship were the Burlingame, the Los Angeles, the Riverside, the Santa Monica and the Military. The Burlingame team won the championship in 1906 and retained it in this year's tournament. In 1906 the Burlingame representatives were Walter Scott Hobart, John Lawson, J. O. Tobin, Jr., and R. M. Tobin. This year John Lawson and J. O. Tobin, Jr., were not on hand, but their places were well filled by T. A. Driscoll and Francis J. Carolan. The Burlingame men displayed far the best team-work and excellent individual work was done by all of them, especially by Hobart and Driscoll.

The tournament began on Saturday afternoon, March 2d, at about 3 o clock, on a warm, brilliant and somewhat breezy afternoon. The polo-field was in excellent condition and the play was watched with great interest by many spectators from the Hotel Del Coronado, Coronado Beach, San Diego, Riverside and Los Angeles. The first match was between Los Angeles and the Military team. The Los Angeles team was made up of H. G. Bundrem, No. 1; B. N. Smith, Jr., No. 2; Harry Weiss, No. 3; and Tom Weiss, Back. The three last named represented Los Angeles in the 1906 tournament. The Military team consisted of Lieutenant J. P. Castleman, No. 1; Captain C. D. V. Hunt, No. 2; Captain W. R. Smedberg, No. 3; and Captain Sterling Adams, Back. Three of the above-named officers came from the Presidio at Monterey, while Captain Hunt is a resident of the Hotel Del Coronado. The team labored under the great disadvantage of never having played together; yet, in spite of this, the officers never relaxed in their efforts, and, though defeated, managed to score four goals, Smedberg obtaining two, Castleman and Hunt one each.

During the first period, which lasted 11 minutes, Los Angeles scored 2 goals; in the second period, which lasted 14 minutes, 30 seconds, Los Angeles scored 3 goals and the Army men 2 goals; in the third period, which lasted 5 minutes, 45 seconds, Los Angeles scored 1 goal; in the fourth period, which lasted 9 minutes, 45 seconds, Los Angeles scored 1 goal and the Military team 1 goal; in the fifth period, which lasted 10 minutes, the Los Angeles team added 2 goals; and in the sixth period, which lasted 10 minutes, the Los Angeles team scored 1 goal and the Army men made 1 goal. The goals for Los Angeles were obtained by Harry Weiss, 3; Tom Weiss, 3; Bundrem, 2; and Smith, 2. The Los Angeles team won by a score of 10 to 4 goals. For the winners the strongest game was played by Tom Weiss, who was sure and steady. They were well mounted, and, though their ponies were no faster than those ridden by the Military players, they kept after the ball better. The Military men were also considerably hampered by their unfamiliarity with the off-side rule observed in the tournament. The Los Angeles men, however, showed no disposition to take advantage of this. Dr. E. J. Edmonds of Los Angeles officiated as Referee; the Umpires being George P. Messervy of New York and S. F. Nave of Riverside; and the Timekeepers being J. Weiss of Los Angeles and Mr. McMann.

On Monday, the 15th, the Los Angeles team, winner of Saturday's match, met the Riverside team. The Los Angeles team was made up of the same men occupying the same positions as on Saturday. The Riverside representatives were the same as in the tournament of 1906, except that R. L. Bettner, captain of the 1906 team, was missing, his place being filled by Dr. E. J. Boeseke of Santa Barbara. The team consisted of A. E. Flowers, No. 1; H. Pattee, No. 2; Dr. E. J. Boeseke, No. 3, and W. L. Roberts, Back. There had been rain in the morning and the afternoon was dull and threatening. The teams were evenly matched and the Los Angeles team played a better game than they had done on Saturday. Though Dr. Boeseke had been thrown from his pony in the match between Burlingame and Santa Barbara at San Mateo about ten days previously and carried from the field in an unconscious condition, he played an excellent game, his driving being sure and accurate For the Los Angeles team B. N. Smith, Jr., played remarkably well, scoring the two goals made by his side. Though the Riverside men seemed frequently to be within an ace of scoring, they never succeeded in driving the ball between the goal-posts. The actual duration of play was 61 minutes, 12 seconds. Robert Leighton acted as Referee, R. M. Tobin, Jr., and F. C. Bellville being the Umpires, with Dr. J. A. Edmonds as Timekeeper.

The Burlingame team, winners of the championship of 1906, appeared for the first time on Tuesday afternoon, March 5th, their opponents being the Santa Monica team. The Burlingame representatives were Francis J. Carolan, No. 1; T. A. Driscoll, No. 2; R. M. Tobin, No. 3, and W. S. Hobart, Back. The Santa Monica four were S. F. Nave, No. 1; W. E. Pedley, No. 2; M. Redmayne, No. 3, and F. D. Hudson, Back. The Burlingame team early showed its superiority, scoring three goals in the first period.

1. The Military Team
2. The Burlingame Team
3. The Los Angeles Team
4. The Santa Monica Team

Hobart played a strong game, displaying excellent judgment, and Driscoll's left-handed strokes were clean and effective. For Santa Monica, Hudson did the most useful work. The Santa Monica team was out-matched, but also had the worst of the luck, some of their shots at goal missing by very small margins. Driscoll scored 5 goals, Tobin 3, and Hobart 1 for Burlingame, which won by a score of 9 goals to 1. The Santa Monica goal was obtained by Frank D. Hudson from a free hit awarded as a penalty for off-side play by one of the Burlingame team. The officials of the match were Dr. J. A. Edmonds, Referee; Dr. E. J. Boeseke and F. S. Bellville, Umpires, and Robert Leighton, Timekeeper.

On Wednesday afternoon the two teams which had won in the previous matches, Burlingame and Los Angeles, met for the championship. Some people were inclined to think that the Los Angeles team would press the Burlingame champions closely, even if it did not prove superior. Almost from the outset it became apparent that these prophets were greatly in error, for the Los Angeles men were outplayed at every point. Though they had good mounts, they could make no headway against the men from Burlingame, who scored a goal in 1 minute, 22 seconds after the ball had been thrown into play. The team work of Burlingame was excellent and every member of the team scored goals; 3 being made by Tobin, 3 by Driscoll, and 2 each by Hobart and Carolan. The only goal secured by Los Angeles was made by Harry Weiss. The duration of the periods was as follows: First, 10:53; second, 9:32; third, 13:14; fourth, 7:12; fifth, 11:46; sixth, 8:14. The victory gave the championship of 1907 to the Burlingame team, the names of the members of which will be engraved on the massive silver punch-bowl presented by John D. Spreckels as the championship trophy. This is the second victory of the Burlingame Country Club team and a third will give the club permanent possession of the trophy. Each member of the victorious team will receive a silver goblet as a personal souvenir of his share in the event. The officials at the match were Dr. J. A. Edmonds, Referee; F. C. Bellville and George P. Messervy, Umpires; Robert Leighton, Timekeeper.

Though the Los Angeles team was defeated so decisively by the Burlingame men, it was stronger than in 1906 and superior to the Riverside, Santa Monica and Military teams. It met and defeated the Military and Riverside teams and there is little doubt that it would have beaten Santa Monica had it been drawn against it. The play in the match against Burlingame, though one-sided in its result, was well worth watching, for the losers contested every point gamely.

There was a good deal of talk about an American tournament in which teams would be drawn from all the players available, each team playing against every other team, the team having the largest number of goals to its credit at the close of the tournament to be declared the winner. It was also suggested that the Burlingame team should play against four men picked from all the other teams and representing Southern California. It was obvious, however, that such a team, the members having had no practice together, would not play as good a game as any one of the regular teams. Though both these suggestions were abandoned, teams were picked from the players on hand after the regular tournament was over, and some interesting play resulted, the teams being much more evenly matched than in the championship games. The substitutes of the Los Angeles and Burlingame teams, who were not called on in the championship matches, took part in these games, the first of which was played on Thursday morning, March 7th.

The teams were named the "Reds" and the "Free booters." The "Reds" consisted of S. F. Nave, No. 1; H. G. Pattee, No. 2; M. E. Flowers, No. 3, and W. L. Roberts, back. The "Freebooters" were J. Spalding, No. 1; E. G. Howard, No. 2; M. Redmayne, No. 3, and Dr. E. J. Boeseke, back. Four periods were played, their duration being as follows: First, 10:31; second, 11:49; third, 9:24; fourth, 16:30. The "Reds" scored 3 goals, 2 being obtained by Pattee and one by Nave. The "Freehooters" scored 2 goals, Howard obtaining one and Spalding one. The game was contested keenly. All the winners played a good game, while Dr. Boeseke was most conspicuous for the losers.

On Friday afternoon the closest and most interesting match of the whole tournament was played between two teams designated as "Reds" and "Whites." The "Whites" were made up of Captain C. D. V. Hunt of Coronado, No. 1; Frank D. Hudson of Santa Monica, No. 2; F. C. Bellville of London, England, and T. A. Driscoll of Burlingame, No. 3, and W. L. Roberts of Riverside, back. The "Reds" were Francis J. Carolan of Burlingame, No. 1; E. G. Howard of Burlingame, No. 2; M. Redmayne, of Santa Monica, No. 3 and Dr. E. J. Boeseke of Santa Barbara, back. The duration of the periods was as follows: First, 10:35; second, 10:00; third, 14:05; fourth, 5:55; fifth, 11:54, and sixth, 10:00. The sixth period was actually prolonged to 16:30, but the game was considered to end officially at the expiration of the ten minutes, the score being 7 goals for the "Whites to 6 for the "Reds." During the additional 6½ minutes the "Reds" scored one more goal, making the score "seven all." The interesting features of the match were the closeness of the score and the play of F. C. Bellville, a crack English poloist, who was the guest of the Burlingame Country Club during the polo tournament and race-meet held at San Mateo and Burlingame in February. His play appeared more finished and was certainly more effective than that of any man on the field. Inasmuch as he had not taken part in a polo match for some months, he played for four periods only, during which he scored three goals for his side. At the end of the fourth period, his place was taken by T. A. Driscoll.

For the "Whites" Bellville scored 3 goals, Hudson 2, Driscoll 1, and Hunt 1. The goals for the "Reds" were made by Boeseke, Redmayne and Carolan, each placing the ball between the posts twice. The goal made after the sixth period ended was scored by Dr. Boeseke.

The Burlingame men proved victorious, not so much because they were stronger individually than the players in the other teams, as because they played as a team. Polo is a game in which four men are matched against four men and team-work is of the utmost importance. Four men not particularly good players individually, but playing unselfishly as a team and not endeavoring to gain applause for per-

The Coronado Country Club Polo Tournament

1. Burlinganie vs. Los Angeles
2. Following Up the Ball
3. A Left-Handed Drive by Driscoll
4. A Scrimmage, Los Angeles vs. Burlingame

Walter S. Hobart, Burlingame Team

T. A. Driscoll, Burlingame Team

sonal brilliancy, will defeat four men who play for themselves alone and not as a side. In a polo game, as in an Association football match, each player has his duties, the chief one being to look after the man occupying the corresponding position on the other side. If a player leaves his position, as occasionally he can do advantageously, his place must be filled at once by one of his team-mates, otherwise one of the opponents is left loose and free to rove as he pleases. The Burlingame men observed this principle better than their opponents. They were also mounted on faster and cleverer ponies.

The Western American poloist has the advantage of living in a part of the world where good ponies are readily obtainable. The pony bred on the ranches of California, New Mexico and Arizona has speed, action, temper and intelligence. It is best to secure an animal of high quality to begin with, for it is not worth while to expend time and pains on training a pony of moderate quality to play the game, since, when he has learned it, he is not fast enough. If a player is to check an opponent effectually, he must have a pony as fast as his opponent's mount.

Mr. F. C. Bellville, the well-known English poloist, after being present at the San Mateo tournament, came down to Coronado, where he umpired several of the matches. He expressed the opinion that any of the teams that took part in the Coronado tournament, if well coached and taught to play a team game, could give the Burlingame men a hard contest. It was the team work of the Burlingame four that accounted for their crushing defeat of the Los Angeles representatives.

It is frankly admitted by the best American poloists that in the game as generally played in the United States team-work is developed imperfectly and the interest of the side is sacrificed to individual brilliancy. In English teams a disposition on the part of a player to try to earn glory for himself at the expense of his side is frowned upon and from this it follows that, while there are individual players in the United States as good as some of the best in Great Britain, there is no team so strong as the high-class British teams. Four comparatively weak players who play together and are well mounted on fast and clever ponies will get away with any four men, no matter how skillful they may be, who sacrifice the good of their team to a desire to gain the applause of the spectators. Playing to the gallery is the besetting vice, of the American polo-player, as it is of the American footballer and politician.

THE OAKLAND BENCH SHOW

Reported by Harry T. Payne

THE first show of the new Oakland Kennel Club was held in the Piedmont skating rink on Wednesday and Thursday, March 20th and 21st last. The rink was large enough for a show twice the size, but it was cold, damp, and most miserably lighted during the daytime. There were two hundred and fifty-two dogs on the benches, ranging in quality from good to very bad.

No doubt the officers of the club endeavored to do their best in the way of management, but either from inexperience or lack of executive ability, the management was very bad. Not a line regarding the show was to be seen in the sportsmen's press of San Francisco. Nobody except those who had received premium lists knew when the show was to be held or anything about it. Through this inexcusable oversight a good many entries were lost to the club, as well as a considerable amount of gate money. But the worst of all was the reception of the dogs in the morning. Exhibitors and handlers continued to arrive and stand around in the wet and muck unable to get into the building. Nobody was there to attend to anything. No one to receive and tag the dogs. The men swore and the ladies were so mad, I really believed that "away down in their hearts," they thanked the men for expressing their feelings in such strong language. Even after the management arrived in their leisurely manner, there was no head to anything except the dogs. At last a number of experienced exhibitors took hold of the affairs and straightened things out to such an extent as to get the dogs on benches and out of the hands of the exasperated exhibitors.

In cups and trophies the club was well supplied, but they were badly distributed through being offered on fool propositions. Such propositions as the best dog in the show, champion classes for the champions of all breeds, variety classes for dogs of any and all breeds, are more than silly and can mean but one of two things: either ignorance on the part of the show management, or a brazen desire to beat an unsuspecting public out of additional entrance money for no gain or benefit to the exhibitor. If dogs were judged like chickens, and by men understanding the real merits of the several animals, and every characteristic scored upon a card, then it would be possible to say that the dog that scored the highest percentage of perfection was the best dog in the show. To attempt to judge one breed against another, by any system except the score card, is nothing more nor less than to proclaim the show a farce and the judging simply a travesty on the awards of merit. It would certainly seem that when no money prizes are given, and all the cups and trophies are free-will donations, and a good stiff entry fee is charged, that the club management could rise above catch-penny classes, and hold a show whose awards, properly made, would be in the interest of the better development of the dog. These catch-penny classes originated in the small minds of a little coterie of unprincipled dog brokers of the East, and, to their shame be it said, a

part of the fanciers of the more generous, and broader minded Pacific Coast have fallen into the same dishonest methods; not for the purpose of getting more dogs entered, but to get the same dogs entered in more so-called classes, in order that they may beat the exhibitor out of more money. But says the present day show committeeman: "We've got to have the money to make the show pay."

The day was when the show paid and yet five to eight dollars were given in cash prizes in every class. But that was before professionalism placed its withering hand upon the sport. It was before the evolution of the professional hanger-on that now lives off the credulity of the fancy. It was before the professional handler demanded that his entries should be admitted without the payment of any entrance fee, and all the prizes of any value should be awarded to his string irrespective of merit. It was before the copartnership of the professional judge and the dog broker was entered into, and when judges tried to be just, and placed the blue ribbons on what they honestly believed to be the best dogs, without considering whether it was a broker, a big breeder, or a private owner at the other end of the chain. Yet in those days there were not one-half the number of dogs, or of fanciers in the State, nor any catch-penny classes either. Gentlemen of the fancy, when you return to the conditions of honest sportsmanship in your shows; when you kick the dog broker out of the back door and refuse admittance at the front one to the professional hanger-on; when you refuse to be buncoed by the professional judge, and seek the services of the abler and honester fanciers who study the dog for the pure love of the animal, and who would spurn the offer of a fee for their services; when you cease to treat the exhibitor as if you thought you were doing him a favor in taking his entry money from him; when you return once more to sensible and equitable conditions, you will not be compelled to stoop to the unsportsmanlike device of making useless and absurd classes in order to bleed the exhibitor of money sufficient to support the professional hanger-on, and the partnership of the professional judge and broker.

Chas. Newman made his debut as a judge of St. Bernards. He had an easy lot to handle and got his ribbons about right. The class was small and showed but little quality.

The old professional, Jim Mortimer, passed upon the rest of the breeds. In judging the terrier classes he handled them very well, but in guessing the field dogs his guessing was fully as bad as usual. It is strange that a man, even who knows nothing about a breed or its uses, cannot get some idea of type into his head and stick to that type at least through one class. But Mortimer never has been able to do this either in English or Irish setters. This lack of all conception of type was shown most pointedly in his guessing at the English setters. Tiverton was given first over all competitors. Tiverton is a large, long and low, coarsely made dog. His conformation precludes speed or any great endurance at a reasonably rapid gait. Now if such a dog is the best in the show, his very antipode must by all rules of logic be the poorest. But of all the dogs in the show, the one that formed the strongest contrast to the winner, Mortimer, with a perfect disregard of type or reasoning, placed second, and then made the next widest jump possible to get his third. In the bitches he picked out a little light-boned, snipy-muzzled, wedge-headed bitch for first—a bitch absolutely opposite in type and character from the dog that he guessed ought to be first, or again from the dog he placed second. Like in the dogs, the one he placed second was much the best of the two. But there were still two others better than either the first or second. Lady E., though shown in very bad condition and much too light in flesh, should have been given the winner's ribbon with Daisy Cole second. In the dogs, Fleet Sergeant, while by no means a typical English setter was easily the best of the lot. He is a dog made for fast work, and lots of it, and is made well. His faults are: a bad head, the width of his chest carried too far forward, and a bit too short in body. In Irish setters Mortimer's guessing came no nearer the mark. In the specials a shameful blunder was made in placing Jerry over St. Lambert's Norma. Norma is a beautiful type of the Irish setter, full of the characteristics of the breed, with a refinement of finish seldom seen. In pointers there was only one and he gave her the first.

The collies had a good entry with a few quite fine specimens among them. Mr. Arthur Letz's latest importation was beaten by O. J. Allee's Graystone Breadalbane, a dog of good character, good head, and good undercoat, but lacking in the texture of the outer coat. Mr. Letz's Squire of Holmby was shown in very bad condition, having just arrived from England. He was not only out of condition so far as his coat and flesh were concerned, but he showed the effects of his long journey in the listless way he moved about. When the Squire is in condition Mr. Allee may possibly find the tables turned.

The bull terriers were shown in good numbers and averaging high in quality. In fact, the bull terrier fanciers were so well pleased with the showing of their favorites that they organized, the last night of the show, the Western Bull Terrier Club, with the hopes of pressing the interests of the breed.

Boston terriers made a good showing in numbers, but while there were several of good quality and nice type, the great majority were given to coarseness.

In the miscellaneous class—which is supposed to be for recognized breeds—were shown a number of mongrels under the noms de guerre of "Sussex spaniel," "Esquimaux," "Chinese crested dog," and "Chihuahua dog"—not one of which were what they were claimed to be. An extremely long and fluffy haired mongrel poodle of some kind was given the first prize as a Chihuahua. I overheard the lady who was its happy, though deluded owner, telling a few gaping listeners that the breed was very scarce, there only being about a half a dozen in the United States. Possibly she was right. At any rate it is fully half a dozen too many of the kind, especially when the beautiful little clean cut, fairy-like Chihuahua is to be defamed by giving its name to such an unshapely mongrel. At almost every show held in or near San Francisco, some little mongrel five or six times larger than the very largest of the breed is palmed off on the unsuspecting judge and public as a Chihuahua dog. Almost as often as this happens I have exposed the deception, with the result that the same dog has not been returned for a second win. But in spite of the exposition a new one crops up at each returning show, with the one merit that it is always a different looking cur. All kinds of little dogs are sold to tourists along the Mexican Central as Chihuahua dogs. But the native Chihuahua dog, found among the Chihuahua Indians at the time of the conquest, is a trim built, short haired dog, somewhat on the lines of a toy black and tan, but more delicately modeled. The head is slimmer and squarer, the ears erect, the eyes handsomely set without anw pop-eyed apperaance. They are scarce, both in Chihuahua and elsewhere. During a year's residence near the city of Chihuahua, I probably saw in the city and elsewhere about a dozen of these very delicate specimens of the canine race. The adult dogs will weigh from one and a half to two and a half pounds. The only colors I have seen were pale lemon and white, and blue and white. I saw one sold in the city of Chihuahua for its weight in Mexican silver dollars. It was a bitch that showed plain evidence of having suckled a litter of puppies. When placed in the scales it did not weigh quite as much as 28 silver dollars—less than a pound and three-quarters.

REAL FIELD COCKERS

Riverside, Cal., February 1, 1907.

HEREWITH is a picture of one of my cockers. The reason for sending it is because I have noted Brother H. T. Payne's article in December number of Western Field, and I just thought I would have something to say about cockers.

I am personally acquainted with Mr. Payne, and think that he never came nearer to covering the ground and doing it hard, than when he says that there is too much money and not enough sportsmanship shown nowadays in raising dogs. Now, I have raised cockers for the last fifteen years, and while I have seen dogs without number shipped here called "cockers"(!) I have never seen one but what showed up as Payne says: "Bow-legged, out at the elbows," etc., and if put on the field against my old M. P. McCoon-Obo stock they would go helter-skelter for ten minutes, and thereafter be all in, hunt a bush and lie down.

Does mine do so? Not on your life! Why? because they are bred for field cockers and not house pets. Just pretty long ears, long feathers on legs, and no attention to proportion of body, legs, muscles, etc.

I have oeen asked: "Why don't you put your

dogs on the bench?" Why, I can sell them as fast as I can get them—and at what I call a good price, but I do not breed for sale, only for good little companions when I want to go out for quail and ducks. I am asked so often: "Why, can those little fellows hunt? I should think they would get tired out." Because they are field cockers, not rug sleepers.

Now, as to the cost of breeding a good type of cocker: It is not true that it costs any more than it does to breed scrubs, and I cannot agree with anyone who says every time the breeder can change the style there is a greater demand. I could sell twenty for every one I can get, and all are on the old standard twenty-eight pounds. It just makes my eyes ache when I see these 40-lb. so-called "cockers."(!) They are just common, long-eared and, of course, bob-tailed mongrels. Often I ask: "Where did you get that dog, and what breed is it?" The answer usually is: "Why, that is a cocker spaniel; got him from So So; his sire was sold for hundreds of dollars!"

"Did he ever take a prize?" "Oh no! didn't need to put him on bench; can't you see he is like your dogs?" Generally he is as nearly like mine as a mule is like a fine horse.

Buster, M. T. Cunniff, Owner

M. J. CUNNIFF.

FIELD TRIAL CRITICISMS

MISS, says the old saw, is as good as a mile. But not to miss a really good thing by the closest margin is as good as a whole league. This sage remark is forced upon my mind by the fact that had it not been for the thoughtfulness of a friend I should have missed the great pleasure of reading the American Field's report of the recent Pacific Coast field trials. The more experienced one becomes in a given line, the more amusement he derives from reading the strenuous efforts of the beginner to impress upon the mind of the reader the profundity of his knowledge and the great extent of his experience.

That the writer of the report referred to was an amateur goes without saying, and that these were his first trials, is indelibly stamped all over the report. It is these evidences of amateurism, coupled with the use of the plural "we" and "us," and "what we have seen," and what "we want to see different in the future" that furnishes the real amusement to the reader. In his effort to appear sportsmanlike, he goes to the excess of being sporty instead, and talks about "class dogs," and dogs that are "moderate in range but birdy"; that "inferior *location* characterized the work in the derby and the all-age alike"; that one dog "outbirded another," and then volunteers the astonishing information that "some real class dogs missed the money for the reason that they got off the course and went by the birds." Really it is too bad that a "class dog" should be left out of the money for such a small thing as this! If it had been a bulldog instead of a "class dog" it would not have been so bad. Then he discovered another kind of dog whose character should be perpetuated. It was a dog that was "the essence of recklessness, but is all style and points and locates with wonderful precision." Well, really a dog must be awful reckless that will "point and locate with wonderful precision."

Then, not thinking all this enough to convince anyone of his vast experience as a field trial reporter, he tells the club that "we should like to see several things done differently at the trials next year." Among these valuable suggestions that are the outgrowth of his long experience with field trials and field trial dogs, are: "Handlers should ride." Also, "Dogs should not be put down right among marked birds, even though some walking or driving is involved in giving them a chance to exhibit pace and range." Also, 'We hope that the club will reconsider the absurd ruling that handlers must carry guns, and all-age dogs must retrieve,' and, "Furthermore, handlers should be treated more liberally."

All this will only amuse the field trial man who reads the report, which so far has done no one any harm. But when this amateur essays to dictate to the club and publish the assertion that the club cut the purses forty per cent to meet expenses, he does the club an injury by telling that which is not true. The club did not cut the purses one single cent.

When the club was first organized twenty-four years ago, there were but few members, and but few dogs started. At that time most of the dogs were broken and run by their owners, in fact at the start there were no professional handlers on the Coast. The club, therefore, adopted the scheme of giving all the forfeit and entry money to the winners. So long as the entries were few this was not a large amount. In later years, however, when the entries in the derby have numbered from thirty-five to forty-eight, and the starters from sixteen to twenty, the

purses have been larger than those of almost any club in America. With this increase the expenses of the club have also increased very materially; large tracts of ground have had to be preserved and the birds fed, thus necessitating the employing of patrolmen, the hiring of horses and the purchase of grain for both them and the birds. These expenses have been annually increasing until even the heavy dues were increased, and then annual assessments levied as well, in order to make the ledger balance. Under the system of giving all the forfeits and entrance money as purses they were growing very large, unreasonably so, in fact. The club therefore, at its annual meeting held in January, 1906, adopted a new rule, which gave the entrance money as the purse, but the forfeits went to the club. Under this rule the purses will be fully as large as the average of the trials of the East. Of course the San Francisco disaster cut down the number of entries for the last trials, and therefore the purses were not as large as they normally will be. But this change in the rule was known to the handlers, for it was published in the sportsmen's press, and therefore they got all they were promised. If this experienced reporter had had any experience at all he would know that the club does not know the handlers at all in the transaction. It deals with the owners and with them alone, and has no means of knowing that any part of the purse goes to the handler.

If as this wise reporter, who has been hob-nobbing with the handlers, says that four of them told him that they were going to quit, I know of no law that will prevent them. I will say to them, however, that unless they turn out better broken dogs in the future than they have in the past, in all probability some of them will have to quit. There is more danger of them quitting from that cause than from the other.

SHORT BARKS

IRISH SETTER FIELD TRIALS

THE Irish Setter Club of America is now discussing the advisability of holding field trials in which the competitors shall all be Irish setters. Why not? There is no reason why the Irish setter can not be developed back into a good field dog. The Irish setter was a good field dog before the bench show blight seized him. Every breed and every strain of field dogs that have been bred for the bench have gone the same way: lost their field form, their ability for work and even to a very large extent their hunting instinct. The loss of their field form and ability to work is due to the fact that they have been judged usually by terrier or bulldog judges who have no conception of what a field dog should be. The result is that the very worst shaped dogs for field work are put to the front year after year, they are soon advertised as "champions" and the deluded public breeds to them with the result that in a few years there is not one of the strain that, as a field dog, is able to do the work he was intended for; the dog's ability for hard work is lost. Then, again, the desire to keep him in nice feather for the bench robs him of the exercise he should have. He is seldom or never taken into the field for the fear that his feather and flag may get whipped off, and in a few generations he has lost his instinct and his ambition as a bird finder. It has been the same with the so-called bench show strains of English setters and pointers, and so, too, with the Gordons.

If the Irish setter men wish to bring their dogs to the front as field dogs, they have either to keep them away from the bench altogether, or show them only under such judges as they know fully realize the perfect construction of a working dog. And one, too, that can recognize intelligence in the shape of the head and the expression of the eye, for intelligence is one of the very first considerations in the bird dog.

* * *

Uncle Dick Fellows seems to be nearing his dream of white cockers. He now has a litter of puppies, three of which are pure white. May they all live and make his jolly old heart even more jolly than usual.

* * *

Next to the still unsettled question of "Who struck Billy Patterson?" is that, among our Eastern fanciers, of "Who is killing the Boston terrier?"

Owing to the diversity of opinion at present the solution seems to be some distance away. One claims that it is its friends—that is those who are taking them up. Another claims that it is the Boston Terrier Club that is the executioner, while others assert that it is the recklessness of the judges. Judging from those that are being imported to the Coast, one thing that will soon kill the breed is its growing tendency to coarseness. Most of the new importations are devoid of that refinement that characterized them a few years ago. Whenever this delicate refinement is lost from the breed, then all is lost, and the dogs become nothing more than mongrels.

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WESTERN FIELD

PUBLISHED AT GREATER SAN FRANCISCO

Vol. 10 JUNE, 1907 No. 5

THE BROOK

WHAT is the busy brooklet saying,
On its journey towards the sea?
I wonder if the alders swaying
Could clear the mystery?

Is it the sunlight that entrances,
And frees the babbling tongue,
When with his ruddy face he glances,
Those alder boughs among?

It cannot be the shifting glory
Some passing cloud may hide,
That starts the brook to tell his story,
Those mossy banks beside.

The swallows pass his surface skimming,
Down-dropping from the sky;
Within each pool the trout lie swimming:
The brooklet hurries by!

So day and night he goeth singing;
His tale I cannot tell;
Yet when I hear that clear voice ringing,
I know all things go well!

—*George Burchard.*

A DAY WITH THE POMPANO

By Harry H. Dunn

THE biggest fishes which a fellow catches are not always the best eating. That is an axiom which has been told to me ever since I was old enough to fish—and I began to fish some several years ago—but every season I have it brought home to me in a new form. This last time about a week or so ago, I got t thrown at me afresh, and this is how it appened:

I surprised the Princess one morning with he statement that I was going fishing. She ouldn't go; the hired girl wanted a day off r some other foolish thing such as girls are pt to want; for me to go fishing without he Princess is rank heresy, but it was my rst fishing day of this Spring, and I was ound to go.

All I took was a basket, planning to rent rod and line and hooks when I reached the each. When I got down there, the baithouse eeper informed me that they were catching ompano out on the end of the wharf. This vas at Playa del Rey. "Huh," said I, "I vant some real fish; give me a surf outfit."

When I had put up my little dollar deposit or a pole worth fifty cents, I went out and ast into the surf. About then I discovered hat there was but one tide that day and an bb tide at that. Fine day for yellowfin, so I noved out into deep water, looked around, aw everybody—some thirty people, the entire opulation of the town—catching little flat hin fish by the half dozen at a time, and ast over for a halibut.

I had a strike almost as soon as I put my ne in and brought up a nice stingray. The ombination was too much; here were people atching pompano; here was bait for pompano, laced in my hands by special act of Provience: I would catch pompano, and did.

Back at the baithouse the surf outfit was xchanged for a long slender rod, with a ne on which were strung eight small hooks, and above them a cork float. It all carried me back to boyhood days in the sloughs along the Wisconsin and the Mississippi where we held "bobbers" for sunfish and perch while our daddies fished for bass in the real river.

On each one of those eight hooks I put a small piece of stingray steak, good for pompano and Chinese banquets but not so very appetizing to look at. In went the line, provided with about as light a sinker as can be made, and in less time than it took me to bait the hooks the cork float was being pulled under water at a good rate.

Surely I had a fish, and as though I were fishing for yellowtail I struck the hook, about as big as a bent doll pin, home. Then I drew the line in—with nothing on it. Right there I learned another thing; don't strike pompano; let him bite and then pull him in slowly, with all the gentleness and brotherly love you can assume.

Next time I cast over the rail I waited until the bobber went under and stayed there. Then I pulled in and found I had three on, none of them larger than my hand; after that I got only one, then two, and finally four, which was my limit.

Next to me, on the seaward side, was an able old gent appareled in rubber hip boots and a corduroy coat—besides trousers, of course—and he caught six at a time for twelve casts, not consecutively, but separated by hauls of from two to four. Before the day was over he said he had fifty pounds of the little fish, and I have no reason to doubt his word, for I saw him carry away half a gunnysack full.

When I had caught fifty pompano, I threw out as far as I could—which isn't as far as it once was owing to the fact that the doctor recently cut a large hole in me—and then sat down on the softest board bench I could find to look over the crowd.

There was the old colonel with the befo' thuh wah hat and mustache and the khaki trousers. Presently he came over and sat down beside

me. "Miserable poo' day, suh, miserable poo' foh good fishin', suh," he said. "Now, last Sunday, I was daown at Pedro, and, suh, fishin' off the cannery wahf, I hooked three huge halibut, not one of which could I land. Every one of 'em, suh, broke the snell on the hook and got away as soon as I got him to the top."

And the best of it all was that he believed it himself, which is a fine condition for any prevari—piscatorial artist to be in at any stage of his career. We held quite a line of talk there on the bench, to the evident bad feeling of a couple of gents who were anxious to get the space our respective rods occupied on the rail.

When we did finally reel in we had four fish each on the long line of hooks. I lost one of mine getting them aboard the wharf, but my old friend landed all of his, and then we went down to his basket to compare some of the fish California produces with a drop of the stuff that has made Kentucky famous.

Anyone who was so disposed, and had a boy to bait his hooks, could have caught a million of these little fish that day. All one had to do was cast over, look wise for a minute and haul in all the way from one to six. A few mackerel of small size, and now and then a jack smelt, forerunners of the hordes that ought soon to be here, enlivened matters a bit; and by casting far out I picked up a couple of each of these before I returned to the car for the twenty mile ride home.

Absolutely nothing else was biting, and, while the pompano as a rule run in schools, these kept up a fairly steady stream around the many hooks that were dropped down from a forest of poles along the wharf. Even the women had a good time, though protesting that they did "hate to take the slimy little things off the hooks," and so kept all the men friends they could find busy caring for their lines. I always thank whatever gods may be when I go fishing that I am married, and that I show it so plainly, for thus I escape the wiles of the ladies when they want their hooks baited.

But the right way to catch pompano is from a skiff or a float, anchored out beyond the breakers, where the swells are not too rough, and where you can throw out a few scraps of shark or lobster meat to good effect now and then. The pompano is essentially a deep sea fish, running close inshore only at certain infrequent seasons of the year, and they must be taken, like Shakespeare's current, when they serve, or one may as well give up all hope of catching pompano.

At almost any beach resort you can catch some fish all the year round, no matter what day or week or month you are there, but the pompano are the aristocrats of the deep and will not be hurried. And when they do come they will not bite at such plebeian baits as dead clam, sand crabs, beefsteak or angle-worms, but demand only lobster and shark, and stingray and skate and sole, or albicore of which they are inordinately fond.

With a trout pole and very light line and two hooks, one can get some sort of sport out of pompano fishing, but at best it can never compare with wet fly casting for mackerel, or bait fishing for jack smelt when either of these fish are running right. A good healthy jack smelt a foot or more long will put up almost as good a fight as a brook trout of the same size, and a two pound mackerel is a fine bird on the end of a thin line and with the angler using a trout rod.

One peculiarity of the pompano is that, despite the fact that they are much sought as food by man, very few of the other big fishes seem to care anything about them. Where the smelt will be cut to pieces or terrorized by the incursions of two or three yellowtail or albicore, the pompano never quit biting on account of the coming of the big ones, nor is the wake of the hunters filled with fragments of the little flat fish as it is with smelt or small mackerel.

As bait for big fish, either alive or dead, pompano are a failure; nothing that I know of will bite at their bodies when dangled on a line, and the same thing is true of the luscious sand dab, which I have dropped among yellowtail and bonita when they were biting at other lures and could not get a strike from any of them.

But baits and bait fishes are a peculiar institution which I am going to take up more at length some day, for half the catching of fish is in knowing just what bait to use and just how to use it. The art of baiting a hook is lost on a great many salt water anglers, but it has a great deal to do, nevertheless, with the fish one catches and the fun he has in catching them.

MANZANITA

QUEEN, in a sisterhood of queens,
  She sits at the joining of two ravines,
  Ringing her alabaster bells
  Of bloom across the mountain dells;
From dawn till dawn rings she them.
  Her smooth brown limbs are lost among
Her robe's green curves, and checkered hem
  Which the sunbeams broider all day long.

She makes a pleasant place apart
Within grim Winter's central heart,
  Tending a sacred shrine where grows
  A silver flame with heart of rose,
Which is the essence-flame of Love;
  In each bell-blossom she weaves a tongue
Of this glad fire to leapingly move,
  And smite the star-white throats to song.

All the wild bees roam to her;
All the soft winds come to her,
Bringing in their velvet palms
  Perfumes rare of mints and balms,
Of sage and artemesia.
  And the rapturous, drifting knells
Bear they thither and afar
  From the million swinging bells.

If into her courts you reverence bring
For each timid-of-foot, each hushed-of-wing,
  That the Father's will hath mansioned there—
  His tenderlings—folded in nest and lair,
Then will you hear, and your heart vouchsafe
  To that hill-sweet marvel of music room;—
  It will waken and sing—a woods-wild waif—
  Whenever the manzanitas bloom.

—*Virginia Fauntleroy Fox.*

SUMMER DROUTH

A CURSE malign like pestilence or blight
Fills all the air and haunts the walks of men;
From coast near by to far-off sheltered glen,
From wide-extending vale to wooded height,
A scourge less welcome than Egyptian night
Broods o'er the world, tormenting denizen
Of laod and atmosphere, of stream and fen,
Till life has lost its hope and old delight.
The brazeo vault glows like a furnace-mouth
And sends its fiery breath o'er all the land,
Till every thinking creature prays for raio
To break the regnant stress of heat and drouth:
But earth, still servile to a stern command
Of mastery, suffers all the Fates ordain.

—*Clarence H. Urner.*

BILL FIKE'S HUMAN PANTHER

By Norman H. Crowell

EPHRUM Smith had ended a thrilling yarn descriptive of how a certain tenderfoot of his acquaintance had once succeeded in running a grizzly bear into ca p, the bear averaging nine feet to the rear all the way in. The calm, restful silence that ensued was presently disturbed by the sound of Jim Bennett inserting a pellet of coal into the heater.

"I've knowed some tenderfeet, howsomever," said Jim, as he dusted his fingers forcibly on his pants' legs, "That was th' most deceivin' humans ye'd meet in a considerable stroll. One time up in th' Big Horns we had a fellow along that hadn't had a high collar off for twenty years exceptin' to sleep. He perfessed to be a candidate for th' ministry or somethin' equally harmless. We hadn't more'n located camp when this feller took down sick an' begun absorbin' our liquor stock like a hungry anacondy eatin' hummin' birds. In two days he'd soaked up all we'd brought—four gallon an' was delirious for more. When we told 'im it was all gone an' he'd have to die he set up an' remarked that th' spell had left 'im. An' he didn't have another till Limp Bigler had lugged in a fresh supply o' firewater. Then we caught on. He was a Keeley cure graduate on a relapse!"

Ezra Boggs' grizzled countenance had a smile displayed upon it as he thoughtfully studied the ceiling.

"Tenderfeet", said he, as he drew a bandanna and blew his nose in G sharp with the tremolo stop full on, "Are onreliable as a pet mule. You can tickle a mule's hindleg with a straw a dozen times an' be reasonably certain of bein' kicked through th' side of th' barn eleven times hand-runnin' but on th' twelfth no power yet discovered can make 'im kick. It's jest mule. That makes 'is character too complicated to pin your faith onto regular.

"Jim's anecdote reminds me of th' time when me an' Bill Fikes an' Dad Walker took a tenderfoot by th' name of Johnson on an alligator hunt down to Florida. Johnson stood about five foot five, an' fifteen years o' clerkin'

in a broker's office in New York had give 'im a chest like a canary. He was out on a vacation in th' hopes o' prolongin' what th' doctors called death by ingrowin' lungs.

"At th' start we sort o' pitied th' leetle, weezened up skunk, but by th' time we'd hit th' fever belt we was gettin' our heads together with th' intention o' castin' a scare into Mr. Johnson or sprain our spinal columns tryin'. Th' fact was—he was a most infernal blow. To hear Johnson tell it he'd have made ol' Israel Putnam look like a piece of smoky wallpaper in a bunch o' new hundred dollar bills. He said he didn't see no use in sendin' an army down to get Geronimo—said he'd guarantee to go down single-handed an' lead th' murderin' ol' red back by th' proboscis. Such stuff got to be plum sickenin' an' me'n Bill was rapidly developin' brain spasm workin' up a scheme to demolish them bravo tactics of Johnson's.

"We wasn't enjoyin' no great success, however, till Bill happened to see a big panther skin hangin' in a pawnshop window. He got an idea immediate.

"'Eureky!' says he, 'Eureky! I've got Johnson's fate in th' holler of my hand. We'll hurl a fit o' fear an' tremblin' into that bogus Cap. Kidd's epidermis that'll be somethin' spectacular an' grand!'

"'Expose it!', says I, eager an' quick. He did. Before he'd got through I was layin' back tryin' to hold myself together with both hands an' succeedin' only moderate. Bill's scheme was equal to anythin' ye'd read about in frenzied finance. He said that he could piece that panther hide out with a six-foot section of calfskin, an' gettin' a good, active man to play th' hind parts he'd agree to impersonate a real, live, man-eatin' panther draggin' an extreme length of eighteen feet!

"'Johnson might shoot!', I put in.

"'What! Him shoot? Say, when he quits burrowin' under th' bed you wont see nothin' but th' soles of his feet! Wouldn't wonder if he kep' goin' till he hit China. I know these here windbags when I see 'em!'

"'It's risky but it's great', I says, 'I'm with ye.'

"Bill put in two good hours hagglin' with th' Jew an' finally got th' hide. Then he bought a calfskin at a butcher shop an' we spent half o' one night splicin' out that panther coverin'. Th' first day we camped we put in killin' snakes an' lizards an' listenin' to Johnson relate how he'd have stopped th' Modoc war if it had been HIM. We rolled in middlin' early an' th' tenderfoot begun sawin' wood inside o' two minutes. Then Bill an' Dad sneaked out.

"Johnson had two big pistols an' I got 'em out an' pulled th' bullets with my teeth. Then I laid back an' waited for th' fun to begin. 'Twasn't long before I heard a sort o' dyin' wail, beginnin' down cellar an' comin' up th' stairs two jumps at a time till it hit th' top an' fell kerbump to th' bottom again. It was like filin' a saw inside a hollow tooth—only more scary. At th' second trial Johnson snorted in his sleep an' then set up sudden.

"'Hey! What's that noise? D'ye hear anything?' he says.

"'Nothin'', says I, 'Been dreamin', haint ye? Bebbe ye seen an Indian or somethin' an' it scared ye.'

"'Not by a ——'

"Ooo--ee--wah--ow--ee--hi--ooee--yah-h-hhecceee! !"

"It was wonderful what pains Bill was takin' with that panther's voice an' he had it down to a wire edge, I tell ye.

"'There!', says Johnson, 'Tell me what that is!'

"'That, my dear friend', says I, in holler, mockin' tones, 'Is a swamp panther! One o' th' most dreaded beasts that inhabits Florida!'

"'Are they bad?' says Johnson.

"'BAD!', I remarks, hurlin' in a snort o' disdain, 'From all accounts they're about as harmless as dynamite. They're no lap-dog'.

"Oo--oo--ee--yow--ki--oo--siss--ss--ss--wow--oo--eeee! ! ! ! !"

"Johnson got out o' bed an' pulled on his boots. Then he reached for his guns.

"'Swamp panther, eh?' says he, as he crawled out o' th' tent with me right behind 'im. First thing I see when we'd got out was a big, fiercelookin' panther stretched along a big limb not over four rods away. Th' moon was jest showin' over th' critter's back an' figurin' both ways it was easy to see he was about twenty foot long. Soon as he see us he reared up on his front paws an' spit at us like a chokin' cat. Jest then Johnson caught sight of it an' pullin' up with a gun he began workin' th' trigger overtime. Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!"

"I could see th' panther wasn't exactly used

to bein' shot at so familiar an no doubt it was worried some. Jedgin' by th' way th' hind parts tried to climb up th' tree behind 'em I should say it was some flustered at Johnson's actions. When th' tenderfoot got done with th' first gun he grabbed it by th' muzzle an' throwed it with a grunt that meant business if it landed. An' it did—struck th' panther right on th' right shoulder an' th' howl it let out sounded so blame human that cold chills run a footrace up my back.

"Johnson was busy workin' gun number two to its full capacity when th' enraged panther made a ferocious leap. Th' front parts was so infuriated that they got th' start of th' rear a trifle an' Johnson actually turned pale when he see th' after portions of that beast turn a handspring on its own account when it hit th' ground. But Johnson wasn't through. Notwithstandin' he'd pumped fourteen big lead slugs into th' critter an' hadn't damaged it to no noticable extent he didn't run. He took a quick look around an' see th' camp axe stickin' in a log. He made a jump an' grabbed it.

"Th' panther was emittin' one of th' choicest screeches in its ripper-tore but th' second it see Johnson pullin' that axe out of th' log th' screech died away with a sound like a sob. I could see th' panther was terribly nonplussed. Th' front parts turned an' took a look at th' hind parts an' they turned an' took a good look at a big tree about ten foot off.

"Jest then Johnson got th' axe loose an' with a yell he started for th' panther. He'd made two good jumps an' was up in th' air on th' third when th' panther seemed to come to. With two separate an' distinct roars of defiance it sprang for th' big tree. Th' hind parts got there first an' began goin' up. Nothin' daunted, th' front parts kept on around th' tree an' started up th' far side. Each end had got up about ten feet when the middle caught on a limb an' fetched 'em up short.

Johnson fell back an' rubbed his eyes with both hands. I picked up th' axe where he'd let it fall but he never noticed me.

"'Jest look at that critter, will ye?, says he.

"I was all doubled up tryin' to keep from chokin' to death but I managed to take a squint. It was great! Bill Fikes' head was protrudin' over a limb beggin' for mercy in three different languages while somewhere down in th' inside of th' panther we could hear Dad Walker threatenin' to lay waste an' destroy. In a minute more Dad got sight of Bill an' made a flying leap for 'im. Th' shock overbalanced Bill an' they both came sailin' down locked fast an' lovin'. Jest before they touched th' ground they stopped an' swung—th' middle of th' hide had looped over th' big limb an' left em' hangin' there tryin' to gouge each other's eyes out.

"Johnson an me separated 'em and' we put in a solid hour patchin' em' up with stickin' plaster. Th' only mention we ever made of it afterwards was when Johnson said th' only thing he regretted was that he didn't shoot to kill instead o' firin' high tryin' to frighten th' beast away. Bill choked on his coffee an' said he really believed he was goin' to have heart disease. But he—what- Thanks, Jim, thanks!"

RURAL SUMMER

A LAGGARD wind goes idling by, the trees
Whisper a leafy benison; content,
The blithe bird's praising song is sweetly spent
Extolling the fair verdure of the leas:
The dulcet brook-notes break to harmonies,
And, fragrancing the air, the natant scent
Of summer buds and gorgeous blossoms, blent
To perfumes vagabond, ride on the breeze.

Ah, summer is the muse's trysting time!
When hidden lutes are struck in rare accord;
When Night is strung to Nature's litany,
And all the prosing world is turned to rhyme;
When gay songs, all in unison, afford
A rose-spun lyric of the summer way.

—*Stacy E. Baker.*

FRIENDS IN A CAÑON

By Adrian Val. Hoffmann

AWAY up in the higher foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountains there is a long, deep, shadowy cañon, where a little stream is always purling and crooning as it tumbles from ledge to ledge on its way to the historic Yuba river. On either side of it rise the steep pine and oak-clad hills, with here and there clumps of red-barked madrona trees, holly bushes, bays, and tangled thickets of manzanita and chaparral. Down in the bottom, along the banks of the crooning stream, there is a heavy growth of alders, willows, maples, arrowwood, wild roses, wild grape vines, and a vast number of smaller plants, among which grow the big and little ferns, wild honeysuckles, golden rod and georgeous tiger lilies. In the summer time, when the grass is dead and the hills are yellow, the pines are stewing forth their gum, and the cicadas are shrilling their monotonous chant among the silent needles, the wee folk of the forest seek the cool depths of the cañon. Some of them are clothed with feathers, and some with fur. Some of them wear coats of mail, and some are dressed in the lightest and gauziest of robes. Some are plain and unpretentious, and others are arrayed like unto Solomon of old. Some are quiet and orderly, and some are nervous, irritable and riotous. Some go peacefully about their business, and some are always seeking for their prey, battling and devouring. Some live in communities and are governed by undeviating laws, and some exist alone, shunning their fellows, and behaving like hermits. Some are busiest when the sunshine falls slanting down the rocky walls, and some issue from their hiding places only in the night. In the shadows of the trees and vines, beneath the ferns and golden rod, whether by day or by night, as the law of their being compels, they drowse away the hours, scratch among the dead and fallen leaves, burrow in the moist and cooling sand, or fare away in quest of other and weaker inhabitants of the gorge.

There one may find many coveys of quail, each keeping religiously to its own reservation and never trespassing upon the "vested rights" of other coveys; families of clamorous quiking jays, their bright blue coats flashing among the dark green foliage of the bays; pert, inquisitive little brown wrens; red-heads that have forsaken the well-gleaned fields of the ranchers for the wealth of ripening pods along the stream; flocks of tiny black-and-tan wild canaries, incessantly chattering as they raid the yellow thistles; dignified and meditative kingfishers, sitting with untiring patience above the pools where the minnows dart; wise old gray owls, blinking dreamily from the inner chambers of their hidden arbors; and a great array of quakering small birds that have no local designation.

There also one may find timid little cottontail rabbits, and their bigger brothers, the gray rock coneys. In the evenings, when the shadows grow long and the jigging of the heat waves upon the upper slopes has ceased, bright-eyed gray squirrels come down from the towering pines, where they have been cutting cones, and drink from the pools among the rocks. Long-eared jack rabbits, with many a hesitant hop and pause, find their way gradually down the steeps, drink their fill, and then gambol away into the thicket. Shaggy, gaunt coyotes, their eyes shifting furtively and their sharply pointed ears alert, prowl forth from their dens in the craggy rocks and pad softly beside the stream, seeking a supper from the jacks and cotton-tails; and the red fox, with the same purpose in his crafty mind, shuttles ghostily from clump to clump of fern and arrowwood. Later on, when the darkness has stilled the chirping of the birds, when the rabbits have skipped to the higher ground and

the coons have begun their search along the stream for careless, croaking frogs, stately bucks and timid does pick their way daintily along the rocky trails, refresh themselves from the hidden pools, and then browse along the banks until the first gray streaks of returning day shoot across the paling sky.

In the shadowy depths of that great cañon one may find a brooding, dreamy, building peace; the quiet serenity of nature in repose, unvexed by the hurly-burly of evolution; the soft and soothing languor of golden days, and the slumber spell that begins its witchery just when mind and body are both attuned for its coming. There one may lie in the shadows and dream, and grow fat and lazy, or prowl among the crags and peaks, reveling in the hazy beauty of the gorge. Or, one may put himself *en rapport* with his environment, and by loving nature learn to interpret the song of the cicada, the whispering of the leaves, the crooning of the stream, the chatter of the jays, and the mimic minstrelsy of the tiny forms that dart and whirl and glint in the slanting rays of the fulsome day. Then every bird and beast and living thing, every tree and shrub and leaf and flower, become intense with the eternal significance of their being, and that other life, the hustling, bustling, preying life that leads us far from the primeval truth and greatness of creation, becomes sordid and distaseful. Out of the little immensities that swarm about us springs the real realization of that which the Lord looked upon when He had finished His work, and said that it was good.

Midway between the head and entrance of this cañon we gathered together a quantity of sticks and stones, logs and poles, and built our shack. It was a frail affair, with no pretentions toward recognition as a fine specimen of the builder's art. It was not exactly square, nor exactly plumb, nor exactly straight in any line; the materials of which it was composed were as they had grown. The chimney, six feet in diameter at the base, two at the top, and having a mean height of eight feet, looked more like a heap of yellow stones thrown up as a cairn than a flue intended for heating and cooking purposes and the conveyance of smoke. However, it served the purpose as well as a more elaborate contrivance, and if it had a habit of creating a back-draught that flooded the interior of the shack with smoke whenever the wind blew strongly up the gorge, the inconvenience was only temporary: neither smoke nor anything else, smaller than a man, could have been kept long in that peek-a-boo edifice, through which the woodrats scampered at will, and the sunshine at mid-day fell in a shower of orange rays. It was a protection against the light dews of night, and nothing more. The days were hot upon the summits of the hills, but the nights were never chilly. Our bunks were raised a yard above the ground as a protection against the social proclivities of rattlesnakes, tarantulas, scorpions, centipedes, and other highly seasoned inhabitants of the locality.

Our cooking arrangements were of the simplest. An iron pot, a frying-pan, a tin bucket, a bread-pan, and a "Dutch oven," with tin plates and cups, knives and forks and spoons, the inevitable coffee pot, and that was all. A "middlin'" of bacon, a sack of brown beans, another of self-rising flour, a can of molasses, and the usual condiments for seasoning. Far down toward the mouth of the cañon there were deeper and broader pools, in which were small but delicious trout in abundance. In the forest beyond the crests of the hills one could find deer, wild pigs, squirrels, rabbits, quail, and a few wild goats. By watching the bees when they came to the damp mosses along the stream for water, and coursing them, we could locate their honey-stored homes, and then there was the excitement of robbing them always to be depended on as a source of lucrative diversion when all other means failed.

Our camp was established during the first days of June, at which time the hills were rapidly browning as the hot rays of the sun drank up the last drop of surface moisture, and the quails were busily piping to their broods. The very young birds, resembling nothing more closely than a certain great yellowish brown spider that lives in the ground (but does not line his nest with down, nor construct a trap door), were plentifully scattered along the little flats and among the undergrowth, the parent birds always near at hand. At the least sound they gave an alarm, there was an instant scuttling of their babies in the grass and leaves, and the covey had disappeared as though by magic. Many times I have walked into the midst of a newly

hatched brood, have seen them scatter and disappear, and have then searched long and carefully for them, either to fail utterly or succeed in locating not more than one or two out of a possible dozen. Having seen the wee striped and downy creatures run swiftly to a certain spot and become invisible while my eyes were fixed upon them, and failing to discover how it was done, I have taken a bit of brushwood, have carefully swept the ground, and have found no trace of them. Then I have withdrawn to a little distance to await the return of the mother bird, when lo and behold! up they jump, from the very center of the bush-swept ground, scampering away as lively and uninjured as the liveliest of crickets! How did they do it? How *could* they do it? It was "freezing" carried to the highest pinnacle of perfection.

The valley quail of California is one of the most timid and elusive of birds after it has once learned that man is an enemy, but in those scarce sections of the hilly country where the hunter has seldom or never intruded they may be approached quite nearly, and a little judicious coaxing will establish a feeling of confidence and friendship; but half a dozen shots fired with fatal effect into a covey will forever destroy that feeling. The birds will have suddenly acquired a sort of "gun wisdom" that will be handed down from generation to generation for a number of years. In this cañon of which I am writing few if any hunters had ever tramped, and the birds and smaller animals indigenous to the place were not afraid. If we had been cattle they would have given us the same attention, or rather lack of attention. Of course, as it was the close season, we did not disturb the quail, and as we wished our natural environment to remain as we found it we never hunted between the walls of the cañon. When we found the quail did not fear us we began to cultivate their acquaintance. A handful of crumbs, scattered about in the vicinity of the shack, were tempting morsels, but the natural food of the birds was at the time too plentiful, and we made but slow progress. However, we had the satisfaction of knowing that our daily walks through the vines and thickets would not be accompanied by a rush and roar of beating wings, nor would the parent birds be racked with suspense if we blundered abruptly into the midst of their tender broods.

With the smaller birds we were more successful. The little brown fellows whose names we did not know because they kept far away from the haunts and habitations of men, were the shyest of them all, flitting into the thickest part of the tangled vines the moment their sharp eyes caught sight of us, and remaining there until quite certain we had passed, but even they became friendly and trustful in the course of time. As for the wild canaries they were always too busy among the thistles, chirping and chattering, flitting and hopping, to bother themselves about us and our possible intentions. There were several wrens, and they soon learned to come about us without fear. The peek-a-boo shack, with its inner store of packages and boxes, was a favorite resort. Into every crack and crevice they went with a queer little bob and flirt, peeping and prying, and never a bug or beetle, or creeping and crawling thing, escaped them. Only the big hairy caterpillars, that no bird eats, would they ignore. Sometimes they fluttered about us when we ate our meals, and there were occasions upon which they ventured so near we could have seized them, but this we never tried to do.

Our greatest success was with the ground squirrels. There were many of them among the rocks, and they accepted our overtures of peace at the beginning. Not satisfied with having accepted them they soon began to presume upon them; they did not wait for the voluntary offering of such delicacies as tickled their rustic palates, but made daily, and then more than daily, appearances at our door and demanded them. From nearer approach to nearer approach they ventured, and within the third week there were half a dozen of the frisky little chaps scampering to us each morning as we sat at our breakfast, clambering upon our knees, ransacking our pockets, and quarreling among themselves for the choicest bits of the fragmentary meal. Not once did any of them exhibit a disposition to bite us in return for the petting we gave them. One gray old fellow, whom we named Peter, became so fat and lazy and satisfied with our attentions that he forsook his hole among the rocks, and settled himself in the shack as a regular boarder, making a nest behind a pile of boxes near the head of the bunk in which we slept. He apparently spent the greater part of his days studying up new ways

in which to surprise us, and these inventions of his mischievous brain were often the reverse of agreeable. Once he dropped my meerschaum pipe into the molasses can, where it absorbed enough sweetness to disqualify it for active service until boiled in milk, and it was his habit to gather up the bones about the cabin and secrete them in the bed, between the covers. A small telescope basket, in which we kept our needles, thread, and other mending paraphernalia, engaged his unflagging interest and attention, and he never missed an opportunity to overturn it and scatter its contents about the floor. It was not curiosity which prompted him; it was his inborn spirit of mischief. We soon found it necessary to suspend from the ceiling every box or package in which there was any sort of edible or destructible matter; Peter's teeth were strong and keen as razors. Even then he found ways in which to provoke us, and grew to be more of a nuisance than a comfort.

Among our various pets was a gopher: the only representative of his species we saw in the cañon; a sleek, brown little fellow that burrowed about beneath the grass roots and heaved up great quantities of earth in the night. We named him Bobby, because, in the evening hours, he was always bobbing up and down at the mouth of his newest tunnel. For a long time he was too timid and suspicious for a closer acquaintance, but patient coaxing prevailed after a while, and he became at last as tame as the squirrels. From the very first Bobby and Peter were enemies. Their enmity may have originated from a natural dislike, but to us it had all the apparance of an unreasonable jealousy upon the part of the squirrel. Bobby was not a coward, and when Peter advanced, his eyes blazing and his tail standing straight up like a warrior's plume, he retreated slowly backward to a place of safety, his teeth showing, and his little pink nose quivering with excitement. This antagonism continued for a fortnight, and then one evening as Bobby was receiving an unusually tempting bit of his supper Peter sprang upon him from the corner of the shack, there was a frightened squeak, and poor Bobby was flung into the grass, six feet away, his throat cut, and his interesting career as a gopher forever ended. We would have punished his slayer severely, but the wily rogue evaded us, skipped away to a distant rock, and sat barking defiantly until the deepening shadows warned him of the approach of night, whereupon he returned to his neglected hole in the rocks, and held himself aloof for two days.

We killed several rattlesnakes during our stay in the cañon, but no amount of study ever brought forth to their credit a single unknown or redeeming trait. Snakes possess just about as much intelligence as the bugs and beetles; they are governed almost entirely by instinct, and not by reason. Sometimes I have seen them practice a low sort of strategy in the pursuit of their prey, but there was no evidence of intelligent reasoning in it; nothing more than one might expect from any of the lowest order of vertebrates. Observation convinced me, however, that much of the blame which has been heaped upon the blue jays for the destruction of the eggs of our game birds should be borne by the rattlesnakes—and skunks. I have killed snakes in the bellies of which I have found eggs of various sorts, but invariably those of such birds as build their nests on the ground—the quail, meadow lark, field sparrow, dove, etc. The quail selects a nesting place beneath some object which offers protection from her enemies, but in no instance can she hope to secure immunity from the insinuating rattler. All the various members of the snake family in this State may be classed as egg-eaters in the absence of evidence to the contrary, but it is to the rattler we must present our charge for the destruction of our most cherished game bird, the quail, because it is the rattler that inhabits most generally the localities in which the birds build their nests and raise their young. Bull snakes, garter snakes, racers, and field snakes do not stray far from the moist meadow lands, and while they may be responsible for the destruction of countless eggs and young from the nests of the larks, robins, doves, and so on, it is the rattler, with his immunity to thirst, that is found everywhere, from the barnyard and meadow to the most barren, sun-blistered hill tops.

But of all the nest razers in existence the skunk is the most dangerous and industrious, accomplishing more in this way than all the snakes and jays combined, and yet it is the jay that is held responsible for the destruction of eggs, because he has been seen flying about with a shell in his beak, while no evi-

dence that I have ever discovered was direct enough to prove his guilt as the original sinner in the case. The jay may eat a few eggs from the nests of other birds, but he steals them from the nests of such birds as build in the trees and shrubs or in the open, and not from the quail, who always makes choice of a sheltered and protective spot for the hatching of her brood; a spot generally quite accessible to the snakes and skunks, but not generally accessible to the jays. The skunk, predatorily skulking through the darkness, scents the brooding mother quail, ferrets out her nest and devours the eggs, leaving the broken shells scattered about for the jays to pick up later on. While the young birds are still too small to be led into the protective branches of the thickets at night they hover like chickens upon the ground, and to their malodorous arch-enemy are an easy prey. And yet nobody has thought of putting a price upon the head of this prowling midnight destroyer of our choicest game bird. Because his crimes are committed in the gloom of night, when no man can see and accuse him, and the empty shells are left to be picked up by the jays, the "stop thief" cry is raised, and the pursuit of the innocent begins. The very young quail are snapped up by any or all of the nocturnal carnivora, and no amount of "freezing" can save them; the skunk, in particular, trails them to their roosts as a bloodhound trails its quarry. The *Mephitis Americana,* despite its reputed medical value, has a small part to play in the compensation of nature, its usefulness being limited to the destruction of certain beetles and bugs which, if his polecatical highness were to become extinct, would be just as satisfactorily dealt with by their parasitical and other enemies. We could manage in some way to exist for quite a while if he were altogether lacking, or at best an object of interest as an extremely ancient fossil.

I had not intended to devote so much space to the discussion of this animal, but I believe the matter is pertinent to the welfare and propagation of our game birds, as well as many of our little friends of the forest, field and garden. I also believe that the jays are being unjustly persecuted. I base my defense of the jay upon long and careful observation in localities where both jays and quail were plentiful, and, although I have often heard the assertion that the jays preyed upon the nests of the quail, I have never caught one of them *in flagrante delicto.* I have often seen them with the broken shells of birds in their beaks, but I cannot accept such purely circumstantial evidence as proof of guilt. One might as well accuse a motherly old hen of being cannibalistic because she will, if she gets the opportunity, devour the broken shells of her own eggs. There are no useless birds, and the jay, although he may destroy a certain quantity of fruit, in return for it exterminates daily a vast number of the most deadly pests of the orchard, the garden, the forest and the field. I explained this to an irate old farmer who was waging a bitter war against the jays, and he met my argument with scorn.

"Bah!" he replied; "them jaybirds don't never eat no pests! All I ever see 'em eat was a few bugs that they pecked out of the ground, or a few caterpillars. But they're death on the fruit, an' I'm a-goin' to shoot 'em every time I git a chance!"

There you have it! The great majority of our farmers, fruit-growers and sportsmen do not know a pest when they see it. Only when, in some stage of its life it begins to cut, slit, sting and devour their most cherished plants do they recognize its character as a pest. Of such things as larvae, in which condition many insects are most dangerous, they are lamentably ignorant. The "few bugs and caterpillars" which the old farmer considered too insignificant for attention, would, if the jays had not eaten them, have passed on to the last stage of their lives, have preyed upon his field and garden and orchard, have fulfilled the destiny of their existence, and have left behind another generation of their kind to harass and annoy him the ensuing year. However, I do not apprehend a very hasty extermination of my blue-coated little friends; I consider them as being more able to take care of themselves than those who go dragging their guns around by the muzzle in their frantic efforts to shoot one and obtain a miserable pittance for its scalp.

Of the insect life as we found it in the cañon I can say but little in a brief article such as this. There was much to be learned by earnest study and observation. Our most pleasing discovery was a living specimen of that queer mimic, the "walking stick." Jaeger, a professor of zoology and botany in the college of New Jersey (1859), states in

one of his books that only three of the species are to be found in North America, and that he did not believe any of them to exist in this country outside of the Southern States. In this opinion he was joined by several other well known authorities; and in regard to the praying mantis much the same sort of statement was made. But California, in Jaeger's time, was comparatively unexplored territory, and no doubt by this time the fact that both the walking stick and praying mantis are to be found on the Pacific Coast is well known. Again, Badenoch says of the *Xylocopa,* or carpenter bees, that none of the genius, so far as known, are indigenous to this country. In the cañon we found many of them of different species, and they are quite plentiful in the foothill regions. In the warm Spring days one may easily find them busily at work within the dead branches of the white oaks, or boring their holes in the walls of old buildings. One of the big violet bees which we secured for our cabinet is identical with the rare *Xylocopa violacea* of Southern Europe. Of the mason bees and wasps, miner bees, etc., there was an abundance. California, with her great variety of climatic conditions, diversified flora, and varying soils, may be found to possess many of those orders, families, genera and species of insects which heretofore have been supposed to exist only in other and more southern latitudes.

While studying the zoological resources of the cañon we found much that was suggestively numerous. Nature may "smile happily," but there is no such thing as a farce in nature. Some of the lower orders are, as I have said, suggestively humorous, but there was no intention of humor when they were created. Life, to the insect, is always a serious matter; it is always grave, always portentous. We may laugh at the strange physical construction of the soothsayers (*Mantis*), the walking stick (*Spectrum*), the kangaroo beetle (*Scarabacus macropus*), and a multitude of other oddly and grotesquely formed beetles and bugs, and we may be greatly amused by the ludicrous antics of other species, but nature did not intend that they should live for no other purpose than to furnish man with an additional source of amusement. Those characteristics which we may find amusing were supplied to the insect for a definite and important purpose. To the smallest insect its means of defense and the procuring of its food are as the very soul of it, and, could we reason and argue with it not one of us would ever be able to convince it that nature had in any manner dealt shabbily with it. And the insect would be in the right of it; it is only Man, forever engaged in a competitive struggle with his own kind of all nations, who has found the armour and provisions of nature defective. When we descend—and I am not sure that descend is the correct word—to the contemplation of the lower forms of life, we find there no end of hatreds and antagonisms, fueds and fatal strivings, love and affectionate considerations, and in many instances an instinct so plainly pregnant with something very akin to intelligence that we are at a loss to account for its manifestations under any other hypothesis.

What boy, who has read with absorbing interest the thrilling pages of a book of fairy tales, has not wished that he might some day happen upon a giant or a fiery dragon, or a band of elfin sprites, as he wandered alone through the pleasant, flower-studded meadows, or looked for the nests of birds in the leafy aisles of the forests? What boy has not asked of himself whether all those wonderful things of which he had read were nothing more than the creations of an agreeable and imaginative mind? Was it true that there were no real giants, no real dragons? Were there no "sure enough" fairies, and magicians that cast their spells upon the unwary, changing them to other forms, and keeping them prisoners until the deliverer, armed with a more potent charm, came to break the witchery that bound them? We, who had grown wise with the wisdom of material and concrete facts, would have answered "No." To us the pleasant, sunny meadows, and whispering forests of our by-gone fairy-land would have been nothing more than a dim, half-remembered experience, or in our seasoned minds we would have condemned as frivolous the enchanting fancies of our urchin days. But, in this great world of natural things that hark back to the alpha of our existence, there *are* real fairies, real giants, real dragons, and "sure enough" magicians. True, they are not exactly as the fairy-tale books have pictured them, and they are not terrifying in the ordinary sense of the word; on the contrary, if we study them, and become their friends and advocates, the most threatening of them all

become fine and delicate and beautiful. We can, if we look for them, find them in the air, in the water, in the ground, and among the plants and flowers of our well-loved garden. Science has given them long and pretentious names, but they are all the children of one good old Mother Nature, and so closely are their lives and ours interwoven in the economy of nature that we could not exist without them. To find them and know them, and learn from them, one must forget the competitive, commercial and inventive world of Man, and go back to Primogenial Nature. Then, in the sun-kissed meadows, or in the smooth silence of the woods, or in the misty mellowness of a Summer night, one may find this vast world of Little Immensities—the real fairies, the real dragons, the real giants, and the real magicians. And for this purpose there is no place better than one of the long, deep, dreamy, self-absorbing cañons of California.

'A BABBLED OF GREEN FIELDS

THERE'S a great and good magician who is working in the West.
(Sing the Johnny-jump-up out to take a walk),
And pretty soon the man behind the hoe can take a rest,
(Sing the Sunflower wagging petals on its stalk),
For there's moral suasion brought to bear on every bush and tree
By our only Mr. Burbank—an adaptive man is he;
He has crossed the sugar maple with milkweed and strawberree;
(Sing the tame Horsechestnut, never known to balk)!

There are easy times—don't you forget it—coming soon to us,
(Sing the Cork-tree in a suit of bottle-green),
Picking cucumbers and lemons off the same vine without fuss;
(Sing the Pitcher-plant, come full upon the scene).
Now the rhubarb and the sugar-cane are springing from one stem,
And the buttercups and breadfruit are behaving like to them,
Vegetarian virtues dripping from the wizard's garment's hem;
(Sing the Fir-tree and the Catnip in between)!

Let us live in Santa Rosa, where these wilding wonders grow,
(Sing the Maidenhair that's waving by the switch),
Where the common corn of commerce sprouts upon the mistletoe;
(Sing the Flycatcher and do not lose the pitch).
We will study hybridizing, we will pollenation view,
Sepal, frond, raceme and quincunx, many things we never knew;
Mr. Burbank, always Pop'lar, let us go to school with Yew!
(Sing the Goldenrod! We're going to be rich)!

—*Eleanor W. F. Bates.*

NIGHT ON THE TRAIL

THE west wind blows among the leaves,
  The brook croons soft its lullaby;
It seems the very twilight weaves
  Some secret lure about the sky.

The white throat sings in yonder pine
  His lay of the enchanted night;
And lo! his song of peace is mine—
  The load upon my heart is light.

The bob-white calls his mate to him,
  The love-lorn veery carols low;
And here and there, in shadows dim,
  The ghostly night-hawks come and go.

Across the trail night's curtains fall,
I miss the birds as they depart;
But I shall wake to hear them call
  In some great garden of the heart.

—*Roscoe Brumbaugh.*

BLUE-CRABBING

By Chas. E. Jenney

THE amount of amusement furnished by any given sport is not always in proportion to the complexity of the sport. I doubt if any enthusiast of the rod and fly could get more fun out of a day's angling, complying with all the rules of the up-to-date sportsmen's club, than we did one afternoon fishing with a cotton string and a piece of raw meat tied on for bait, for blue-crabs.

It was an ideal sunny afternoon in early July. All the paraphernalia we took along was about twenty feet of strong cord wound round a stick. A stop at a convenient butcher's shop procured for us half a pound of refuse beef. A salt marsh pond near the shore of Buzzard's Bay and connected with it by a tide-brook, was our scene of operations. Here we had a flat-bottomed punt that drew only an inch or two of water. The depth in the pond varied from six inches to two feet, with a muddy bottom. Pulling off to a weedy corner we came to a rest, for there was no motion in the water and we were as stationary as if anchored. Then we tied a chunk of the raw meat to one end of the string and a stone for a sinker and threw it off into the water.

In a very few minutes news of the slightly tainted bait had gone forth and a blue-crab was seen advancing by jerks from somewhere it had been lying in wait. With very little hesitation it siezed on the meat with its two big claws and commenced feeding it into its mouth with the pair of lesser claws. With a slow, steady pull we drew it near the boat. It tried to hold back, but there was nothing for it to hold to but a muddy bottom and it was soon at the side of the boat, too ravenously interested in the bait to let go or pay attention to anything else. Then with a steady but

rapid lift we hauled it over the gunwale into the boat where it let go and rushed around with considerable gnashing and snapping of claws. Passing a looped string over one claw we fastened the other end short to a thole pin and resumed our sport.

Sometimes the crab was crafty and when drawn a little distance, would refuse to come any further and with a sudden stirring up of the mud dart off sideways and disappear. Others would hang to the bait until lifted nearly to the boat rail and then let go just as we felt sure of them. Sometimes there were waits between the appearance of the crabs but it was never tiresome. It was a sport just suited to a lazy, reflective mood. Reclining on the seats we watched the muskrat pottering about its dome of sticks at the edge of the cat-o'-nine-tails, of the king-birds chasing a crow away from their nest in the scrubby cedars, or the sandpipers teetering along the beach at the edge of ripples of the incoming tide.

The warm sunlight produced a somnambulant effect and it seemed good to make believe just for once that there was no such thing as hurry and worry in life. Often awaking from peaceful reflections, or withdrawing our gaze from some interesting phase of animal nature, we discovered an industrious crab had half shredded all that was left of our bait. In a couple of hours we had fifteen or twenty large blue-crabs tethered in an active bunch which it was risky to approach too near, for one nip of the big claws would make a person howl. Their claws closed with incessant snaps on whatever was within reach, whether it was blood relative or not.

The average length of the crabs was about eight inches, exclusive of the claws which when extended laterally about triple this dimension. It had formely been the custom to fish for them with a piece of bright-colored rag by which they were attracted near and then to spear them with a large blue-fish hook straightened and fastened to the end of a pole. This method however resulted in the needless crushing of the shell and often the crab escaped in a mangled condition, so that we considered our method superior in every way. Just how long the crab will live out of water I do not know but evidently for more than a day. When cooked they turn red like a lobster, which they also resemble in taste, the advantage of flavor and sweetness being perhaps a little in favor of the crab. Three or four make a good meal for one person. But after all the real pleasure is in the pursuit, there being an ideal proportion of expectancy, skill, and accomplishment, combined with an ideal restfulness amid surroundings full of interest to the nature lover.

IN COMMON THINGS

YOU tell me of a Holy Land
Across the wide, wide sea—
I really cannot understand:
For every mountain green and grand,
Each little waste of shifting sand
Is Holy Land to me.

You tell me of a Holy Lake
Of sacred history—
The pools the little raindrops make,
The pond the storm leaves in its wake
And every placid crystal lake
I call my Galilee.

You tell me of a Heaven that lies
Beyond this life of care—
I look into a baby's eyes,
Or watch a little bird that flies
Across the tender twilight skies,
And, lo! I see it there.

—*Alice Lydia Crowell.*

A MIXED BAG

By F. W. Reid.

PRIL had come, and with it the gathering in of harvest. The league-wide wheat fields that had lain like still green lakes under the pale January sky had turned to dun-colored dusty plains. The grain had been nearly all cut in the district round Samburpore, and the fields were full of harvest-folk, reaping with short sickles and gathering into sheaves the mellow thick-eared grain.

It was an interesting sight,—that industrious multitude splashing the light stubble with spots of color from turban and *sari*. Men, women, and children, all were out, but it was the long blue or magenta wraps of the feminine part of the crowd that struck the high notes. The bare bodies of the men and boys repeated the earth tones in divers shades. With all this hubbub and bustle afield it seemed a hopeless quest to go after black buck. The herds were still in their feeding ground, snatching their toll at night even from the heaped up sheaves; but after the winter's harvesting they were wild. The cover was nearly all gone, approach would be difficult. Besides this there was the danger that a roving bullet might find a human billet somewhere in those crowded fields. People who are used to harvesting by machinery have no idea how the Indian countryside swarms with life at this season. You would fancy the teeming earth had spawned human beings.

However, something must be done with a spare day. I had finished my work in the district, and tomorrow must return to the station. "The *huzoor* might shoot a *chinkara*." The suggestion came from Ramsawmi; cook, valet, and general factotum, a Madrasi, and therefore untrammeled by caste ties, a most useful man to take into camp. The larder was empty, and a *chinkara* would more than fill it. "All right, Ram," was the answer, "tell the *sais* to put the horse in the trap, and send for a boy."

Meanwhile I hunted in my cartridge box for some small hard-tipped shells, and took out of its case a handy .220 bore Adams rifle, which I had picked up at a "leaving sale" with an eye to the smaller game. *Chinkara*, or ravine deer, come within that category. The "chink," as he is called for shortness—and in India there are no Chinese to dispute the title—stands about as high as a foal does, when foals are still nosing around after their mothers in a stiff-legged way. But it is as close knit and graceful as the foal is angular, with slender legs tapering to neat hoofs, and a small head with a pair of large and lustrous eyes. For these qualities the gazelle, as the Arabian variety has been named, symbolizes in Oriental poetry a young and beautiful woman. Their habitat is usually stony ground, ravines and waste places, as if they were the Ishmaels of the antelope tribe, banished to the desert.

It was among the ravines that trend toward the Nerbudda River that Nadhoo and I went to look for them. The boy himself was fawn-colored of skin, and had those deep jet eyes that give to Indian youth something of the allure of the other sex. He was light of foot and deliberate in action, good points in a gun-carrier where the ground is rocky and the rattle of a falling stone sends the game off at full gallop. Nadhoo smuggled into the bottom of the bamboo cart like a retriever, and as gamely leaped out when the horse was hitched and we took to the fields.

Perhaps anticipation is more keenly whetted when one trails a fresh spoor through the woods, but there is a certain gust in throwing oneself on the sporting mercies of the wild, and taking—or missing—the chances as they come. I had made no *bundobast*, laid no plans. No information had come into camp as to the whereabouts of deer, but Nadhoo was sure, on general principles I suppose, that

we should find "chink" in the nearest *nullah*.

It gaped at our feet edged with withered grass, a sudden crack in the black level land. The drought of March had begun to seam the fields with fissures, but this was permanent. In Southern California they call such dry stream-beds *arroyos*. There was the same color contrast here of drab and dark green, but the trees that mocked the parched herbage with their lively colors were mangoes, not oaks. Down at the bottom a stony channel twisted, like the skeleton of a dead snake. In the sand were small footprints, but no hoof-marks; village dogs perhaps had been prowling around. Ah, no! these are jackal tracks, and there goes "Gidar," slinking away like a shadow. If he could only talk, like the Gidar in the Jungle Book, he might put us on the right track, or more likely send us on a fool's errand, for the Gidars are proverbial liars.

For the convenience of a road which paralleled the *nullah* lower down, and by which the cart might follow us later, it was best to hunt toward the big river. Sending the boy about fifty paces ahead, I followed quietly and slowly. Oh! but it was hot in that earthy pit. The Indian sun in April soon makes its power felt, and an involuntary sweat-bath is a concomitant of still-hunting in ravines. Even the whiff of fresh air that a flushed covey of quail beat up with their wings was welcome. Suddenly Nadhoo dropped like a pointer in the grass, and held up two fingers.

That was the appointed signal, and it read horns. There was something afoot, and with the little rifle ready I dragged myself slowly forward to the boy's side, only to see four short tails twinkling defiance as they vanished round the next corner. But they belonged to *chinkara*, all right, and one was a buck and therefore a lawful prize.

These ravine deer usually run together in small bunches, unlike the black buck which herd by scores. Nadhoo claimed they had not moved till just before I came up, so it seemed as if my steps had scared them. From not having seen them till just before their disappearance, I judged they had not glimpsed me. The ravine was very twisty, and they led us a pretty dance through the dusty grass and thorny scrub, snatching a feed as they went, but always keeping out of range. It was like a long race in which we were getting gradually beaten.

Then it occurred to me to try and cut them off. The bank was not very high here and I soon climbed out, leaving my human pointer to follow the game. Picking out a distant tree that overhung the ravine, I hurried along a line that was a chord to its tortuous curves. The shade of the big mango was refreshing, and I felt like a runner who has just got his "second wind", when I threw myself flat on the grass. But had they passed this point? No; here they come, three dun does and a dapper little buck with black on his muzzle, and a pair of curly horns set at a knowing angle. Distance? I make it two hundred yards, a hundred and fifty, better wait for the hundred, I think to myself, when the bunch suddenly comes to a staring halt with ears a-quiver. Ha! they scent or see something; here goes for a shot, and the little leader of the herd rolls over in the sand. It does not take much lead to kill a small animal like a "chink", if the shot is placed right. Nadhoo comes in sight, and taking off my helmet to wave to him, I find out what it was that had startled the chinks. The khaki cover had fallen off my sun-hat—a thorn-bush must have scalped it—and its white pipe-clayed surface was shining in the sun. Little things like that make all the difference in Indian hunting. A man who goes into ambush on a drive with a white helmet on his head sets up a danger signal that every animal can read. Lucky for me that the boy was following them down the ravine.

The little buck had a shapely head that would look well if properly mounted, the short black horns were regularly ringed. The *sais* (groom) was signaled to, and when he brought up the cart the carcass was loaded into the net. A *tum-tum*, or bamboo cart, is not for style, but for distinct work, and the strong net that stretches between the wheels under the body is meant for a game-bag. Horse and *sais* looked fresh enough; they had crawled along the road, the *sais* leading him, Indian fashion, not driving. But so warm had it been in the *nullah* that the dust had clotted in the sweat of my neck. Nadhoo seemed unruffled, a khaki-colored Indian lad does not show the stress of dust and dirt, but I think he was

relieved at my decision to quit the ravine and try the hills.

"Achcha, sahib," which means "very good."

Driving on, we soon caught a glimpse of that holy river, the Nerbudda. The curve of a temple dome, the broken lines of a flight of steps descending to the brink, stood out white against the blue of the broad and placid stream. A red flag fluttered from the tip of a long leaning pole, and a drum muttered low and regularly behind a thicket of dark green. As we crossed the bridge the bathers were in full view, ascending and descending the steps, pouring the holy but dirty water of the sacred river on their shaven heads. Some annual fair or pious pilgrimage was afoot.

On the farther side we got out and struck into a wild piece of country, half jungly hills, half rock-strewn, barren-looking levels cut through by ravines that led to the river. There was some shade in the hills from the broad-leaved teak trees, and for this I was thankful while doing penance for the next hour, climbing over hard rocks. The boy's sharp eyes had sighted game coming out of the ravine and taking cover. Nadhoo crept after them, snaking in and out among the bowlders like a "black racer." If it had not been for the cartridge bag which he carried, and which would slip under his side and have to be jerked back with the flick of an impatient elbow, he would have vanished from my sight, melted undistinguishably into the mass of brown. Nadhoo was "protectively" colored by nature. Here everything was somber of tint: the trunks of the trees, their fading leaves, the iron-stone rocks, the very birds that once or twice flapped sullenly into the air.

These belonged to the sand-grouse tribe. Brown barred with black was their plumage. They flew drowsily as if startled from a siesta. There is a bird in the Sierras very like them. It sits up in the fir-trees and plays "peek-a-boo" with the hunter, dodging among the branches when he tries to get a shot. This was the very game the deer were playing with us on this hot hillside.

There was a crestfallen look on Nadhoo's face when I walked up to his "point" behind a towering black rock. There was a bunch of *chinkara* in a cleft of the hills, nosing around for tussocks of grass,—but they were all does. Well, that is the trouble with "chinks", they carry such short horns. The boy had been led on by excess of zeal, he had thought he saw a buck, "wanted to make sure,"—but I cut short his excuses with *"Kuch parwa nahin,"* (it does not matter).

What mattered more, with the sun nearly overhead, was to find some comparatively cool place for a nooning. It is all very well in temperate climates to pursue sport strenuously. Among the shady forests of the Pacific Coast you can eat your lunch by an ice-cold mountain stream, and hit the trail again with the post-prandial pipe in your mouth. But after a perspiring forenoon in India you require time and the slow solace of a long cheroot to restore your nerves to tone. Compensations there are in the trained and thoughtful service of natives. Your table is spread in the wilderness, and a magic like that which ministered to Aladdin cools your veins with iced draughts from long tumblers.

For my part, I prefer for the siesta a shady nook on a high hillside, with a wide outlook over a river winding through jungle. But there is much virtue in a grove of mangoes, or in a tall tamarind standing alone. Under its close-packed foliage there is dense shade, and from its branches comes the twittering family talk of birds. Under such a tree I rested this day, while the *sais* and boy strolled off to a neighboring village. There was no sound in the still air but what comes from the murmuring of doves, and the monotonous and hardly noticeable whirring of crickets and cicadas. The village was silent in the drowsy heat of noon.

There is a native proverb that runs something like this: "To rouse a sleeping man is an evil act." But Nadhoo would not have ventured to disturb a sleeping *sahib,* and I awoke to find him squatting on his heels under the tree, placid as a young Buddha. He had found the village empty but for one old woman and the children. The folk were harvesting. Perhaps it was a suggestion from the cooing of the doves, but it suddenly occurred to me that here was a place one might try for pigeon. Peas were ripe in the fields, and the birds should be fat. The air was cooler and it was time to be up and doing.

We skirted the village, keeping an eye on

the trees which girdled it in irregular lines. Pigeons are rather fond of tamarind trees, and roost or nest in them. It was an interesting hour or two of sport, popping at the wild green birds as they sailed out of the tree-tops. The Indian pigeon is a big bird, not indeed as large as the Australian bronze-wing, but with more meat on him than the tame kind carry and plumage of a lustrous green. It was Nadhoo's turn now to act retriever, a part that seemed to please him better than "pointing" deer in the heat and dust. The noise of the gun-shots drew the village children out from behind the mouldering, sun-baked walls. Timid little urchins they, the mournful gravity of their dark eyes was increased by the solemn aspect of their shaven polls. But this was outward. Children are much alike under their various colored skins. A little encouragement given smiling, and off they scampered to help the boy pick up wounded pigeons. So much racket did they make with their shrill cries and merry laughter that they woke the sacred bull from his slumbers, and this object of popular adoration lounged up, with the marigold collar askew on his fat neck, under the impression that it was feeding time. What nickels are to American kids, *pais* represent to Indian youngsters; and Nadhoo's assistants were sent home the richer for copper coins to buy *jelabies* with.

I might have added a few partridges to the bag, walking them up in the neighboring fields; but the Indian *titar* that breeds near villages has an unsavory reputation. It is said to have so far departed from the habits of its kind as to devour garbage and all sorts of unclean things, which impart to its flesh a tang of impurity. So they are left alone by the experienced and classed as renegades from the realm of sport, birds of a feather with kites and crows. The big grain-basket full of pigeons was emptied into the carriage net, which was now sagged with a considerable load, and the bunch of birds with their emerald plumage lay like fresh spring leaves upon the autumnal brown of the *chinkara*. And now with the afternoon waning, it was time to be trotting campwards.

But in the wild country beyond the Nerbudda—half jungle, half plowed land—the rifle is rarely resigned to its case. Propped up in the cart close to the driver's hand, it stands ready for the needs of a chance encounter. One drives along with an eye to the surrounding country, leaving the horse to attend to the road, a duty which a steady old country-bred can generally be trusted to fulfill. The cool evening air braces the senses of the returning hunter, and he watches keenly for familiar landmarks, the sedge-crowned pool where the ducks gather for their December meetings, the plashy marsh in which he has followed the bleat of the elusive snipe. But though these sights awake old memories, they should never distract his attention from birds at hand.

It was not birds, however, that arrested my glance, but the moving of a herd of antelope through a tract of thin jungle. The sun was near its setting, and the animals doubtless were timing their return to the harvest fields, with a full knowledge of the fact that the men would go home at dark and leave their sheaves behind them like a table set. They were distant about half a mile from the road, I judged, and there was a *nullah* at hand along which I could crawl unseen, but the waning light called for rapid action. Cramming a shell into the rifle chamber, I jumped out of the cart, warned the eager Nadhoo to stand by the horse, and hurried alone under cover of the banks of the *nullah* in the direction of the herd. One can never be quite certain where these winding channels will lead to, but when I bobbed up to the level again I took my bearings from a bunch of does only a hundred yards away. Fortunately there were bushes in plenty to dodge behind. A fox stole out and attracted the gaze of the watchful sentinels, and peering round the trunk of a tree, I caught sight of a full-grown black buck. Here was a fine makeweight for the bag, a good two hundred pounds; and I had marked him for my own, when a ringing shot, followed by a lurching fall, proclaimed him another's.

It was a stout man in khaki, wearing a helmet of military shape, who stood triumphantly puffing the smoke out of the barrel of his rifle. Coming near I recognized him for a quartermaster-sergeant from the barracks, and then I recollected it was a Saturday. A week-end—as it would be called now—had brought him and three mates out on leave, and I had stumbled

upon their camp. They had put up a big blue service-tent under the trees, and in the way of sport had "done themselves," as the sergeant put it, fairly well: this was the second buck and there was a *nilgai*, by which there hung a tale.

It had been brought triumphantly into camp by the youngest member of the party, a recruit from the last draft, and he had put on such airs as a killer of big game that the others had formed themselves into a committee of depreciation to reduce him to the humility proper to his shortness of service. With a serious look the sergeant had taken him to task, asking him if he knew what he had done, what *nilgai* meant in Hindustani? Of course, he had not the least idea. It means literally "blue cow," and the *nilgai*, although an antelope, looks like a farmer's short-horn that has put on a deerskin and taken to a jungle life. A blocky, lumbering animal, it forms an easy mark for the novice, but is slighted by the old hunter for its inferiority in horns and hide. The soldiers there had mystified their young comrade into the notion that he had killed a sacred animal of the Hindoos, and that unless they all kept very quiet he might be hauled up before the magistrate for insulting the native religion.

Tommy Atkins when stationed in a jungly district has the time of his life. At home in England there is plenty of game, but he can do nothing but look over the hedge at it, if he would keep out of prison. True, a farmer's son can kill rabbits, and perhaps an occasional partridge, but not many farmer's sons enlist. A little Cockney, like Ortheris in Kipling's tales, may find chances for sport that at home would be out of the reach even of the well-to-do, so exclusive and expensive is Highland deer-stalking. And the incorrigible poacher can give his instincts full play.

One of the lads, who insisted on presenting me with a peacock he had snared, must have learned to handle wire of a moonlight night in his native county. The gift was acknowledged with the customary hunter's libation, fetched from my cart, and wishing them good sport I drove off by moonlight to my camp. When Ramsawmi came to unload the net, his eyes glistened at the sight of such an addition to his larder. With an artist's appreciation he was mentally sketching the conversion of deer, pigeons, and peafowl into savory pies, toothsome ragouts, and a soup of surpassing flavor.

MOUNTAIN LURE

FROM fir-clad slopes the snow has gone
But whitens peaks against the dawn.
The gravel bars are warm and dry
And show it's time for rod and fly.
Then this, the mountains' siren tune,
That comes to us in middle June:

"It's ho! for whirr of clicking reel,
For singing line and heavy creel;
It's ho! for tempting, misty shades
That sleep below the white cascades;
It's ho! for trout that lurk i' the cool
Of tree-encompassed beryl pool.
Come, cease your game with crafty fate,
Let troubles of the hour wait;
Bring pipe and friend and care-free mood
And heart attuned to solitude;
And so, it may be, you will thrill
To vagrant breezes from the hill,
And know from them life's game is worth
A passing tear, some fleeting mirth.
That here is found the royal prize—
The hills, the streams, the summer skies."

—*Charles S. Coleman.*

A CHINESE ADVENTURE

By Frank H. Sweet

ABOUT fifteen years ago my friend, Doctor Winthrop, who resided for many years in China, went "up-country" from Shanghai on a shooting expedition with Mr. Oswald, surgeon of a British man-of-war then lying in Shanghai harbor. In Winthrop's small sloop-yacht, the Griffin, they sailed for five days up the dirty Yellow River, till they ran into a stream on whose banks Winthrop knew plenty of pheasants were found. On the sixth morning, after the *lowdah* (Chinese skipper) of the Griffin had made her fast to the bank by two grapnels, the sportsmen went ashore. Their interpreter, an intelligent young Chinaman of Shanghai, followed them, as well as a couple of "beaters" and four retriever dogs.

Presently the birds began to fly and run before the beaters and dogs by dozens. For a few minutes the guns blazed as rapidly as cartridges could be fed to them; and then the people of several neighboring hamlets began to turn out in force at the noise of the "foreign devils." About five hundred Chinese—men, women and children—must soon have been near the shooters, and many of these rural spectators had never seen a white man before. The gathering of so many natives threatened to bring the sport to an end—not because the dogs were unable to put up the birds, but because these pheasants fly low, seldom at more than four or five feet from the ground, and the sportsmen were in danger of hitting with their shots some of the gaping people.

As the crowds continued to increase, Winthrop repeatedly charged the interpreter to tell his countrymen that they ran great risk, and should stand farther away. But when the interpreter repeated this, the people either laughed at him or ignored him entirely. They seemed at once careless of their safety and insolent, as though they were only seeking for some good excuse for active hostility.

Though Oswald, who was shooting at some distance from Winthrop's right, was particularly annoyed and hampered by the crowd, he had laid to his heart his friend's warnings and fired with the utmost caution. Nevertheless Winthrop shouted to him:

"For goodness' sake, be careful, Oswald! Don't even aim at a bird unless you are sure there is no person in your line of fire."

"Don't be alarmed, old man! I'll keep a good lookout!" cried the young surgeon; but even at the words a very fine cock-pheasant rose near him from the high grass and pitched at a copse within range. Without taking time to think or look closely at the copse, Oswald brought his gun-hammers to his cheek and fired. The damage was done! Blent with the roar of his gun he heard a piercing yell of pain, and as the bird hustled into the thicket, a Chinaman ran out from it with his face streaming blood.

After one breathless moment of silence the wounded man's one scream was answered by a general howl of alarm and rage. Oswald lost no time, but plunged through the high grass toward Winthrop and the interpreter. Scarcely were the three together when the mob were upon them, screaming and shouting, and flourishing fists bulged out with stones. "Kill them! Kill the foreign devils! Kill! Kill!" called the mob. Winthrop understood the meaning of the Chinese words; Oswald could guess it perfectly without the interpreter's aid. Winthrop saw with alarm that all the women and children had been sent away. He expected the crowd of men to close in then, but savage as their temper and shrieks were, they delayed the rush as if afraid of the guns.

Winthrop suddenly affected a diversion by telling the interpreter to call for the man Oswald had so unhappily shot. At this the mob's screams ceased for a little, while they pushed the wounded man to the front. Truly

he was a sorry sight, for there were fully twenty pellets in his face though the bushes had somewhat shielded him.

"Poor man!" said Oswald; "he's badly hurt. One eye is gone to a certainty. He must be suffering dreadfully, and how dumbly he endures! I wonder if they'd stand back and let me pick the pellets out of his face and dress his wounds?" The interpreter explained that Oswald was a surgeon, and told what he wished to do; whereupon the people, as if in curiosity, stood back and gave him some room to operate. He used some small surgical implements from a case he was accustomed to carry in a pocket, and before long his deft fingers had extracted most of the lead, for the pellets had not penetrated deeply. Then he washed the patient's face with a handkerchief dipped in water from a drinking flask, and finally tied his features up in another handkerchief.

During the performance the natives' curiosity kept them quiet, and Doctor Winthrop took advantage of the calm by getting the interpreter to tell the wounded man that the sportsmen would give him all the money they had with them. But such was his pain that this seemed to make no consoling impression on his mind. The offer did not seem to placate the crowd; it seemed to excite them anew. They crowded in more closely, and began jostling both sportsmen so rudely that they had to let the wounded man go in order to stand together on their defense against what seemed like an effort to separate them. They believed that the purpose of the Chinamen was to sweep them off their feet and trample them to death when down. Reluctant as they were to use their guns in self-defense, they had almost made us their minds to do so when a new movement of the throng gave them relief.

A medley of yells arose on the edge of the crowd; the crowding was stopped; a narrow lane was opened, and a fat, pompous man came through. He introduced himself to the interpreter as the *tao-tai,* or mayor, of the village to which the wounded man belonged, and went on to say that he had come to see full justice done. He began a long-winded harangue, telling what pain his dear friend suffered, into what woe the foreigners had plunged the village, and how deep was his own pity for the wounded man.

"Why, confound him," said Oswald, as the interpreter translated, "I saw him shove the wounded fellow brutally out of his way as he came through the crowd!"

Then the fat *tao-tai* dwelt long and feelingly on the subject of indemnity to the wounded man and his family. "Tell him," said Winthrop to the interpreter, "that we will pay all the money we have with us—eighteen Mexican dollars. Tell him the money is in our boat, and that we must be allowed to return there in safety to get it."

But the fat man entered upon a long wrangle with the interpreter. He insisted that the Europeans should stay where they were till the cash came, and it became pretty evident that he wanted not only their money but their lives as well—and a share in butchering them himself. But it was equally clear that the money was his first desire and that he would restrain the people until he got it.

Fully an hour of bargaining went by before a compromise was reached. The fat man agreed that Oswald and the interpreter should go first to the boat, while the *tao-tai,* holding Winthrop as hostage for the cash, should follow with him at a distance. Winthrop would be allowed to go aboard after Oswald should have paid the eighteen dollars into the fat man's hand. Though this plan would separate the friends, and perhaps enable the *tao-tai* to have Winthrop killed after the money's payment, it afforded some chance of escape to both.

"Now, Oswald," said Winthrop, "you must walk slowly to that white post yonder. It's within sight of the river. When you reach it, run for the Griffin as fast as you can. As soon as you find the money—it's in the cabin somewhere—bring it on deck, ready to pay over when the *tao-tai* arrives with me. I'll insist on walking slowly, so that you'll have time to get things ready for sailing. Let the interpreter tell the *lowdah* to get things ready to cast off at a moment's notice. And don't allow one of these Chinamen to go aboard. You'll easily beat them in the race, and have time to get the cash, and then stand by with your guns in case of any attempt to take possession of the Griffin."

Away went Oswald, and started to run when he reached the white post, at such a rate that the interperter could scarcely keep near him though he made better time than the

yelling crowd behind. Winthrop and the *tao-tai* were soon left with but a small escort of lazy men, till the idea seemed to come upon both of them at once that the crowd would swarm into the yacht. So they began to run—the *tao-tai* to save the money, of which he certainly wished to take a large share, and Winthrop to take part in any fight that might occur from an attempt to sieze the boat.

The expression of the *tao-tai's* face as he galloped along, panting and puffing, was so comical that Winthrop could not but laugh. The fat fellow craned his bulging neck forward, spread out his dirty hands in appeal, and screamed useless entreaties to the people, whom he evidently expected to see pulling the yacht to pieces and scrambling over his much-desired dollars. Indeed, the rush of the crowd was so headlong that Winthrop feared they would capture the yacht before the interpreter could explain to the *lowdah* that he and his men must keep them at bay.

A turn in the bank brought the Griffin fully into Winthrop's view and relieved his fears, for the white deck was clear of figures except those of the *lowdah* and his men getting the sail ready to start. Two of the crew guarded the shore end of the gangplank while Oswald and the interpreter were ready to shoot from the deck. All the hostile Chinamen had halted at a little distance ashore, where they were screaming and cursing more horribly than ever.

"I couldn't find that money anywhere," yelled Oswald, as Winthrop came into view. "You'll have to come aboard and find it yourself. I was searching when I saw the crowd so close by, and so ugly tempered that I thought I'd better be on deck with a gun."

"You did well," shouted Winthrop. "Let the interpreter tell the *tao-tai* that you can't find the money, and that I'll have to go aboard to get it. He can come aboard for it, if he chooses." To Winthrop's amazement the mayor made no objection. He pushed through the crowd, and when they would have prevented Winthrop from stepping on the gangplank he said something to them in a low voice which had a very quieting effect. Then he, too, went aboard.

Leaving him on deck, Winthrop hurried below, eagerly desiring to get rid of the *tao-tai* and his rabble, but he had forgotten where the money was and took some little time in finding it. When he came up with the dollars he was surprised to find the head man smiling most agreeably, and bowing profoundly to Oswald, while carrying on an amiable conversation with the interpreter. On shore, close to the end of the gangplank, the crowd stood silently watching, while the *lowdah* and his men were still busy with the sail.

Even Winthrop was deceived by the peaceable appearance of the *tao-tai* and the natives. When he put the money into the fat man's greasy hand, he thought the trouble was all over. So he turned on his heel and went forward to assist in getting the second grapnel aboard. Now the sail was up and the Griffin already straining to a sharp breeze. Still the *tao-tai* had not gone ashore, and the gangplank was waiting for him. He did not seem to think of retiring. Clutching the money he had turned again to Oswald and the interpreter, who no longer had any suspicion of him or his friends. Taking their eyes from the crowd they gave their whole attention to the fat man, being in some wonder why he waited.

No doubt he had primed the crowd. They were to watch for a moment when the attention of the men with guns was completely diverted, and then swarm aboard. He had actually succeeded in getting Oswald and the interpreter to turn their backs to the shore, when Winthrop happened to glance at the crowd and instantly surmised their intention. The men in front were plainly meditating a rush. He looked at the *tao-tai* just as that fat rascal raised his hand in signal.

"Haul in that grapnel!" shouted Winthrop, in a voice so loud that it may have checked the rush for a moment. "And kick that fellow overboard, Oswald—quick!"

The Chinaman was standing quite near the edge of the boat, so that one thrust from Oswald lifted him up and flung him into the Yellow River, just as the last grapnel was hauled in and the gangplank abandoned to the feet of the surprised natives who were already on its shore end. As he went overboard he clutched wildly at the air and let go the eighteen dollars. Next moment the Griffin had drawn clear away from the bank. She was in the middle of the stream before the spluttering functionary had been hauled ashore.

"Well, we're well out of that scrape," said

Oswald, laughing at the absurd figure which the fat man presented, "but I'm sorry he lost the money."

"Oh, you needn't be; he'd have kept is all for himself," said Winthrop. The interpreter, who was appealed to, laughed at the supposition that the official would have surrendered even one dollar to the wounded man, and added, "*Tao-tai* not done with us yet." Indeed, the fat man's nimble brain had been already busy with a new plan for revenge. The crowd were running along the bank, and screaming words which meant, "To the bridge! the bridge! Catch the foreign devils under the bridge!"

"What good will the bridge do them?" asked Oswald.

"I suppose they mean to throw stones down on us as we run under, " said Winthrop. A wide turn in the stream gave the Chinese a long advantage over the Griffin, and when she came in view of the bridge it was jammed with people from end to end. They knew that the yacht must run under the bridge to get away from that neighborhood, for the wind would not let her beat back down-stream. And their reckoning probably was that her mast was too high for passage under the single arch of the structure. If so, they could clutch it, swarm down the rigging, and kill the "foreign devils," though at some cost of life to themselves. On the other hand, if the mast should pass, they must have expected the Griffin to go ashore on the rocky shoal just above the bridge, and give them opportunity for murder.

Doctor Winthrop, however, knew the bridge from a previous "up-country" expedition, and so did the *lowdah* who steered straight for the middle arch, with the wind nearly astern. As the Griffin came rushing on, the Chinese above her screamed with joy, and pointed exultantly to the rocky shoal above. The feet of some of them dangled over the parapet in readiness to jump to the rigging in case the boat stopped; along the whole side of the bridge grinned a couple of hundred faces. But such a yell of disappointment as rose when the tip of the mast passed clear with six inches to spare! In a few seconds the Griffin shot from the dimness of the archway into sunshine again, and there was dead silence on the bridge as she rushed apparently at the rocks.

But the *lowdah* knew his business and the channel. Jibing the sail suddenly, he changed the course and steered straight through a passage that barely gave room for the Griffin's sides. Two minutes more, and the yacht was in a broad, long expanse of water from which she returned at dusk next day almost unnoticed, by another channel, and ran under another bridge.

The sportsmen did not, however, come off with the loss of their money only. Their Chinese beaters, as soon as the shooting stopped, had run for the yacht, and left the dogs to the mercy of the mob. Two of the retrievers escaped and reached the Griffin safely; but two others were no doubt stoned to death and probably served later at the table of the *tao-tai*. Still Winthrop, who told me this true story, thought he had got out of a dangerous situation very cheaply, and Oswald joined his ship with a sense that up-country shooting in China was more hazardous sport than tigers in India ever afforded him

THE MOONLIGHT MOORAGE

By T. Shelley Sutton

ROBERT MESTERLE had been too absorbed in his business pursuits to devote much time to such superficial luxuries as love, although, perhaps, he occasionally had paused a moment in his strenuous hours of money-making to admire or even to covet, some particularly charming Hebe who tripped across his path, or who endeavored by certain feminine artifices to ensnare him in some matrimonial venture; but as for love, and those elements of romance which inspire it, none of them so far had appealed to him. He was not to be "shanghaied by Hymen."

If there had been times in Mesterle's life when for fleeting periods he felt inclined to pay homage at some tempting Circean shrine, or to abandon himself to the blandishments of Eros, he speedily recovered and in subsequent moments of reflection reviled himself for his weakness.

Since the day Mesterle left college, at his father's death, to find that it devolved upon him to take up and continue the heavy burdens of a big manufacturing enterprise and to achieve the wealth which his father had but just begun to accumulate, he had given himself entirely to the task before him. His mother and two sisters had been the means of placing many fashionable beauties on his acquaintance list; but his immunity to all coquetry, his extreme, straightforward aversion for all that savored of social pretense, sham and guile, soon caused him to be regarded as a veritable misogamist; hence women shunned him.

But within five years after his father's death, the responsibilities of his undertaking, and the difficult labors involved, began to leave marked effects upon him; several sieges of ill-health reduced him, mentally and physically, to the point where absolute rest was imperative. His physician convinced him that only a long cessation from business could restore him to his former self. He must go away—alienate himself from the duties which had been the cause of wrecking him. The Doctor insisted that the climate of Mexico would be best for him, but as Mesterle stubbornly affirmed that it would be "too far from his business," the Doctor agreed that so long as he went away it should be to whatever place he preferred. So it happened, bright and early one Summer morning, that Mesterle got aboard an O. R. & N. train for Bonneville.

Bonneville is one of the picnicking places of the Oregon metropolis—an entrancing little spot on the edge of the Columbia River, forty-five miles east of Portland, where the big pine forests cover the mountain sides to the water's verge, and towering cliffs, giant boulders, little wooded islands, a babbling brook, bright waterfalls and glades of verdant verdure give cheer, splendor and a wealth of variety to the inspiring unfoldment of landscapes.

When one has left the rustic summer-houses, pavilions, swings and other picnic contrivances, and penetrated the Bonneville cañons beyond the pale of railway civilization, he can imagine himself almost in some primeval wilderness "where foot hath never trod." And he requires no poetical temperament or artist's eyes to discern the beauty, grandeur and inspiration of his surroundings. When the Lord made the world, He put in the best part of the six days on the Columbia River, and on the seventh day must have gone to Bonneville for a real rest.

Mesterle told himself, when he alighted from the train and gazed about him, that never in his life had he dreamed of such a natural paradise. For the first time in months he believed it would be possible to forget his business and be a boy again.

His wanderings, soon after his arrival, took him several miles up the river, and it was in a lonely cañon near Cascade Locks that he finally put up camp, with a genuine pioneer outfit, except for a few modern conveniences including a sleeping bag and culinary cabinet. Here he began to *live*. He had equipped himself with an angling outfit, a couple of good guns, plenty of ammunition, provisions, etc., and within a week felt like an old-time native,

> "Breathing the air that the Indian breathed,
> Living the life that the Indian lived,
> Trapping the game that the trapper trapped,
> Back in the days of old."

He was not an angler, and it is doubtful if he would have known a salmon from an eel or a sucker from a sturgeon, save from having eaten them in highly-seasoned style when his appetite was at low ebb, his liver effete and his general condition so badly perverted that he couldn't taste the diffence between an Alici Falstaff and a squab on toast. In fact, for several months he had been teasing up his appetite with oyster cocktails, shredded wheat biscuits, whole grain johnnies and other breakfast preparations calculated to prolong the death agonies of a dyspeptic, and give the epicure something to forget about. No wonder he found himself wishing he could stay forever in the woods of the old Columbia, and that the color began returning to his cheeks, the sparkle to his eyes, the strength to his limbs, or that his liver suddenly awoke to the fact that it had a function to perform. At any rate he had an appetite. He could eat anything from fried bacon—often burned to a crisp—to cold boiled beans; and even fat salt pork tasted better to him now than "chicken-loaf" or the most delicate dish ever prepared by a fastidious French *chef* with a penchant for experimenting.

Soon after arriving at the spot selected for his outing, he discovered a promising salmon-hole. The pool was not far from the Cascades, lying among some towering porphyry boulders about thirty yards from the river bank, and in reality was merely a big backwater eddy almost adjoining one of the main currents of the river. But, though an eddy it was a sluggish one, and the water at the bottom was almost still.

It did not require a sharp eye to discern the shiny sides of hundreds of big salmon moving lazily around under the edges of the boulders; for here, after passing through the rapids and escaping the fish-canneries for many miles, the finny denizens of the deep paused to recuperate.

Mesterle procured a boat from one of the men who were running a fish-wheel near by, and, engaging it for an indefinite period, started for the hole.

The sun was hot, and he drew up in the shade of a pensile island rock which upreared from the big pool as if just for such occasions. It was hollowed out beneath, and a large shelf protruded in such a manner as to form a perfect roof, while near the rock, on its shady side, a row of smaller boulders shut out the current, creating almost a lake separate from the river, and yet permitting him to cast out conveniently into the larger eddy or salmon-hole.

For several hours he sat at the stern of his vessel trying to get a strike, but his casts not only were unprofessional but extremely poor ones. He endeavored to throw over the eddy and lead across it, but it was merely an underhand swing, and invariably his bait struck the water with a splash that must have made the salmon think the rocks were caving in, or that Mt. Hood was having a seismic eruption. Perhaps for this reason they ignored his casts and continued to bask in *dolce far niente* at the bottom of the pool. At any rate, Mesterle was disgusted.

Suddenly, as he sat gazing woefully into the bottom of the pool and giving vent to a few expressive adjectives relative to damphool fish and the finny tribe in general, he became conscious, almost without turning his head, of the approach of a boat. Glancing behind him he saw, within forty feet, just pulling out of the current, a red, flat-bottom boat, headed almost toward him; and at the oars—a woman.

Not an ordinary woman, either. A creature such as he had never dreamed of meeting in that isolated spot, or in any other spot. She had eyes that an houri might have coveted: dark, bright, flashing, fairly glowing with life, joy, buoyancy, power—and deviltry. They met his gaze fully, innocently, yet sweetly inquisitive in their expression—coy, yet piquant, as if asking by what right he invaded this fishing-ground ahead of her. Then, in the same instant, she lowered her

glance, bore harder on the left-hand oar, and steered farther from the shore, away from him. But twice, as she passed, he saw her ogle him, curiously, from beneath her long black lashes.

Her sleeves were rolled up to the shoulders, and what arms she had! Not of the "soft, symmetrical, alabaster" kind, but arms that were strong, muscular, firm, yet beautifully proportioned—the arms of a Western girl, tinted by the first faint pink that precedes the tan of summer—that incomparable "cosmetic de Sol" or "sunlight rouge" which Nature's chemistry provides for the children of the out-o'-door. And her cheeks: how dimpled and pink they were! And what a form! What shoulders! What exquisite curves of grace and pulchritude! Real curves, too,—not those of fictitious fabric purchased at so much per, but curves that would stand the test.

The woman, who was not more than twenty-two or twenty-three years old, and clad in a plain brown gingham, with a sailor hat, drew her boat up in the shade of a giant boulder across the eddy, perhaps a hundred feet from him. Then, with a dexterity that bespoke a true sportswoman, she proceeded to make her cast.

Mesterle sat back in his boat and lighted his pipe, thoughtfully. He looked at her. She paid no attention to his gaze and he failed to muster up the courage necessary to speak, for her demeanor afforded him no encouragement. He observed that she appeared, after awhile, to have sighted some particularly enticing fish, for he could tell from her casts that one of them, to the exclusion of all others, was holding her attention. Suddenly, however, she gave a little exclamation of disappointment. He ventured to ask her what the trouble was.

"He has gone," she replied. "He has gone—over your way, too. See if you can get him. Oh, he weighed a ton!"

Mesterle watched the water, closely, really hoping that he could at least make one demonstration by landing the fish she coveted; but it was fully five minutes before he understood her enthusiasm. As the big fellow finally came under him, lolling lazily, and lingering in the shadow of his boat, he said that it indeed was a "whopper," weighing not less than forty-five pounds, and the prettiest salmon he had ever seen. Its gills were covered with sea lice, showing that it was fresh run from salt water, and its color was gorgeous.

He had now quite forgotten the woman, so interested was he in the monster under him. He prepared his line, and, waiting until the salmon had begun to move, cast out for it; but the cast was bungled, and even the girl in the boat could not suppress a smile as she saw how clumsily he did it. She knew at once that it was his first experience with salmon. But in spite of this fact, Mr. Fish made a leap for the lure and sucked it in. Then, as the reel ran out, he felt the prick of the hook and made an acrobatic tumble from the water, flashing his silvery sides in the sunlight in a complete somersault. What a handsome brute he was! The sight of him was too much for the nerves of Mesterle. He lost his head, and gave a ferocious tug at the rod, as if he would jerk the salmon bodily from the water. The result, of course, was a badly smashed rod, the loss of an expensive leader, and an irate salmon making for the current at a Barney Oldfield speed. Mesterle swore vigorously beneath his breath. Then he looked up. The woman was laughing at him—yes, actually laughing as though it were a joke! And what a laugh it was—tantalizing, mischievous, mirthful, yet musical as the chime of a vesper bell.

"Why do you laugh?" he asked, seriously. "That is serious, I think, to lose a salmon like that—and I almost had him, too."

"Almost?" She laughed, again. "There is no 'almost.' You have, or you don't have. If you have a thing, you have it. That has been my experience. But really, you did have him—only—" She smiled, folded her hands behind her head, and leaned back in the boat, with her eyes fixed steadily on his,—"only you don't know how to keep what you have."

He grinned, almost foolishly, he thought.

"To have and to hold! Ah, I guess that is one of the great problems of life," he said, soberly. "Many of us can have, but few can hold."

"Some men can hold a good deal," she answered, with a strong twinkle in her eye. Their boats were now close together, for her own had drifted slightly toward him and he had pulled his own across the pool. But suddenly, as if remembering himself, and fearing to risk the presumption, he allowed his oars to rest.

"You speak as though you know men well," he ventured, after a silence.

"I have met a few," she rejoined.

"How should I have acted with that salmon?" he asked, anxious to side-track the subject.

"Be kind—even to your victims," she answered, thoughtfully. "Always treat a fish gently, even when you are landing it. Be diplomatic. I have heard it said that diplomacy is selfishness softened by courtesy. Now, if you were a salmon, would you want to be jerked up out of the water just as a man would pull up a snag? Hardly! You would want to be drawn slowly, by degrees, and allowed to swim about a bit before you went to gaff. Now wouldn't you?"

He laughed.

"Perhaps," he replied. It was his first lesson in salmon fishing, and he never forgot it.

"You had that fish," said the girl, "but you threw it away."

"Would *you* have landed it?"

"Yes, if I had been lucky in getting such a strike," she said, "but I was unlucky."

"Do you always land whatever fastens itself on your line?" he ventured again.

"If it is a fish, I generally succeed."

"And if it is a man—?"

"I don't care for that kind of strikes," she answered, laughing modestly. Her eyes were on the water. She pointed for him to look. He did so, and another salmon, almost as large as the first, appeared passing slowly between their boats. In a moment she had drawn her line above it, slowly, carefully, but without success. Again she repeated the experiment. This time the salmon grabbed it. She was cool, calculating, and exhibited a remarkable nerve, as Mesterle thought, in coping with her catch.

The salmon was exceedingly lively, and after discovering that it had been hooked spent most of its time in doing imaginary trapeze stunts out of the water but eventually it tired. The girl was patient, skillful in her manipulations, and conceded to the fish all it demanded; but she kept her line taut at at all times, and by degrees shortened the circuit of its flights. When the big fellow finally dropped down to sulk, she gave it no resistance, but waited till it moved again. She knew that a full grown salmon is not easily exhausted, and to attempt to lead one, when it had demonstrated such savagery, would be foolhardy. She wanted to secure it—and she did.

It was nearly a half hour before the fish was teased out, and by that time he was ready to come to gaff. He approached the boat as if spiritually absolved and reconciled to martyrdom, or at least as if willing to meet death to learn what kind of a witch was handling the other end of the line. Mesterle insisted on gaffing him, but the woman declined, and gave him an exhibition of her coolness that proved a revelation. Holding the rod at the reel, and guiding the latter with her left hand, she lifted the gaff in her right and poised it without a symptom of excitement. The next instant she struck the big salmon between the eyes and lifted it from the water.

A few minutes later Mesterle turned to speak to her, after adjusting his lines, and found that she had steered her boat to the current and was drifting from him. A feeling of disappointment crept over him. He tipped his hat. She smiled sweetly and nodded; then, as the boat was sucked into the rapids, she waved her hand at him, and soon was floating beyond the cascades toward Bonneville.

But twice she looked back at him. He was still gazing after her, his rod lying idly by him, his hands toying with the line, a far-off look in his eyes, a new and deeper meaning in life than he had known before.

* * * * * *

Weeks went by and Mesterle was still protracting his sojourn; but he was now encamped at Bonneville. Twice since that afternoon at the salmon hole he had met the woman. Each time she had appeared to avoid him, though she had looked coyly—almost as if afraid of him—into his face; and then, smiling slightly, had passed him without a word except a formal greeting. And Mesterle—well, he did, he could do, nothing but think of her. Portland, the office, his business worries and responsibilities, entirely were forgotten—banished, abjured. This woman had supplanted them.

There was a long cable drawn from the big boulder island directly across the salmon pool to the shore, and hither, one evening, Mesterle

rowed his boat, mooring it to the cable after an aimless journey along the river bank. He had heard of the Umatilla Indians fishing for salmon by moonlight, and knowing of some great catches they had made he concluded, indifferently, to try it. When he had thrown out his line, he lay back in the boat, in the darkness of the forest shadow which enshrouded the river's edge, and lighted his pipe. With his hands beneath his head, his coat for a pillow, he lay there in the stern of the boat looking up at the moon and stars, and dreaming of—the woman. Puff, puff, the smoke curled slowly upward, shaping itself against the moonlit sky into a dozen or more flimsy, spectral visions of feminine loveliness.

Mesterle must have lain there for an hour before the soporific splendor of the evening produced any effect upon him. Then, tired of star-gazing, he closed his eyes and dozed away into dreamland. Just how long he slept he was not able to judge, but suddenly a splash of water caused him to awaken.

The moon was behind a cloud, and it was dark. Perhaps it had been a fish, perhaps a stray beaver that had caused the splash; perhaps—

He thought no more about it but closed his eyes a second time, indifferent to his line. In a moment, however, there came another splash, a sort of *s-wish-z-z*, and something pulling at his sleeve. Involuntarily he grabbed at his arm. A fish-hook had caught him near the cuff.

It did not take long for Mesterle, even in the dense darkness of the shadows where he was moored, to surmise the truth. Straining his eyes through the shadow, he faintly discerned the outline of a woman—and he was sure it was *the* woman—bending over her tangled lines from the bow of her boat, moored to the same cable that held his own. Evidently she had tried to make her cast before the moon came out, and in the darkness had seen neither him nor his boat, hence her tangle.

Gradually the knotted lines were unfastened, and at this juncture the pulling at his coat-sleeve grew steady, firm yet gentle, and he moved his arm a couple of time to give the woman the impression that it was really a fish she had caught. A smile lighted up his face, and he hardly could suppress a good loud laugh at the situation, but he concluded to have some fun, and a better laugh later. With his left arm—the free one—he very carefully untied his boat from the cable, cautious not to make a noise. This done, he caught the cable firmly in his hand, beneath the water, and slowly pulled his boat along the mooring toward the woman. She kept her line quite taut.

"You have a strike?" he asked, as he approached her.

With a little cry of surprise, or perhaps of fear, she peered through the darkness. Then he heard her laugh, lightly.

"Oh, it is you!" she exclaimed. "I—I--you alarmed me at first. No doubt you will think me foolish, fishing in the night time, but I have caught some of the best this way, and—and—well, I just love to fish you know. Yes, I think I have a big fellow here, but he acts awfully queer. I think he is right under your boat, now. I never had a strike just like it."

"No, I suppose you never did," Mesterle replied. She was puzzled by his answer.

"It must be a sturgeon," she ventured, as he drew his hooked arm back firmly, and she felt her reel run out again. "But he doesn't move far. He must be sick."

"I don't think it's a sturgeon," said Mesterle.

"Well, it's not a salmon," she replied.

"But it's a fish, anyway."

"Yes."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Of course!"

There was a long silence.

"Now," said Mesterle, "you have caught this fish, let me see if you know how to land it."

"But it is so dark!" she exclaimed. "I wish that confounded old moon would get busy."

He smiled at her unconscious use of the street vernacular. He still kept his arm under the water, almost to the elbow, holding her line in his hand and endeavoring to strengthen the ruse by every trick which occurred to him.

"What am I to do?" she finally asked. "He won't fight the hook at all. I can never wear him out this way."

"Be diplomatic—kind to him," retorted Mesterle.

"You are making fun of me," she said, "but I will get him."

"Yes—if you want him," he replied.

"Well, I want him," she retorted shortly.

"Are you sure of that?"

"Of course!"

"No matter what kind of a fish he is—you want him?"

"Certainly."

"And when you land him?"

"I will have him."

"And what will you do with him?"

"Depends on what he is."

She was puzzled by Mesterle's seemingly foolish questions, but was so perturbed at the actions of the "fish" that she did not seriously consider them. Mesterle slowly pulled on the cable, drawing his boat toward her. Simultaneously she reeled in the line, and at last, when their boats were almost side by side, Mesterle lifted his arm from the water, and she learned the truth.

"Here is your fish," said Mesterle, holding out his arm. "You have landed me—I suppose it is to gaff. There is no use saying I am a 'fish,' for I suppose my actions have convinced you of that; but since that first afternoon, when you came into my life, here—at this moorage—I have done nothing but think of you. You have grown to be a factor in my life. I—"

There was a long, deep silence. She was resting her hand upon his arm, and gazing away into vacancy.

"I—I love you," he managed to blurt out, suddenly.

What might have been her answer, he never knew. At that juncture they heard a footstep on the bank, and the next moment a voice called out to her through the darkness. It was a man's voice:

"I say, Kate, it's pretty near time you went to bed. Come ashore; it's getting late."

"Who is it?" Mesterle whispered, leaning toward her.

"My husband," she answered, simply. Then she unfastened her boat and rowed slowly from him toward the shore. Mesterle sat watching her till she had joined her husband and disappeared through the woods toward Bonneville.

I AM CONTENT

I AM content
  To let the path of life
  That winds for me,
Be fashioned as it may,
  So that it be
A part of opeo ways that trace
The hillside's bloom, the woodland's tender grace.

I am content
To bear through weary hours,
  The heat of day,
And count the burden light
  If once, but once I may
The shadows of the forest find,
And hear the whispering of the forest wind.

I am content
Through stress and storm and strife
  Though it shall be,
To bear it to the end,
  If Fate's decree
Shall make my soul but know
The flush of dawn—the sunset's fading glow.

I am content
To feel the traffic's sway,
  In crowded mart,
So that throughout it all
  I keep my heart,
And catch again, again the gleam
That gilds the forest way and lights the stream.

—*Harry T. Fee.*

THIN LEATHER'S ROMANCE

By J. W. Schultz,
Author of "My Life as an Indian."

THIN Leather is an old Pima Indian who comes to our camp occasionally and breaks food with us, while he tells us stories of the long ago. He would be more than six feet in height if he could straighten his aged form, but the years sit too heavily upon his shoulders. He is very slender, and his face is deeply seamed; his eyes, looking out from under peculiarly heavy white eyebrows, are strangely full and clear and expressive for so old a man. There is always a sad, far-away, dreamy look in them, except on rare occasions when he tells of some courageous deed he or others performed, and then they flash and sparkle with the fire of youth. He must have been, in his time, a splendid specimen of his race; of rare physique, one whom the eyes of women would follow with more than passing interest.

So thought Mildred, and that is why she told Robert to ask him if he had ever loved a woman. Robert,—Robert Ellsmere, some romantic old maid government school teacher had named him,—is our camp helper and interpreter, a Pima youth with ideas of his own. Twice he repeated the question to the old man before he received an answer.

"I heard you," Thin Leather finally replied. "Of course I loved a woman. We risked our lives—ah, but she was brave—in order to be true lovers for life, and for many, many happy years we lived together. And then, two summers ago, she returned to the Under World. Ai! Ai! the days and nights are long to me without her; but this thought cheers me, the time is near when I too shall take my departure from this world, to live with her forever in the home of the Sun.

"Will I tell you about her, about our love and our trials? Of course I will. What else do I think of, do you suppose? I shall love to tell you all about it; thus, in a way living it all over again.

"My father was chief of the Lizard clan; a great man in battle, a generous man to the poor and afflicted. He could never have become a chief had he not been so liberal. The white chiefs, I understand, are those who become rich by a careful, saving life; by robbing the poor. I never knew an Indian to do that.

"Our people had always been at war with the Apaches. They are hunters, you know, living in the mountains and following the game. Our people were ever eaters of corn and other things that we raised by digging canals and irrigating the land. We were a peaceful people, wishing to make war on no one, but the Apaches came and raided us, killed the toilers in the fields, carried off our young women, destroyed our crops, so that we were nigh unto starvation. For two seasons we had met with more than usual loss at the hands of the enemy, and it was finally decided that we must ourselves go out to war, raid a village of our enemy, and win such a battle as would cause them to fear us. Then my father said: 'We are not the only ones who are oppressed by the Apaches. There are the Maricopas, the Moquis, the Zunis, the Papagos, who have been raided by them many times. Let us ask these tribes to join us in a war that will enable us, together, to so completely kill off these mountain people, that only a few here and there will be left for seed.'

"The council heeded his advice, and deputations were at once selected to visit these different peoples. My father, with twelve other men, was to go to the Moquis. I was very anxious to go with him as soon as I heard of the plan. I was perhaps eighteen years old then, a man grown, so I thought. My father said that I was still a boy; that I was entirely too young to go an such an important journey. 'I have killed a mountain lion,' I reminded

him, 'and once when the Apaches attacked us in the corruland, I helped fight them and get the women back to the village in safety.'

"It was finally decided that I could go, as a sort of servant to the others; to gather wood, fetch water, and cook tortillas. How pleased I was! At last was I to see those strange Moquis people, who lived in houses on top of a rock-walled mountain. At sunset one day we saddled our horses and burros; tied on our sacks of food, and our ollas, and the presents we were to give, and left our village here on the Gila river, striking northward across the desert to halt at another Pima village on the Salt River at daylight. In the evening we continued our journey, and at daylight, came to the mountains. I had never been in them and at first was frightened, when our trail passed along the edge of a cliff so high that it made my head dizzy to look down to the bottom of it, where the river seemed no larger than one of the side ditches in our corn fields. Here in the mountain there were more deer and bighorn than I thought the whole world contained, and we killed with our bows and arrows sufficient for our needs. In this broken country we were obliged to travel daytimes; even had there been a moon it would not have afforded sufficient light for us to pass in safety the many dangerous places. It required a big, strong heart for a man to go through those mountains. The trail we followed was made by the Apaches. Here and there we passed camp sites, some old, some quite recently deserted by the enemy. We were in their country, at any time we might meet them face to face, and if we did we could not possible survive an encounter with them, we so few and they so many in number.

"It was on the eighth day of our journey that we sighted afar the home of the Moquis. We were again on the desert, having passed through the mountains, but it was not the desert of our own southland; here were no giant cactii, no mesquite groves; instead, just a scant growth of sage and other brush springing from the sands. There was no cloud in the blue sky, and the sun shone brightly, but he seemed to be a different sun from the one we worshipped down in our own land. He gave no heat and we shivered in our thin clothing. Afar were the white houses of the Moquis, looking down upon us from the top of the cliffs. 'They have fires a plenty up there,' said my father, and we urged our tired horses to faster speed. At last we arrived at the foot of the trail that winds up from the desert to the village and dismounted. Not one person was down there, none were in sight above. We tied our animals, shouldered the gifts we had brought, and began to ascend.

After some climbing, we approached a spring that my father said was a sacred one—the spring of a god named "Spider Woman"—and there by it stood a number of finely dressed men, heavily armed, awaiting us. As we approached them, one advanced with a bowl of meal, sacred meal it was, and spread a line of it across the trail, thus giving notice that the path was closed, that we could go no farther. Thereupon, my father advanced to the white line of meal and said, addressing those who faced him on the other side of it: 'We are only a few Pimas. We are a good and peaceful people who have come to you carrying a message from the council of our chiefs, and bringing presents to witness our good intentions.'

"Then answered the chief of the Moquis: 'We are very glad to meet you, brothers, and we open this trail for you to our homes and fires. We will be glad to receive your presents, and in council listen respectfully to the words you carry.'

"So saying, he brushed to one side and another the sacred meal, and the two parties advanced and embraced each other, and then the Moquis escorted us up to their homes. My father and I went with the head chief to his own house, where a couple of women gave us food and the heat of a fire felt good to our chilled bodies. By this time the sun had set, and in the gathering dusk there entered a girl, bearing a bundle of wood which she threw down near the fire, and then, seating herself opposite me, she picked up some basket work and began to weave. I thought I had seen some beautiful girls, but here was one far, far ahead of all the others. I think that I first noticed her hair, done up in two large disks, one on each side of her head. I had heard of that peculiar style of the Moquis; that the disks represented that the wearer was unmarried, a virgin. I fell to studying her face. Not boldly, but by quick glances, now and then a passing, lingering look, when she was intent upon her work. What a beautiful face it was, to be sure. Such soft round cheeks, such full red lips; such a slender pretty nose; and then

her eyes! Once she looked up at me and I saw them clearly, kind, gentle modest eyes. And then what a beautiful figure she had: tall, hut not too tall; a slender waist, a firm, rounding bosom, and how quickly she had walked and how gracefully, when she came in. Right there, right then, I gave her my heart, and I knew that I could never be happy unless she gave me hers.

"In the evening we Pimas and the head men of the Moquis met together in a sacred house into which we descended from the roof by means of a ladder. There were no windows in it, nor any entrance save the one at the top, and it was very hot and smoky there. My father handed the chief the presents we had brought, some tobacco, some woven cotton blankets, and other things, and then delivered his message. Some sacred pipes were then lighted and passed around, while the Moquis talked together, and then their chief said to us: 'Our ears have heard your message and our minds have considered it. We cannot give you an answer at this time, for we, here, are not all of our tribe. Messengers shall be sent this night to the other villages, calling hither their leading men. Meanwhile, rest you here with us. In a few days, as soon as the other arrive, we will hold a great council over the matter, and give you our answer.'

"Now, when I heard these words I was happy, and a hope sprang up in my heart. We were to remain a few days. During that time I was to make her home my home; somehow, in some way, I would try to tell her how I felt and ask her to be my woman. We went back with the chief to his house, and again food was set before us. She waited on me, and as she placed a dish I looked her full in the eyes, and smiled and said: 'It is good food.' She smiled, too, and gave me a kindly look out of her beautiful eyes. I went to bed with a happy feeling in my heart.

"In the morning after we had eaten I went out and wandered about the village, and stood on the edge of the cliff and looked away out southward at the great desert and the mountains which we had crossed on our way hither. I gave thanks to the gods for bringing us in safety through the country of the enemy and prayed that we might as safely return. Also, I prayed for something else; and then I descended the steep trail to look after our horses. I unhoppled them, drove them to water, and then went back up the steep hill.

"At the spring of the Spider Woman, I came upon her; she was kneeling and praying before the little shrine that stands there, and when she saw me she turned her head away in confusion. I went straight over and knelt beside her, and took her hand in mine; she did not attempt to draw it away. 'I have known you but one day,' I told her, 'but I love you, most beautiful woman in the world. I want you to be my woman. Will you? Will you go and live with me in Pima land?'

"'Hush,' she cried, springing to her feet and looking up and down the trail. 'Hush,' she repeated, as I too arose and stood beside her. 'I am to marry High Sun. My father has said it. You must not think of me.'

"And with that she turned and bounded away up the trail. I followed slowly, thinking sad thoughts.

"'Do you know a man named High Sun?' I asked my father in the evening, as we went to a feast that had been called.

"Why, yes,' he replied, 'I know him, he is chief of the antelope clan of these people.'

"Then I knew. He was as old as my father, and he was a solemn, quiet man, very proud, one who spoke but few words. He was there at the feast and I looked long at him, and noted his ways. I knew that she whom I loved could have no love for him. 'She shall love me,' I said to myself, 'and in some way I will have her for my own.'

"Very often the next day I caught her* looking at me, but now there was no happiness in her eyes, and she did not smile. I could not make out how she felt, what her thoughts might be. Night came again and I refused to accompany my father as he visited here and there, and sat by myself outside of the house in the darkness, and the cold night air. After a while she came out, walked to the edge of the cliff and stood there close wrapped in her robe. I stole over beside her. 'Tis I', I said, and put my arm around her waist. She did not answer, only bent her head and turned her shoulder to me, and taking my hand gently tried to free herself. 'You know that I love you,' I said, 'and I know that you can't love that old, proud, solemn High Sun. Love me, I pray you, go with me to my own warm south land and make me happy.'

* Pimas never mention the name of a dead relative so we never learned the name of "Her".

"'Oh, go and leave me,' she cried, wrenching herself free. 'Did I not tell you that I was promised to him? Would you have me cursed by my people and by the gods?'

"I had not time to answer, for some people came along and she hurried back to the house.

"All the next day and evening I watched in vain for a chance to be alone with her. On the next evening at dusk, I saw her go down the trail for an olla of water and followed, overtaking her at the Spider Woman's Spring. I just seized her in my arms and kissed her. She began to cry, softly, drearily. 'You must go with me,' I whispered. 'See how I love you. I believe you love me. You must love me.'

"I kissed her again. I started to say more, and again was interrupted. Some women were coming down the trail. 'Go, go,' she said, 'would you ruin my good name?' I ran quickly down the slope and no one perceived me in the dusk.

"That very evening, the chiefs of the other pueblos came in, and the Moquis held a council by themselves. The next day we Pimas were called to one of the sacred *kivas* to hear their decision. High Sun himself was their mouth, and his words were: 'All that they say of the Apaches is true. They are also our enemy, but, living as we do in high protected pueblos, they seldom succeed in doing us much harm. Also, at this time our crops require our entire attention. We must therefore remain at home. We hope you will find others to join you in the proposed war, and wish you big success.'

"My father was a quick-tempered man and when he was angry his words came hot and strong. He arose and snapped his fingers contemptuously at the Moquis. 'I thought you were men', he told them, 'and I find you to be women. I know that you suffer as much from the Apaches as we do, and yet you are too cowardly to help us remove them from the earth that they have made red with your blood and ours. May the gods deliver you all to them. May they take the scalps of your men and may your women bear children to them.'

"He stood in silence, waiting for some one to reply to him, but not one Moquis there could look him in the face. 'Come,' he said at last to us, 'let us leave these faint hearts and return to our own land.'

"We arose and followed him. I went into the chief's house to get our few things. She was not there, nor anywhere about, and I sought to delay our going. 'Hurry, hurry, lazy one,' said my father, and I was forced to leave without even a last glimpse of her.

"'Father,' I said that evening, as we rode side by side, 'I wish to return to the Moquis pueblo.'

'Hush!' he exclaimed. 'Some girl back there I suppose. Well, you can't have her. None of my blood shall mix with that of those cowardly dogs.'

"'Father,' I continued, and it was the first time that I failed to mind him, 'her parents have promised her to High Sun. I cannot bear it. I want her.'

"He laughed. 'Boy,' he said, 'you may go back and try to take her from him; and if you succeed, ten of my best horses shall you have. Yes, I would give more than that to see that man become the mark of the village tongues.'

"Right there I sprang from my horse and handed him the rope, and after some parting words I turned and walked back toward the pueblo, away in the distance shining red in the light of the setting sun.

"Long before morning I arrived at the spring of the Spider Woman, and having drank deeply, I hunted around and at last made me a hiding place in some loose boulders not far from it. In the morning I saw her with other women, and how beautiful she was. How gracefully she lifted her olla and bore it, brimming full, up the steep trail. She came again in the middle of the day and she was alone, but for both our sakes I dared not make my presence known. In the dusk of the evening she came still again, and knelt before the shrine. In an instant I was kneeling beside her, clasping her in my arms, and she flung her arms around my neck, and kissed me, and said: 'You did come back! You did come back! It was what I was praying for just now.'

"'You do love me, then?' I asked.

"'Oh, I do, I do, from the time I first saw you in our house I have loved you,' she whispered, bending her face on my bosom.

"Quickly we made our plans: She was to return home, and then, when all in the house were asleep, she was to take what meal or other food was handy and join me in flight. I could not bear to have her out of my sight, so I accompanied her to the top of the hill. As we kissed before she went in, I thought I

saw some one appear at e top of the trail we had just ascended and then suddenly drop back, as though watching us.

"'Return as quickly as you can,' I whispered, 'I will be waiting for you over there at the edge of the cliff.'

"I stood and watched her enter the house and then I turned toward the place where I was to wait, glancing again at the top of the trail. I was right in my suspicion; I now plainly saw, outlined against the sky, a man come up over it and follow me with careful step. I drew my knife and kept on, very, very slowly, pretending to look out beyond the cliff, but really watching him. I felt certain that it was High Sun. He had followed her to the spring, he had heard us, he was going to kill me quietly, unobserved, so that she would never suspect him of the deed. Nearer and nearer he came, and suddenly he stretched out his long arms and sprang to grasp my throat. At the same time I whirled and faced him, plunging my knife deep into his bosom. He siezed me, but I stabbed him again and yet again, and with a gurgle in his throat he dropped at my feet. I drag :d him to the edge of the cliff and pushed him over it, and then sat down, weak, trembling, scared at what I had done. Not a word had he spoken, nor had I; but I had recognized him, it was High Sun.

"It seemed twenty winters and summers before she came back to me. I arose and kissed her, and hand in hand we went down the trail. At the spring we stopped, and at the little shrine she made a sacrifice of a turquoise ornament, crying softly. 'See what I am leaving for you,' she said at last, rising and drawing me to her. 'I am leaving my parents, my home, my dear friends, to go with you to a strange land. Promise me, promise me here before this shrine that you will always love me and be good to me.'

"I gave the promise, calling on the Spider Woman and all the other gods of the Under World to witness it. They know that I kept my word. Once more we kissed each other, then resumed our way, down, down the trail, and out on the great lonely desert. On and on in the darkness we walked until she grew weary, and then we hid ourselves in a nest of sagebrush. Almost at once she slept, and I kept guard over her, praying that the Moquis would not find and follow our trail. Soon after daylight she awoke and smiled up at me, and then, seeing the dried blood upon my breast and hands, she shrieked with terror. 'What is it?' she cried, 'are you hurt?

"I told her all, and she remained with bowed head a long time in silence. Then she sprang up and embraced and kissed me many times. 'The gods willed it,' she said. 'It was to be either his or my body lying there at the foot of the cliff. I had made up my mind to jump off that great rock-wall, instead of becoming his woman.'

"The Moquis did not pursue us. By traveling nights we managed to reach the mountains, half dead from thirst and hunger. Twice, before we passed through them and came into our own country, we narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the Apaches. Through it all she never faltered. Instead, she cheered me: 'Do not worry,' she would say, 'the gods are with us, and I love you, my man, my chief.'"

"Such was the woman I loved," said Thin Leather as he finished his story. Do you wonder that I am anxious to rejoin her in the Under World?"

SOUTH COAST SHOOTING

By "Stillhunter."

Part V. Among the Greenheads

THERE is a peculiar fascination about marsh shooting and its near related sport, shore bird shooting, which extends to almost all lovers of the shotgun, or even the rifle, for in hunting over many of the lowlands of the United States and Mexico, the small-bore rifle is coming into greater demand than the scatter gun.

Something there is, either in sky or sun or air, the game one gets or the way one gets it, which surges into the blood and makes of the follower of rivers and creeks, and bayous and harbor mouths, a species to himself among the tribe of the hunters. Successfully to walk up ducks or geese or snipe along a river or behind sand hills requires, I believe, something akin to the skill which the turkey hunter must have at his command, something which is not far from the acuteness of observation and of hearing which are necessary to the successful deer-stalker.

Poling up a slow-flowing river in an old batteau; driving a slender canoe through the heavily grown rushes which fringe a northern lake; stealthily creeping through the sand-hills to get a fair shot at some old drake; slipping through the willow growth from the bluff down to the river to catch a goose half asleep on some sand bar—all these things are filled with the same lore of the wild as are the pursuit of the deer and the bear and the lion, only in lesser degree.

Probably because I grew up among the eternal hills, most of my hunting has been done in the cañons and on the mesas of the Southwest rather than along its water front; possibly, because I have not followed so very many of its few rivers down to the sea, I have a great and inexhaustible longing to hunt and hunt and hunt along the shores of the ocean, round about the rims of its bayous, and up its streams as far as I can go by boat or on foot, with waders or without. Part of each year, a few days at least, I get out along some stream, or down on the beach, and there I get a day or so of shooting for each of my old friends, the ducks and the shorebirds, with maybe an occasional goose thrown in for good measure.

I like the shorebirds—erratic little wisps of wind-blown life—coming down from the Circle for a few persecuted days only to whirl themselves away again on some eddying gust of wind when the Spring comes round. I like the slow, stately curlew, and the slender-legged avocets and stilts that make of the barren alkali lands a resting place, and a nesting place for such of them as are not disposed to seek polar lands in which to rear their young.

But best of all to shoot, it seems to me, and best to eat when you get them, are the mallards, the big green-headed ducks that are hatched and raised along the marshes and the alfalfa fields of Southern California. I have shot a few canvasbacks down here, but never yet saw or tasted one that could compare with a fat mallard any more than a fat wild goose can compare with a well-bred specimen of the barnyard variety for the table.

I am told that the canvasbacks on this coast do not get the feed they do in the marshes and the mudflats of the Chesapeake and other Eastern shooting grounds, and this may have something to do with the case; but out here they are not worth powder and shot compared to a mallard. All mallards are big; but those which have been hatched and raised right where they are shot are far ahead of those which have had to fly many miles before settling down for their Winter's rest and to furnish a Winter's sport for the shooters.

Here in Southern California—from San Diego to Ventura, and I suppose somewhat further north as well—the mallard is an all-the-year-'round resident. Where low level

lands run down to the sea and are sown to a luxuriant growth of alfalfa, the female mallard makes her home.

In such a field, beside a slow-flowing drainage ditch whose grass lined sides furnish ample food for her and her brood, she makes a bed, literally, in the alfalfa or marsh grass. This she lines with a firm and dry mass of grass stems and feathers from her breast or from that of her mate—authorities dispute as to which bird furnishes the nesting material. In it are laid from six to twelve greenish white eggs, usually about seven, if my memory serves me right, and when these hatch the young find the ditch almost before their mother can lead them to it.

Feathers on all young ducks grow with amazing rapidity, and it is but a few days, seemingly, before they are as well adapted, both with wings and feet, to take care of themselves as is their parent. While the mother bird has been sitting on her eggs, the drake, gorgeous in his nuptial plumage, has joined others of his kind in shaded stretches of the river or bay. Soon his beauty fades, however, and the period of moult comes on. Then he is a sorry object, indeed, little like the lordly duck which holds the palm over all other river ducks in point of beauty. Later on the flocks come together again, but this is a period of seclusion for the male, when he does not care to see or be seen by aught but members of his own kind.

Mallard drakes manifest their sex from the time their feathers begin to "sprout" by the curled ends of the tail feathers, which roll up over the back of the male in a manner exactly similar to those of the domestic duck, which by the way is nothing but a tame mallard in various stages of change incident to evolutionary influences.

But the natural history of the mallard, interesting as it is, and full of little incidents of the river and the lake, is not to be compared from the sportsman's viewpoint with the shooting of him from the blind or along the river with a small bore rifle. I remember very well one clear December morning, more years ago than I like to tell, sitting in a blind on the "island" in the little bay we used to call a harbor down at Newport.

We had not had much luck, and the day was too clear for the birds to be coming in well; most of them had gone out to sea early in the morning and were lying out a few rods in black rafts which would make any hunter's heart sick to see, had we only stood up to look. But the mallards saved the day. They came along singly, with here and there a redhead, here and there a teal, flying across the bay, not up or down, and always restless, always on the move.

We picked the mallards after we saw that they were going to keep moving for an hour or two at least, and let the teal and reddies go by. By this system we got nineteen between us; I believe I got one less than Jim, though I am not sure. Those were the days when there were no bag limits except what a man set for himself, yet we never overshot, never sold any and what is infinitely more to the point never had occasion to throw any away. All of these are the things which are slowly but surely spoiling the duck situation in California—at least the Southern end of it, today.

This is one of the few days in which I have ever shot ducks from a blind. We had no decoys—did not need any. Had the weather been cloudy we could have filled a wagon box with ducks of all kinds, and as it was we got the best there was to be had in plenty. But the best way to hunt ducks is to walk them up along some creek or river, or even in the sandhills, where the duck has some chance, and where the man with the decoys and the blind and the dog is not quite so much of a master of the slaughter as he is in most cases.

This last Winter, when the frost was gettin' on the pumpkin daown East, I slipped the .22 under one arm, a pair of waders on my feet, a couple of boxes of "long rifles" in my coat pockets, and rode away on one of Mr. Huntington's electric cars to where, on a fabric of wood and steel, it crosses the San Gabriel River. Now the San Gabriel, for the greater part of its way, is not at all a busy stream; it has time for everything on earth except its business of getting down to the sea. Consequently there are many little tule-fringed pools along its shores, when you get above tidewater, wherein one or two pair of ducks, of such solitary species as the mallards, can hide completely and well. It was in search of such that I set forth.

Leaving the electric where the stream was comparatively open, I followed up stream

two or three miles to where the willows became thicker, and where the stream, swollen by Winter rains, broadened out among the young tree growth. Through this, I knew, were scattered little ponds—or at least there had been such ponds for the past ten years, and there was no good reason why they should not be there yet. I stumbled onto the first pond, having forgotten just where it was located, and scared up five mallards, big greenheads and their mates, from where they had been resting quietly. There was one duck lost at least, and I went at the next open place in the willow growth somewhat less noisily. Here there was a little fringe of tules around the open water, which of itself could not have been more than twenty-five feet by fifty in its greatest measure. It was fed from one side by a small stream from the main river, which, moving down through the middle of the pool, made just enough action in the quiet water to satisfy the ducks.

I stepped between two heavy willow trunks which had been broken off at the time that Mexican wood choppers had skinned the whole of this country a few years before, and then paused, my ear close to the wall of reed-leaves to listen. Not a sound broke the still afternoon save the lap, lap, of the water against the tules. Then there was a short spat on the face of the stream; evidently the ducks were getting restless and would be moving to other feeding grounds. I poked the barrel of the gun through the leafy wall, following it with my hand, and there, quite alone in his glory, sat an old male mallard, his head fairly shining in the light. So far as I could see there was not another duck near him. Up and down the pool was deserted; he was not more than twelve paces away.

The brown bead of the little rifle rested for an instant on his head, thrown back on his shoulders as it was, and the crack was followed by one mighty splash in the pond, and a brown-flanked duck floating on his side in the gray-blue stream. To get him I had to wade, but wading is not much of a hardship when you can pick up a fine fat mallard at the end of it, and that is just what I did there in the San Gabriel bottom lands. True to that first peep through the tall sedges, there was but one duck to be seen and he was quite beyond the call of his mates, shot clean through the head.

Further up on another pond I got another mallard, this time a female, and somewhat above this I picked up a teal on an irrigating ditch. There were five of them when the shooting started, and but one of them stayed wtih me. I never could shoot much on the fly with a rifle, though now and then I get away with a duck, or more often a curlew, as he flies slowly by me on some mud flat or along the shore of an alkali lake. By the time I had wandered this far I was pretty much out of the willow belt, into the country where the stream was flowing somewhat faster and was, as well, a bit narrower. Here I saw several ducks, but all were resting out of my reach and where I could not get within sure killing distance of them, so I let them go, all but one.

This particular fellow, also a male, had been wounded at some previous date in his career and could not fly. He could move along the surface of the water at a remarkably good gait, however, and I got him just as he settled down from one of his running flights. The river made a slight bend just where I put him up, and by running across the dry land, I reached the edge of the stream just as he settled down into it. One bullet did the work for him and then I had four, all the ducks I could use. The wound in the last bird's wing had healed long ago, and he was as fat as any wild duck any hunter ever saw, besides being large and well grown to start with. Apparently his injury had kept him close to the river since receiving it, and he had waxed fat on the lush grasses which his more hurried mates had overlooked. He was quite the best of the bunch when we came to eat them.

After this last shot I retraced my steps, cutting out the river walking insofar as I could, and heading back for the track, and the cross road where I could catch a car for the city. On my way I had occasion to cross through an alfalfa patch of some forty acres, which had not been cut for some time, and consequently was clothed with a luxuriant growth of the handsome clover. Along the south side of this there ran an old ditch, possibly part of some Spanish irrigation scheme, but at this time used for drainage purposes only. It was nearly full of water,

and this water in turn was nearly full of long green moss and water weeds, apparently just the sort of feeding ground for at least some of the webfeet. For a hundred yards before I reached the actual ditch I could hear mudhens (coots, *Fulica Americana*), chattering their noisy greetings each to each. Once I thought I heard a rail, but paid little attention to their noises until I came full upon the ditch and a literal stream of mallards got up from either side of me. If there was one there were fifty, all told, and wings and feet and tail and voice helped them to get out of that open ditch into a region where I was not.

I glanced up the ditch, toward the farmhouse, probably three or four hundred yards back on a bit of a knoll, and there, less than fifty yards from me, sat a duck, dark in color, but with the contour of a mallard. I figured it was a female who had been hiding in the grass in play with her mates or else had been feeding, and in either case had not heard my approach or noted the other's flight. To see with me was to act, and almost instantly the rifle cracked its spiteful little word to the afternoon air. The bird spun round and round seemingly half a dozen times, and started off up the creek, *swimming*, not flying, as a well behaved mallard would have done. I sent three more shots after the floating target, and at the third, though I saw all three bullets hit the water, the duck turned half way over on its side and lay still.

I ran forward; surely that was a huge mallard. As I approached it its size seemed to increase, until at last when I bent over the stream to rake the body over toward me I saw a full grown female *barnyard duck*, plumage almost exactly like the female mallard, and seeming to differ little from the wild bird save in size. Yes, I was astonished, sorry and worried all in one, but sorry mostly that I had killed so fine a bird unwittingly.

I suppose I should have gone immediately to that farmhouse, showed the rancher the duck and paid him for her at his own valuation. But I didn't. I figured that the duck would have followed the mallard band away when nesting time came anyway, and that the bird was as good as lost to the farmer when I came across it, so I put it in the very backmost pocket of the old brown coat, and the way I walked to that car had all the half-mile walkers beat off the boards.

Apparently I escaped, for I never heard from the unknown farmer owner of the duck from that day to this, but if he will communicate with Western Field, and describe his duck, the date of her taking off, and other incriminating circumstances, I will gladly pay for the bird and give him a good dinner besides. I sincerely trust, as well, that he is now keeping his ladybirds, both with feathers and without, closer home than he was wont to do when I passed the creek that afternoon.

THE TESTING

WITH all its timbers staunch and fast
Against the rock and tempest blast;
With heart of oak and hull of steel,
With gallant banners, sturdy keel;
With gallant prow and stanchions strong;
With joyous shout and launching song,
The Good Ship put to sea.

But not to ride o'er sunlit wave
The master to the ocean gave
The vessel that was never tried.
It must the stress of storms abide
And brave the roar of battle shock,
The breakers and the hidden rock,
And bear all worthily.

For smiling skies can never test
The strength to mount the billows' crest.
The ship the sunny sea that rides
When quiet waters lave its sides,
May not withstand the tempest lash;
May sink beneath the thunder crash
That many overwhelm.

E'en so the Good Ship of my Soul,
When round it angry waters roll,
Is only tested for the peace
Of harbors and of gentle seas.
And when the storm-clouds darkly brood
The Master sends them for my good—
His hand is on the helm.

—*Maurice Smiley,*

WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB
AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME
PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WESTERN FIELD COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Offices:
609-610 Mutual Savings Bank Building.

Registered at the San Francisco Postoffice as Second-Class Matter

FRANK H. MAYER - - - Managing Editor

Matter for publication should be addressed "WESTERN FIELD," 609-610 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal., and not to individuals connected with the magazine. All copy for new advertisements, changes or discontinuances, must be in hand not later than the 10th of the month preceding date of issue, in order to insure attention.

FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the People of California we demand at the hands of our Legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

THE NEW COMMISSION

ACCORDING to advices from Sacramento, the resignations of Messrs. W. W. Van Arsdale and Wm. E. Gerber, as members of the State Fish Commission were recently tendered to and accepted by Governor Gillett, who has announced the appointment of Mr. F. W. Van Sicklen and Gen. George Stone to fill the vacancies occasioned thereby.

Of the new appointees Mr. Van Sicklen is known to be a clean and enthusiastic sportsman as well as one of our most eminent, astute and successful business men. In his hands the interests of our game and its devotees is amply assured, provided he can be induced to give the necessary time to its consideration—generally a remote contingency in the case of gentlemen of such large affairs and invaluable time, but in this case a consummation devoutly to be wished. We are confident that Mr. Van Sicklen will take much more than a passive interest in the conduction of the Commission's work, and we congratulate the sportsmen of the State upon his fortuitous selection.

Of General Stone's qualifications we have no information upon which to base an opinion. Everybody knows that he is a shrewd, clever, and very thorough executive, but as to his affiliations and predilections in the matter of game protection there seems to be a universal ignorance. Of one thing there is not even a semblance of doubt—if he makes as good in the capacity of Fish Commissioner as he has in practical politics, his selection is an ideal one from the sportsman's standpoint.

In any event, these appointments coming at this period of the year are very timely. Spring is the accepted season for general and thorough housecleaning and we hope that the job will be promptly and effectively done.

THE TIME AND THE TIDE

IT IS a great pity that Eastern capitalists, manufacturers, and especially the great companies which place the bulk of the latters' advertising, can not be here to see in person the flood of opportunities which here in California, and in San Francisco particularly, is awaiting the energetic and progressive men who have wit and wisdom and capital enough to take advantage of its swelling tide.

Never before in the history of our State and City have industrial conditions been so favorable. The land is ringing day and night with the music of hammer, saw and trowel, and there is an opulent jingle in every man's pocket. As far as the eye can see in any point of the compass are vast structures, growing marvelously hour by hour under the cunning hands of thousands of men working as men have never worked before in California. In every shop and store of our great City there is a mute appeal of empty shelves, for stocks of merchandise can not be kept replenished fast enough to meet the enormous demand, even though ordered in train-load lots. It is conceded by conservative Eastern business men who have been on the ground that the daily sales in this City could be

easily trebled had our merchants the goods to sell.

Manufacturers in the East who have large overstocks can here find a market for their products—for everything that one lives in, eats, wears or has fun with—at prices that will yield incredible profits. Firms previously debarred from participating in the Coast trade because of the lack of good energetic local representation, can now take their pick of hundreds of dependable firms eager to handle their products. And as for advertising—this is now almost virgin soil for the sowing of the seeds of publicity. Everything was destroyed in our great calamity; the old affiliations and connections are ruptured, the old landmarks removed and the multitude is waiting to be informed and impressed.

Money is the commonest of our commodities these days, largely because we have not the chance to spend it. Wages here are double and in some cases treble those paid anywhere else in the world for similar services. Consequently price is actually an unreckonable quantity and the profits are proportionally great. Why will not the East see and grasp at the gold in the land of Setting Suns?

The labor troubles so largely dilated upon by the Eastern press are almost a negligible quantity considering the other conditions, and so far have not materially affected the marts. The temporary cessation of work is actually regarded by large builders as a positive benefit to them, in-as-much as they are enabled thereby to accumulate the vast amounts of material necessary to keep their men fully employed, and so get adequate returns for the wages paid. At present, many men drawing full days' pay for their services are necessarily idle half the working time on account of scarcity of material.

Now and this is the time and tide that will make the fortunes of men who are farsighted enough to improve both. San Francisco is shouting its needs from the house tops. It has the money and it wants to buy. Will the East ever get wise to that fact?

IN SIMPLE JUSTICE

NOW that we are to have a new board of State Fish Commissioners, it is only fair, in view of the dissatisfaction so generally expressed with the work of its predecessor, to say that in our opinion the sins—if the term be admissible—of the old board were those of omission rather than commission. By the "board", be it understood, we do not mean its deputies; the actions of one of these underlings in particular not admitting of any such qualification.

Personally, professionally, and socially no charge other than that of apathy has ever been or could have been laid against the two estimable gentlemen. Both of them are genuine and enthusiastic sportsmen in the fullest sense of the word; both have contributed generously, even lavishly, out of their private purses, and of their even more valuable time, to the cause of game protection. Both, we firmly believe, are true game protectionists at heart; and yet for reasons which we will attempt to analyze both have suffered—we say it with keen regret—in the estimation of their fellow sportsmen, simply because of their apathetic delegation of duties, logically incumbent upon themselves in person, to a subordinate whose mishandling of the power delegated has brought the whole Commission into disrepute.

It is easy to understand how the picayunish trivial details of the Commission's work were eagerly referred to the chief deputy and his assistants; gradually the referring process grew cumulative until at last one man was virtually and practically the whole Commission, dictating its policies and working them out in his own fashion and to his own taste. At first everything worked well, and the members of the Commission felicitated themselves over the satisfactory shifting of petty responsibilities and the saving of their valuable time accomplished thereby. But by so relegating the whole conduction of their official duties to this man they consequently were obligated to support him and stand by his actions, were compelled to endorse his every move—and, what might be logically expected came to pass! The result has been so muchly vented in the press that further comment here is unnecessary except to

say that, with a magnificent loyalty worthy of better emplacement they manfully stood by their man in the face of bitter, and in some instances undeserved animadversion, and rather than retreat under fire went down in the sportsmen's estimation farther than the merits of the case warranted.

That is all there was to it—but that is more than enough. No man has a right to assume duties that he does not contemplate discharging; and should he be led into such assumption unwittingly, the thing for him to do is to resign. No man should commit himself to a perpetuation of what must ultimately result in his stultification. One can not dabble in pitch—even relegatively—and not be defiled. We say this in sorrow and not in anger, dispassionately and with keen regret.

Nor is there any sarcasm intended in our saying that the ex-Commissioners should be thanked for a great and inestimable service which they have rendered the cause. They have shown us how a Commission should *not* be run and we hope that their successors will profit by the demonstration. It is a great thing to know, in any earthly connection, what not to do, and we trust that our bitterly earned knowledge will not be further supplemented by the new board, whom we confidently expect will have interest and energy—and leisure—enough to discharge the duties incumbent upon their station in person and with decision.

CALIFORNIA GAME & FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION
Organized May 26, 1900

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H. T. Payne, 725 Baker Street, San Francisco.

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IN LINE AT LAST

FOR many years past it bas been the pleasure and the policy of the daily papers in this city to deride not only the individual advocates of game protection, but the cause itself. For some inscrutable reason they have elected to lean always to the side of the market hunter, the game hog and the commercial traffieker in game.

Having long despaired of being able to get them to give us even the chance to fairly present our side of the question, we are doubly delighted to find that the San Francisco "Call' has at last come to a full appreciation of the situation, and is standing openly and aggressively for the cause we have so long been championing, as witness the following excerpt which recently appeared in its pages:

(From San Francisco Call.)

STONE AND VAN SICKLEN ON FISH COMMISSION

WILL SUCCEED GERBER AND VAN ARSDALE, WHO HAVE ACTED FOR YEARS

Sacramento, April 28.—General George Stone and F. W. Vao Sicklen are to become members of the State Board of Fish Commissioners as soon as Commissioners W. E. Gerber and W. W. Van Arsdale hand in their resignations, which are expected at any time.

When seeo by the Call correspondent tonight Governor Gillett said that Stone and Vao Sicklen had consented to serve and that they would be appointed soon. The Governor said that no especial significaoce attached to the change.

The retiring commissioners are desirous of completing certain work which had been going on under their administration. They have been anxious to resign for some time, but desired to leave the way clear for the new appointees of the Governor.

Sportsmen throughout the State have not been in accord with the commissioo in some years. There have beeo serious differences of opinion as to the proper policy to be pursued in many matters of game protection. The tremendous damage done to

the food fishes of the bay by refuse oil is a problem which has not been attacked vigorously by the commission. Again, much fish and game have been confiscated by the deputies of the commission, but men who are known to be gross violators of the law have not been punished when the cases against them seemed strong.

It was a matter of common notoriety that certain dealers and restaurants continually violated the law in the matter of the number of ducks in their possession. It was expected that the commissioners would fight the law extending the salmon fishing season on the Sacramento, but they did not do so. It is the opinion of authorities that the supply of fish in the river is not adequate to stand the heavy drain thus being made upon it.

Chief Deputy C. A. Vogelsang has been the storm center about which much of the outcry against the commission raged. Whether he is to retain his position or retire to private life will not be known until the new commission shall have been organized.

Governor Gillett is an ardent sportsman and he is said to have decided ideas upon the subject of game protection.

[In recognition of this equitable and just action it is up to the sportsmen of this city and State to support enthusiastically and materially the only daily paper that has had gumption and honesty enough to tell the truth. Subscribe for the Call, friends. At last we have a friend at court!—Ed.]

* * *

WILL THEY ATTEND TO THIS

The following excerpt from the San Benito Advance, Hollister, Cal., is reproduced for the especial benefit of the State Fish Commission, to whom it is respectfully referred:

"EXTERMINATING THE GAME.

"At a meeting of the State Sportsmen's Association last year, a San Francisco man remarked to a Hollister delegate, 'that used to be a great country of yours for rabbits.' 'It's a great country for rabbits yet, but b'rer rabbit doesn't know it," sarcastically replied the Hollister man. There was more truth than poetry in the remark.

"Like all other species of game, rabbits are disappearing from the face of the earth in this county. As far as the game laws are concerned in San Benito county they might as well be wiped off the book. Instead of a lot of fair-minded, law-abiding sportsmen, we have a lot of greedy poachers who would fish for spawn with scoop nets if they could do it unobserved. For weeks the streams have been fished and fished, without regard to size, weight or number. Boasts are made of big catches, the offenders having no conception of the moral duty of every citizen. Not only fish but every species of game in this county has been virtually exterminated. Quail have been killed hatching on the nests, and doves slaughtered by the dozen in pot shots at waterholes. Men laugh at the limit for deer. Does and fawns all look alike to the poacher, and in and out of season the protected female falls with the unprotected buck. To enjoy a deer hunt now, requires a hundred miles to travel, where a few years ago game abounded in the surrounding foothills.

"Too long this field has been neglected by the State authorities, until poachers now consider that their rights to violate the law have inured by prescription. A few arrests of the principal offenders, and the imposition of a commensurate fine would be an all around good thing."

* * *

EASY SCHOOL MONEY

IN THE district court of Enid, Oklahoma, the case of Territory vs. Rock Island Railroad, growing out of the car of quail confiscated by Game Warden Watrous, in this city last winter, was called April 24th. The law provides a fine of $500 against any common carrier hauling the game out of the territory. It also provides an attorney fee of $100 to the officer bringing the action.

When Mr. Eugene Watrous, Territorial Game and Fish Warden, discovered the 30,000 quail which he confiscated, County Attorney Huett at once brought action against the road to collect the penalty and his fee. The case came up for trial by jury and a verdict was rendered for the plaintiff. All of the five hundred dollars goes into the school fund.

* * *

HIS HONEST CONFESSION

Editor Western Field:

Dear Sir:—Let us take up the blue jay question as the Shasta county people see it. Now, Mr. Editor, did it ever occur to you that of the millions of people that you have seen no two looked alike? It does not take but a handful of mud to make the human face and all are designed after the same pattern, yet differing every one. So it is with our point of view; while the writer may not agree with the methods outlined in the letter from your Redding correspondent in your last issue, the fact remains that the Shasta county blue jay is the most destructive bird the writer has ever known. Send up a representative of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; we will take him to the man who has seen this feathered pirate tear the feathers from the back of a mother dove in trying to make her get off the nest that he might kill and eat the young; also to many who can vouch for the destroying of eggs and young quails. About four years ago the valley quail were almost all gone from along the Sacramento river. A war was waged upon the blue jay by every shot gun man in the county and the result has been a large increase in the number of quail.

Now let us analyze the Pot-Hunting Game-Hogs of California. It was you that used these names, whether advisedly remains to be seen. The writer claims to be one of the original Pot-Hunters, taking up the shot gun in the Valley of the Mississippi river some fifty-two years ago. We shot only for two things, "the pot" or for self-protection. We were not allowed to kill for "sport". We are led to believe that our editor advocates only killing for sport. Well, we will always remember being in disgrace for killing in one day sixteen ducks, which could not be utilized and had to be fed to the hogs. Since that time I have deserved the name of Game-Hog by killing the limit under the California law.

A certain sporting magazine which in its time was the best, used the names of "Game-Hog" and "Pot-Hunter" when any one differed with his (the editor's) opinion, till he lost his advertisers and periodical.

It seems to have been, since the days of Cain, the desire of the animal man to go out and kill something. It has always seemed to the writer that the only fault in the plan of life was the necessity as we see it of taking life to sustain life.

Mr. Editor, did you ever look into the eyes of the lamb of calf just before the butcher's knife cut short the young life—those sweet, soft, limpid eyes full of the joy of the new world? Now, we never allow ourselves to stop and think of this when the chops or cutlets come to our table. You and I are accessories after these murders, for it is next thing to killing suckling babes.

It is all in the point of view. I will bet you a new hat—and leave it to the man who is not a "sportsman", the man that you don't want to even be able to buy a wild duck,—even or with odds, that he will decide that the man that has claimed the fifty bird limit under the law is your true Game-Hog. Now suppose that this "True Sport' should present himself at the gate of Heaven with his fifty birds—of course I know that he only wants thirty-five now, and to make it so that the other fellow has none—more than he can carry or can eat in fifty days, don't you honestly think that St. Peter would send him to the place where they could all be cooked at once?

An honest confession is good for the soul. I remember to have even shot fish, but I found an excuse in that they were only carp, although I did once catch a salmon through the head with a load of shot when he jumped at a fly. And I am a Game-Hog, too, for I have a game preserve where I take a friend, and where the other fellow can not go, and I will not sell him any game.

Yours truly,

W. COYNE.

* * *

A TRIBUTE TO MICHIGAN'S WOODS AND WATERS

[The following response by Levant Fred Brown before the Michigan Society at its annual banquet at the Hotel Astor, New York City, February 1, 1907, is so full of tender feeling that we deem it worthy of preservation. We are quite sure that our readers will appreciate it.—Ed.]

MR. TOAST-MASTER, Members, and Guests, * * * Many of us have read the child-story of the 'prince who was told by the fairy that if he could find a four-leaved clover growing wild, that talisman would bring him happiness. After searching for it through many lands he returned home, gray and feeble, to pass the poor little remnant of his life. And there, beside his own door-step, he found the four-leaved clover! That, sir, will explain why I camp and fish in Michigan. For after forty years of searching and even exploring for wildest, most attractive woods and waters, I realize that our State contains them,—where I know Nature best, and by Her heart-beats answering my own.

Judged by severe standards, many of Michigan's forest tapestries, river chains and lake robes and jewels show defects, My own perfect attack of chills and fever and yellow jaundice was a gift from Michigan swamps. And such astonishing sand-hills as winds raise along the east shore of Lake Michigan,—lofty ugliness beside the rich, sapphire blue of that water! Yet with abundant caution I say that Nature, exulting in Her work, seems to exhaust Michigan's generous allotment of highest landscape beauty by lavishing it upon special regions and locations until they seem to be peerless. I need mention only two or three.

When jaded men who lead strenuous lives seek summer rest and recreation,—real escape from cooked air and electric fan wind,—they should drift in a canoe down the Au Sable stream from Grayling to Lake Huron, or down the Manistee from Sharon to Maple Grove. Go in a dory along the south Superior shore from Whitefish Point to Marquette, and camp anywhere in that remote beauty-world, and see how Nature mixes Her sunshine and rain about the camps; where an angler will eat fried trout with his fingers, and will not see little wash-dishes placed right on the camp table at meals, and called finger-bowls.

* * * Every angler, hunter, camper or canoeist knows some very especial forest, stream, lake or mountain which he feels is partly his own—that it was made beautiful *for him!* So his heart doubly clasps and holds it. And out in our native State, sir, is my little trout-stream,—*my* little trout-stream,—the Slagle river. I beg you will not consider what I tell you about it as rhapsody and exaggeration.

It is flowing now, over white and gray gravel, talking to itself through a wilderness of pines and hemlocks, cedars and spruces, now green above the snow on the laurel and rhododendron bushes, alders, ferns and thorn-brush. I have dreamed of that stream during seven months of business banishment from it. But next June I camp beside it and during the remaining summers of my life.

It is nearly a thousand miles away; but I can see its Lower Glen as it will appear—a cañon with banks sloping upward nearly 300 feet, and all thickly covered with flower-snow,—great thorn-bushes in the white blossoming of early June. I can see how all that will look at three o'clock in the June mornings as I fish for big trout, while every thorn-flower will begin to have its own dewdrop, and so many of the dewdrops have caught and hold faint glints of starlight. I can smell that cool fragrance, as the water croons the night-song which breaks and dies along those pebbled banks. I am going out there, sir, to get back and live all summer with heart. And how slowly the days and nights are passing here! I wander from Brooklyn into Little Old New York, walk up Lower Broadway, and hear the chimes of Old Trinity Bells pealing out, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!" But for me they also chime the other Doxology of "Only Four Months More,—Only Four Months More!" Every deep note of those bells seems to accentuate the call of the crystal voice of that trout-stream; and as I listen, this city vanishes! I am wading in that glen long after midnight, casting white miller-flies for big trout. I bear the wind in the tops of the pines. I feel the breath of the lower cascade, and its moisture on my face. Or I see our tent with its pine board table, and two or three extra tin cups and plates for visitors. I cut and trim the green alder-branch, make a fork of its twin-stubs, and with it hold a slice of bacon over the camp-fire: and as it cooks and bastes, here I smell boiling coffee,

and frying trout, and the smoke and burning balsam from the pine backlog; and the Michigan woods-hunger fills my throat. I taste the hot biscuits baked in the tin reflector, and the wild honey gathered by our camp-keeper. Any sportsman passing there tired and hungry will be asked to stop, rest, eat with us, and help us fish along that four miles of the stream. O sir, I love that stream! It is my heart talking now. Words, words are cheap! It is easy to weave them into garlands to festoon before a post-prandial audience. But to talk of my little Michigan trout-stream and before Michigan men? Words are not rich enough!

And next summer, sir, I shall see the iron fence placed around a level spot on the left bank of that glen, under two big hemlocks. You can hear the water rushing below, and see it in glimpses, winding among the trees to where it empties into the Manistee. In about forty years, sir (no sooner, I hope), I and two old comrades will be sleeping under those hemlocks. Mother Earth has no other breast which could be so warm for me. In all reverence I say that I hope my spirit will start from the little Slagle river when I am summoned to cross the Dark River, alone, and must go up to the gates guarded by Saint Peter and beg of him to let me in because I was his fellow-fisherman on earth, and loved my fellow men, and never kept a trout under eight inches long. And he, sir, cannot fail to remember that morning when he girded his own rude fisher's coat about his naked body, cast himself from that little ship into blue Galilee, and swam to where his risen and returned Master had fish cooking for him, laid on that fire of coals; and who told him (not once, but three times), that as he loved his Master, to feed his Master's sheep.

Sir, sitting here on my left are two ministers of the Gospel,—one, at least, from the City of Churches. I am a poor sinner. But with absolute faith, with awe, with a head bowed in veneration, I yet believe that if I am admitted into Paradise, I shall find my little Michigan trout-stream there: then I need only say, "Please give me my wading-boots and fishing-tackle, and show me the way to the Slagle river. I long for its waters, its pines, and thorn-blossoms. Lead me to where that thin, blue column of smoke is rising through the trees from my camp-fire on the bank. And show me the board table in the tent, with two extra cups and plates; for I know several old trout-fishermen who must, very soon, be coming this way along the bank: and they will be tired and hungry, and will want some hot biscuits and wild honey, and fried trout."

* * *

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION RULES FOR FLY CASTING IN TOURNAMENT

RULE I.

ANY Club giving a tournament under the auspices of the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs shall conform to the following general rules and the regulations governing the several events.

RULE II.

Any Club giving a tournament under the auspices of the N. A. S. A. C. shall provide for at least three (3) Amateur Fly Events and three (3) Amateur Bait Events selected from among the events listed, and recognized by the N. A. S. A. C., and the trophy in each of these events shall be known as the "Amateur Championship Trophy."

RULE III.

In the Events comprising any tournament given under the auspices of the N. A. S. A. C., professionals will not be permitted to cast except in such events as may be provided for them.

A professional is defined as follows:

One who is or has been a teacher of casting for pay.

One who is or has been a market fisherman.

One who is or has been a paid guide.

One who for pay casts or has cast with any rod, reel, line, or device in the interests of the maker or seller thereof.

One who does or has done exhibition casting for pay, either directly or indirectly.

One who for pay conducts or has conducted any exhibition of casting.

One who is or has been engaged in the manufacture or sale of fishing tackle.

This definition does not include the amateur rod builder or fly tier, or the amateur maker of some angling device for his own use.

RULE IV.

All tournaments shall be governed by the Club Tournament Committee. The President and Secretary of the N. A. S. A. C. shall be ex-officio members of this committee.

RULE V.

The members of the Executive Committee of the N. A. S. A. C. present at any tournament shall constitute an appeals committee.

This committee shall approve the Judges and Referees selected by the Club Tournament Committee and decide finally on any question in reference to interpretation of the Rules and Regulations submitted to it by the Club Tournament Committee.

RULE VI.

The Club Captain shall be the executive officer of the day and shall examine and approve all tackle used. He shall act as time keeper, shall signal the Judges, and shall call time and tally of casts to the contestants.

RULE VII.

The events shall be governed by two Judges, a Referee, and a Clerk appointed by the Club Tournament Committee and approved by the Appeals Committee. In case of disagreement the Referee shall decide and his decision shall be final, except as to an interpretation of the Rules. In such case contestant shall have the right of appeal to the Club Tournament Committee and through this Committee to the Appeals Committee, provided that notice of such appeal is given to the Club Captain before the close of the event.

The Clerk shall see that each contestant is properly registered. He shall keep the score of each contestant, as announced by the Referee, on properly prepared score sheets, and deliver same to the Club Secretary immediately after the event closes.

In Delicacy and Accuracy Fly there shall be three judges, two of whom shall separately keep an account of "delicacy" and the average of their findings shall control in determining the "delicacy percentage."

RULE VIII.

The Club Secretary shall receive all entry fees, keep a register of all contestants, and issue cards to all contestants designating their number in the order of competition. Contestants shall cast in the order in which they make their entries, and places cannot be changed without the consent of the Club Captain. Entries to an event shall close thirty minutes before same commences.

RULE IX.

Each contestant shall pay an entrance fee, the amount of which shall be determined by the Club giving the Tournament and announced by said Club at least thirty days prior to the tournament.

RULE X.

All ties shall be cast off immediately after the event. The loser shall be entitled to the prize next in order.

RULE XI.

No one except active contestants and Captain shall be allowed nearer the Judges or casting point than twenty-five feet, and any contestant distracting the attention of the Judges, Clerk, Captain or active contestant in any manner whatever, shall forfeit all rights and claims and be barred from further participation in the tournament. A suitable enclosure or railing shall be erected at the proper place and no one except contestants and officers shall be admitted within same.

RULE XII.

Bait target and fly rings shall be located "down wind" from casting point. If wind shifts during progress of event, their position may be changed at option of the Captain. Fly rings shall always be placed in line with each other.

RULE XIII.

If lack of time or other conditions demand, accuracy bait events may be limited to ten (10) casts for each contestant, or two or more targets may be used, but "squad casting" will not be permitted.

RULE XIV.

Any one found guilty of selling a trophy or of any other conduct unbecoming a gentleman or sportsman, shall not be permitted to participate in any tournament.

TARGET.

Target shall consist of six concentric rings, placed twelve inches apart, measurement being taken from "center to center" of bars or strips constituting the rings. The inner ring shall be thirty (30) inches in diameter and shall have in its center a bull's-eye not over six inches in diameter, which shall project over water line not over six (6) inches.

As far as possible the target shall be so constructed that all of it except the six-inch bull's-eye shall float just below surface of water and rings shall be as narrow as possible across their tops.

* * *

A COWPUNCHER AFLOAT

IT'S a far cry from the quarter deck of a broncho on the eastern slope of the Rockies where the blizzards howl and the snow gets anywhere from six inches to sixteen feet deep, to the cockpit of a thirty-foot sloop in the mild and genial climate of Puget Sound, but that was the change we made, and there is but one regret in connection with it, i. e., that we did not make it twenty-five years ago. Of course, to have done so we should have missed a whole lot that I have enjoyed to the full, but my dear old partner that has travelled side by side with me for more than thirty-two years would not have had to endure the hardships and all the discomforts of a life on the frontier about a thousand miles from nowhere.

One has to travel to learn. You can't take anyone's sayso for a country. This place was always held up to us as a sort of perpetual bath-house, but when one has enjoyed (!) 40 degrees to 50 degrees below zero for weeks at a stretch, one rather appreciates the rain which is very much exaggerated.

To return to our cockpit was like returning to our first love. The rest of it was all good enough for the time, but having been brought up on the sea coast, spending the greater part of my boyhood there, I always had a yearning to get back to the sea. When only ten years old I could tell the rig of every ship I put the glass on in the offing.

The old sailors used to beg my good old aunt to let me go off on fishing trips, and I could shin up the rattlings and out on the yards like a monkey; so when I got hold of a tiller it rather astonished the old sea dogs to see the landlubber (?) from Montana putting out into the combers with a twenty to thirty mile breeze; but when I told them I had learned the trick on the east coast of Yorkshire in the neighborhood of the dangerous Flambro' Head they no longer feared for my safety in Puget Sound.

"Familiarity breeds contempt," and I surely had begun to look upon the seas in the sound as a tempest in a teapot. However, something recently took place that made me "sit up and take notice." My son came over on a visit, and of course must have a spin in the yacht. There was a nice breeze, about five knots, and we were working out into the bay where the wind sweeps down from the Narrows. We were pretty close hauled, with the wind abeam and the main sheet made fast as the wind was steady. We were intently watching some ducks and bearing down on them to get a shot, with no thought of a squall or any change, when one of those black squalls that come up with a south wind struck us and before we could move she heeled over and the water poured into the cockpit.

I shoved the helm hard down and we had way enough on to bring us up into the wind and the boat righted, but it was a close call and since that I have considerably more respect for the squalls on Puget Sound.

Well, we baled her out and took a reef in the mainsail, for it was now blowing a gale. We turned our course and ran before the wind. Gee whizz! we fairly flew from wave to wave, and the boy forgot all about his narrow shave from an involuntary bath in the exhilaration of that run. We finally hauled up into a sheltered cove and went to visit the friends we had started for, thinking the wind would let up—but never a let! It gained in strength and got fiercer every hour, not the long roll of an Atlantic wave, but the short choppy, drenching sea of Lake Superior—just a perpetual bang, bang from one wave to another. We wanted to go home, and as it was getting late, decided to tackle it with double reef and reefed jib.

The wind in a direct course for home was over our starboard bow, but too close to make it without tacking. The tide, a seven-mile one, was against us and we tacked and tacked, hardly making any gain, as we had no sea room for some time. At last we got a good long tack and felt pretty good at the prospect of making home in good time.

The days were short and before we reached the only dangerous rocky point we had to pass we had our lights out. My old eyes, none too good in the day time, refuse to report distances at night, and before I knew anything I was under the bluff and almost on the reef. There's a strong eddy comes round that point and makes it hard to go about when the tide is running in, so I jumped for the anchor, but it was no good. It refused to hold and wind and wave lifted us steadily to the shore.

We lowered the sails, but still she dragged, till at last we felt her strike and the next big wave lifted us high and dry onto—not a rock, but a sandy beach between the rocks. We pried and pushed, but to no avail, the wind and waves outmatched us. We were stuck, two miles from home—and that two miles all water, for we lived oo an island.

It was darker than a black cat, and raining to beat four of a kind; but we decided to walk down to the Narrows and get some one to put us over so we could get home. Taking the boat's lantern we worked our way over the drift and seaweed till we saw a light which we hailed. It turned out to be a small schooner and the owner rowed us a half-mile for one of Uncle Sam's eartwheels. We reached home drenched and hungry at 10 p. m., our couple of hours sail having lengthened out to just twelve.

It's no trouble to sail where you have sea room, but I have learned to have a lot of respect for the squalls and eddies of Puget Sound, though they may appear trifling after the ocean's seas.

At a high tide I floated my boat off and sailed home, none the worse for one of the most lucky trips I ever took. In future I sail by day and take grub enough to stay at anchor if night catches me.

But yet, taking it all in all, I think I prefer the sloop to the broncho. How about you?

"ELK."

Manzanita, Wash.

* * *

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO SHOOT

THE Executive Committee of the National Rifle Association of America, at a meeting held recently in the Association's offices, 299 Broadway, New York City, adopted the plans proposed by General James A. Drain, President nf the Association, for schoolboy rifle shooting. The great importance to the nation of this aetion, and what its value will be to future generations, as an addition to the country's defensive streogth, and as an agency for the promotion of peace, can hardly be comprehended.

The introduction of rifle shooting in the universities, colleges, academies, and schools of our country has been advocated by the leading minds of all times. Not only has it been held to be necessary as a preparation for and preventive of war, but it has been recognized that rifle shooting is of itself a clean and manly sport, one which quickens the eye, trains the brain, and strengthens the character and the body.

The United States is years behind all other great countries in taking up this work, which is the more essential under the changed conditions of modern life. Relying as we properly do upon a citizen soldiery created from peaceful citizens when war is unavoidable, rather than upon a large and permanent military establishment, we should be ahead, not behind.

Boys and young men taught to shoot the rifle as a means of making them fit to serve their country in time of need, are not on that account more inclined to warlike strife. Indeed, the more intimate knowledge of war and its horrors, thus unavoidably obtained, gives them a greater disposition to seek to shield their country from war, and to maintain peace.

The National Rifle Association will at once put into operation these plans, under which an opportunity will be given to organize rifle clubs in all the institutions of learning throughout the country. These clubs will be divided into two classes, one to consist of clubs composed of students in universities, colleges, and institutions of learning conferring degrees, the other of students in public schools, academies, preparatory and private schools. It is proposed to have these clubs practice both indoors and outdoors, and a code has been adopted for qualifications under both conditions. Indoor work will be carried on with the 22 caliber rifle or with reduced charges, and the sub-target rifle machine; outdoor work with the military rifle. Medals will be given for qualifications on both indoor and outdoor ranges, and the clubs will receive prizes for competitions among their members. Each club will consist of at least 20 members. Applications from these clubs for affiliation with the National Rifle Association, when approved by the proper college or school authorities, will be made to the Secretary, Lieut. Albert S. Jones, 299 Broadway, New York City.

It is also proposed to hold a big inter-collegiate and inter-scholastic competition every spring in some section of the country. The first of the kind will be held on June 21-22 at Creedmoor, N. Y. At this meeting the new handsome inter-collegiate trophy will be competed for. Teams are expected from Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Columbia, George Washington, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, College of the City of New York, and St. John's in all of which successful rifle clubs are in operation. What is likely to be an intensely interesting part of the program will be a competition between teams representing the public schools. New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, Rochester, Buffalo, Albany, and possibly other cities will take part. Schoolboy rifle practice has been very successfully carried on in the City of New York, largely by means of the sub-target rifle machine, by the Public Schools Athletic League, of which General George W. Wingate is President. This league was created by General Wingate, a pioneer in rifle practice in this country,

and it is largely due to his personal efforts that over 6000 boys of the public schools of New York engaged in rifle practice last year.

The interest taken in this work by the prominent men of the country is demonstrated by the way in which they are rallying to the support of the National Rifle Association of America. In addition to the President of the United States, Secretary of War and Secretary of State, who lately became life members, may be mentioned General Crozier, Chief of Ordnance, U. S. A., General Buchanan, U. S. A., retired, former Minister to the Argentine Republic, General Charles Dick, U. S. Senator from Ohio, Curtis Guild, Jr., Governor of Massachusetts, Judge Gary of the U. S. Steel Corporation, Col. Lawton of Savannah, Ga., Capt. De Lamar of New York, Rev. James W. Watson of Illinois, Maj. C. R. Churchill of New Orleans, La., Gen. Riggs, Adjutant General of Maryland, General Hamilton, Adjutant General of Washington, Irenee du Pont of Wilmington, Del., W. E. Kepliuger of Cincinnati, Ohio, Wm. J. Bruff of New York, and Capt. Wilson of the 71st Regiment, N. G. N. Y.

Some additional details of the matches of the National Rifle Association, the Ohio State Rifle Association, and the National Matches, which will all be held at Camp Perry, near Port Clinton, Ohio, beginning August 19th, were determined by the Committee. These matches promise to eclipse all previous competitions of the character held in this country. It is expected that forty-five teams, representing States, Territories, the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps, and consisting of twelve men each, will be present, as well as several hundred additional competitors for the individual civilian and military matches. These matches will continue for two weeks.

* * *

FEDERAL officers have been making inquiries into the reports of the wanton destruction of elk in southern Idaho, and as a result William Brinkley and Charles Purdy were separately indicted by the grand jury at Pocatello, on the charge of shipping elk teeth and elk heads from the Jackson Hole country, Wyoming, through Idaho to Los Angeles, Cal. Twenty witnesses have been summoned by the government for the hearing. The maximum fine is $200 on each count. Sportsmen throughout the Spokane country believe the action of the government will have a far-reaching effect.

* * *

William Warin, a rancher near Brinnon, Wash., has a novel way of bunting deer. While he was on the way to the post office recently a deer came out of the dense timber and started for him. Warin turned upon the animal, driving it to a nearby lake. The man and a companion followed in a boat. After a chase of an hour the animal gave up and was captured and towed to the wharf, from which it disappeared shortly afterward. The butcher in the settlement says that his trade dropped off for several days. That's all.

* * *

Fred Wickert, operating a ranch near Marcus, Wash., north of Spokane, met with a peculiar accident while fishing at Kettle Falls a few days ago. In the excitement of landing a fish, he slipped on a rock, upon which he left a bottle containing salmon bait, and in falling, severely lacerated his left hip. It may be added that Wickert landed the fish, which weighed five pounds.

* * *

Commissioners of Stevens county have authorized the auditor to draw upon the game fund and expend the money to purchase eggs of English and silver pheasants. These will be distributed among farmers and ranchers, and when the chicks are matured they will be set free in the forests, north of Spokane. This method of starting game is believed to be more economical than buying grown birds.

Striped Bass Choked by Perch

A VORACIOUS BASS

ENCLOSED you will find a print of a striped bass that "bit off more than he could chew." The facts are as follows: A party of four, consisting of Dr. Connolly of Santa Rosa, Steve Gamble of Sebastopol, and J. Keegan, the proprietor of Dillons Beach, and myself were fishing for striped bass in Stemple creek, a small stream in the northwestern part of Marin county, when we noticed a large bass splashing near a large rock opposite to where we were fishing; supposing that he was engaged in his usual occupation (that of catching small fish), we paid but little attention to him. As the tide went down, leaving him on the sand, one of us seeing what he thought was a spoon in his mouth, we investigated and found that the fish was being choked to death by a perch which he had attempted to swallow. It was impossible to extricate the perch, which weighed one and a half pounds; in his stomach was also a perch weighing a pound. The bass with the incumbrances weighed fifteen pounds.

ROLLIN ANDREWS.

Tomales, Marin Co., Cal.

PROPOS of the yachting season and the great interest taken in that sport along this Coast, it may interest Californians to know that our cousins in Australia have developed a type of sailing boat not seen and but little known of elsewhere. The sketch of the class of sailing boat herewith reproduced represents its latest development, the champion 22 footer "Wonga" of Sydney. This crack sailer is credited with being the largest sail carrier of her inches afloat.

"Australian yachtsmen smile in a superior sort of a way," writes Duncan Currie in the illustrated *Sporting News*, "when they hear of the giant sail spreads of the Reliance and Shamrock, and say that a Sydney 90 footer would swing something like 30,000 square feet of canvas to the breeze (that is if they could get any one to build spars strong enough for one of their boats to carry the sail). This is no idle boast, either, as Yankee yachtsmen will probably be surprised to hear that a little 22-foot cockelshell like the 'Wonga', carries 3425 square feet of canvas aloft when she is running in a slightly quartering breeze, which certainly eclipses the record of even our own sandbaggers."

A Racing 10 ft. Type

Charles MacLaren, the well known New South Wales yachtsman, in writing of the "Length-Chasers" as they are known in Australia says: "They are extraordinary affairs altogether. There are six sizes: 8-10-14-18-20 and 22 feet. The type is similar in all—broad, shallow boats, with powerful bodies to carry the most colossal sails surely ever put upon mortal fabric of wood, iron and copper."

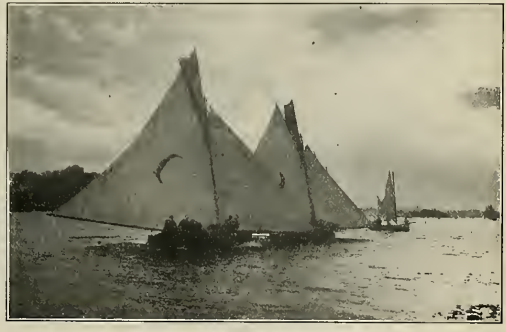
To give Yankee yachtsmen some idea of what the size of these sails really are. I append the dimensions of the 22 foot "Wonga".

Length over-all 22 feet; beam 11 feet; depth 2 feet 8 inches. Sail area—mainsail 700 square feet; jib, 260 square feet; spinnaker ringsail 629 square feet; topsail 156 square feet, ringtail 629 square feet; topsail 156 square feet, jib-topsail 108 square feet. Spars-mast 34 feet 6 inches; boom 33 feet 6 inches; gaff 21 feet, bowsprit 18 feet outboard; spinnaker pole 44 feet outboard. One need hardly remark that to handle these gigantic masses of sail, extraordinary skill is necessary, and as the sails have grown, so does the skill seem to have kept company in their development.

For a man standing on a tiny platform like the forepeak of a 22 footer to handle a 44 foot spinnaker boom, shove it for'ard in the tack of the spinnaker and run up the sail—a thousand square feet, mind, a puff into which

A 14-FOOTER ROMPING HOME WARD AFTER A RACE

AN 18-FOOTER WINNING HER SPURS



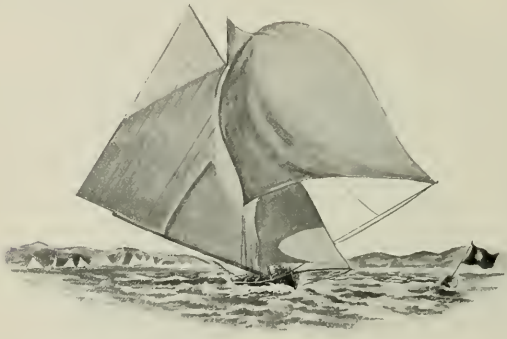
TWO 20-FOOTERS TRYING CONCLUSIONS

at the wrong moment would carry him flying into the air—and has the thing set and drawing within about 15 seconds after rounding the weather mark! I assure you I am not the least exaggerating, has always seemed to me to be one of the crowning feats of the athletic. If he were to make the slightest mistake, even a momentary hesitation, nothing could save the staggering little boat from an immediate capsize.

These little crafts show superiority in construction, beautiful models that call for admiration even from the land-lubbers. They have good floating ability to carry their crews, and are fitted with huge centerboards to enable them to "stand up" under the pressure of such immense spread of canvas. The sails are made of special fabric, being closely woven to stand the strain. They are treated and tested by a process that insures drawing and driving power under all conditions of weather, being beautifully cut and reflecting much credit on the sail loft.

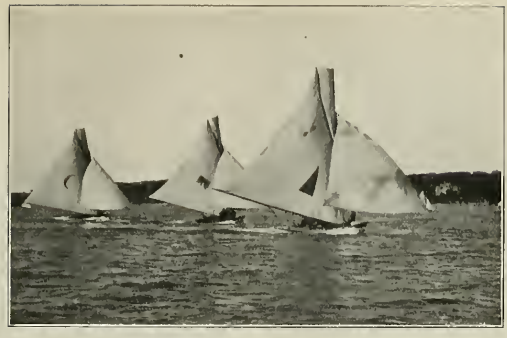
Boat sailing by the Australians is regarded as a diversion rather than a financial proposition. But the generosity of the Regatta Committees, in giving such liberal prizes, is an incentive to the skippers of these little racers to crowd on every stitch of canvas possible, calling for a marvelous amount of nerve and skill from the man at the tiller, and the topping lift hand to keep their spunky little clipper from capsizing. The races are crowded with exciting incidents, scudding before the wind and carrying as many sails as the proverbial "Flying Dutchman." They call for a dare-devil nature and an inborn knowledge of the tricks of the wind and sea.

Most of the owners of these crafts are game racing men, who have been reared with tillers in their hands; they thoroughly understand the boats which float under them and ultimately develop into some of the finest sailors that the world knows. The crews are a manly set of young fellows, typical athletes who participate in field sports during the Winter, and return to their old love boat sailing in the Summer season. They are always pleased to entertain any yachtsmen from abroad and will always find a seat in their racers for his pleasure.



Wonga"—A Famous 22-Footer, Crossing the Line
Drawn from Photo by E. A. Bayley

The sailing races are hotly contested and finishes at the line are extremely close. Many events are only won by 1 and 2 lengths. On two occasions "dead heat" was the result. Thousands of spectators are carried on steamers to follow the races over the picturesque trianglar course of 15 miles in Sydney harbor. For racing purposes these

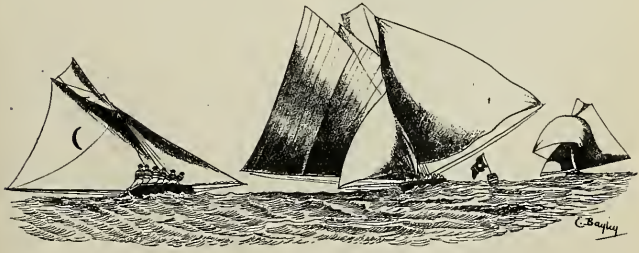


"Finishes at the Line are Extremely Close"

boats are admirably classed from 8 to 22 footers over-all, giving each boat a good chance in its respective class, doing away with time allowance.

"Anniversary regatta," the aquatic carnival of the year in the Antipodes, is carried out with great success over the regatta course in Sydney harbor—a yachtsman's dream. Champions meet champions, both in sailing and rowing contests, and about 30 events are billed for the day's sport.

At this regatta it is a beautiful sight to behold every type of craft represented, from a canoe to an ocean cruiser, each one displaying racing colors, the hundreds of snow white sails flittering over the blue waters, making a most attractive marine picture long to be remembered, and the spectators get frantically enthusiastic as the speedy little racers come flying over the line with their sails like giant wings spread out, and the crews almost awash in their gallant little cockleshells.



SECOND ANNUAL CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT OF THE CALIFORNIA WOMEN GOLFERS' ASSOCIATION

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

THE first annual championship tournament of the California Women Golfers' Association (or is its name, style and title the "California Women's Golf Association"?) having been held in 1906 in Northern California, on the links of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, the second annual tournament took place in Southern California. The tournament began on Monday, April 15th, on the links of the Los Angeles Country Club and lasted six days. The officers of the C. W. G. A. for the present year are Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, of the Claremont Country Club, President; Mrs. Edmund T. Perkins, of the Los Angeles Country Club, Vice-President; Mrs. R. Gilman Brown, of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, Secretary and Treasurer; Mrs. A. C. Balch, Mrs. P. D. Hewitt, Mrs. Edward D. Silent, Mrs. W. T. Bishop, Jr., Mrs. Edmund T. Perkins, Miss Ada N. Smith, and Miss Clara Mercerean, members of the Executive Committee of the Southern group of clubs.

The qualifying round over eighteen holes, medal play, for the competition for the championship, began on Monday, April 15th, at 1:30 p. m. There were twenty-three entries, who were paired as follows:

Mrs. Herbert Munn and Mrs. Frank Griffith.
Mrs. E. B. Howe and Mrs. F. W. Maule.
Miss Florence Ives and Miss Rita West.
Miss Isabella Smith and Mrs. E. D. Silent.
Mrs. H. H. Sherwood and Mrs. T. D. Connelly.
Mrs. W. Gilmore and Miss Carrie Alkire.
Miss C. E. Coleman and Mrs. Spoor Mackey.
Mrs. E. T. Perkins and Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel.
Miss M. James and Mrs. H. D. Requa.
Mrs. T. D. Hewitt and Mrs. F. T. Griffith.
Mrs. C. Williams and Mrs. Guy Cochran.
Mrs. F. R. Frost and a scorer.

Just as Northern players predominate when a championship tournament is held in Northern California, so southern players naturally are present in greater numbers when the contest takes place on a Southern California course. The only Northern California players (so far as my knowledge goes) present at the 1907 tournament of the C. W. G. A. were Mrs. H. H. Sherwood of the Claremont Country Club, Miss Florence Ives of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, and Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel of the Menlo Golf and Country Club. The remaining twenty players came from the Country Clubs of Los Angeles, Pasadena or Coronado, or from the Victoria Club of Riverside. The sixteen players who returned the lowest gross scores qualified for the first round of match play. The scores of the sixteen were as follows:

Mrs. Edmund T. Perkins, 1907 Champion C.W.G.A.

C.W.G.A CHAMPIONSHIP, 1907; QUALIFYING ROUND.

Player	Club.	Out	In	Gross	Hdcp.	Net	Position
Mrs. F. Griffith	Los Angeles	55	56	111	0	111	1
Mrs. H. H. Sherwood	Claremont	52	63	115	0	115	2
Mrs. H. Munn	Coronado	59	57	116	0	116	3
Mrs. E. T. Perkins	Los Angeles	56	61	117	0	117	4
Miss Isabella Smith	Pasadena	61	57	118	0	118	5
Miss Rita West	Victoria	59	61	120	0	120	6
Mrs. F. W. Maule	Los Angeles	64	61	125	0	125	7
Mrs. F. K. Frost	Los Angeles	61	64	125	5	120	8
Mrs. T. D. Connelly	Los Angeles	69	57	126	5	121	9
Miss Florence Ives	San Francisco	62	69	131	5	126	10
Miss C. E. Coleman	Los Angeles	65	75	140	5	135	11
Mrs. Guy Cochran	Los Angeles	71	73	144	18	126	12
Mrs. H. D. Requa	Los Angeles	73	74	147	12	135	13
Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel	Menlo	72	77	149	18	131	14
Mrs. W. Gilmore	Victoria	76	78	154	8	146	15
Mrs. E. B. Howe	Victoria	79	90	169	8	161	16

The seven players who did not qualify were Miss James, who made a good score for the first nine holes, but fell into misfortune on the tenth; Mrs. Curtis

Williams, who did badly on the eighth hole; Mrs. Mackey, who got into the tall grass on Dinky and retired, and Mrs. E. D. Silent, who did not play the second nine holes. Mrs. T. D. Hewitt and Miss Carrie Alkire, of the Victoria Club, Riverside, and Mrs. Fred T. Griffith, of the Los Angeles Country Club, made no returns. These seven took part in an 18-hole consolation handicap on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Frank Griffith, with a gross score of 111, captured the silver medal for the best score in the qualifying round. Her net score was also better than that of any of the other players, but, as the winner of the trophy for best gross score does not carry off the prize for best handicap score as well, the cup offered for lowest net score went to Mrs. H. H. Sherwood.

The first round of match play took place over eighteen holes on Tuesday morning, April 16th, beginning at 9:30. The matches resulted as follows:

Mrs. Frank Griffith beat Mrs. T. D. Connelly, 2 up, after a very close match, which was all square at the sixteenth hole.

Miss Isabella Smith beat Mrs. H. D. Requa, 9 up, 7 to play. Miss Smith's medal score for the first nine holes was 48.

Mrs. Herbert Munn beat Miss Carrie Coleman, 6 up 5 to play.

Mrs. F. W. Maule beat Mrs. W. Gilmore, 5 up 3 to play.

Mrs. H. H. Sherwood beat Miss Florence Ives, 7 up 5 to play.

Miss Rita West beat Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel, 3 up 1 to play.

Mrs. E. T. Perkins beat Mrs. Guy Cochran, 5 up 4 to play.

Mrs. Fred R. Frost beat Mrs. E. B. Howe by default.

In every case the player who stood higher in the qualifying round won from her opponent who stood lower.

On Wednesday morning, April 17th, at 9:30, the eight winners in the first round met for the second match play round. The weather was beautiful, being warm and with a calm atmosphere. The matches resulted as follows:

Miss Isabella Smith beat Mrs. Frank Griffith, 3 up 2 to play.

Mrs. Herbert Munn beat Mrs. F. W. Maule, 8 up 7 to play.

Miss Rita West beat Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, 2 up, the match being all square at the sixteenth hole.

Mrs. E. T. Perkins beat Mrs. F. R. Frost, 6 up 5 to play.

Miss Smith, in her match again Mrs. Frank Griffith, was one down at the fifth hole, but was one up at the thirteenth hole. Taking the fourteenth and the fifteenth, she was dormie 3; the sixteenth was halved and Miss Smith won the match. Miss Smith's medal score, in spite of 8's on the fifth and tenth holes (the bogey being 6), was 98, or bogey, for the whole course of eighteen holes. She beat bogey on the 1st, 8th, 9th, 14th, and 15th, and equalled him on the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 7th, 12th, 16th, 17th, and 18th.

On Thursday morning the four winners of the matches played on Wednesday met in the semi-final round. The atmosphere was foggy and the grass damp. Miss Isabella Smith was matched against Mrs. Munn and Miss Rita West against Mrs. E. T. Perkins. Miss Smith, who came from Pasadena, was

Arnold, Photo

Mrs. H. H. Sherwood. President C.W.G.A.

the last to arrive, so that Miss Rita West and Mrs. Perkins began their match first. Mrs. Munn is a short but straight driver: she excels at the short approaches and in putting, while Miss Smith's approaches and iron shots are only fairly good; Miss Smith is a long driver, being good for 150 yards from almost every tee. Both players started out nervously but settled down soon. Miss Smith took the first two holes and lost the third, making her 1 up; Mrs. Munn gave up the fourth hole, missing her drive, while Miss Smith's ball landed ten yards from the edge of the green; Miss Smith 2 up. Both drove well at the fifth. Mrs. Munn played short of the bunker, while Miss Smith carried it with a fine brassie shot, but Mrs. Munn halved the hole. At the sixth Miss Smith drove a long ball and tried a long brassie shot; she had to drop back out of a ditch and lost the hole, being now 1 up. Mrs. Munn won the seventh and made the match all square. Miss Smith took the 8th and was 1 up again; she made a long drive at the ninth and followed it by a fine second shot over the hazard: being 2 up on the first nine holes. Miss Smith captured the tenth and was 3 up; but Mrs. Munn reduced it to 2 up at the eleventh. Mrs. Munn drove short at "Punchbowl" (the 12th), while Miss Smith drove about 150 yards, or nineteen yards from the

Inkersly, Photo Mrs. Herbert Munn

hole; Mrs. Munn gave the hole up and Miss Smith was 3 up. The thirteenth was halved and the fourteenth was taken by Miss Smith, who was dormie 4. Mrs. Munn won the fifteenth, making Miss Smith dormie 3. Miss Smith played cautiously short of the

Inkersly, Photo Miss Florence Ives

bunker at the sixteenth and won the hole, making her 4 up 2 to play.

Miss Rita West lost her match to Mrs. E. T. Perkins, who won 4 up 2 to play.

On Friday morning Miss Isabella Smith and Mrs. E. T. Perkins met in the final round for the championship. The match proved an exceedingly interesting one, both contestants playing a strong game. Mrs. Perkins won the first and second holes and was always either in the lead or all square throughout the match. Mrs. Perkins, medal score for the eighteen holes, allowing for holes not played out, was 105; as also was Miss Smith's. Mrs. Perkins beat bogey on the 2nd, 3rd, 7th, 12th holes, equalled him on the 1st, 4th, 5th, 6th, 10th, 15th and 17th, being beaten by him on seven holes only. Mrs. Perkins at some holes drove a longer ball than Miss Smith, who was inclined to press. Miss Smith beat bogey on four holes and equalled him on six more. Setting the holes in which the players beat bogey by one stroke off against those in which they lost to bogey by one stroke, Mrs. Perkins averaged bogey on fifteen holes and Miss Smith on fourteen. At the seventeenth hole Mrs. Perkins was dormie 1, but Miss Smith won the eighteenth and made the match all square. The nineteenth hole was won easily by Mrs. Perkins in 4, her approach from off the green being holed out. Miss Smith, having played four and not having reached the green, could hardly have tied, still less have beaten, Mrs. Perkins, even if the latter had not holed out on her approach.

Of the nineteen holes played Mrs. Perkins won seven, Miss Smith took six and the remaining six were halved. The estimated scores for the eighteen holes were 109 for Mrs. Perkins and 111 for Miss Smith. Mrs. E. T. Perkins captured the 1907 championship of the California Women Golfers' Association, an honor which she well deserves, for she displays good judgment at all times, is strong in all departments of the game and shows excellent judgment in tight places.

Miss Isabella Smith is a girl of only seventeen years and has been playing the game for three years. She received her first lessons from George Turpie on the old links of the Hotel Green, and next year was coached by Al Naylor for the Hotel Green tournament, which she won from Miss Katherine Moulton, then trans-Mississippi champion. Next year she won the Hotel Green championship again, but in the championship of Southern California was beaten by Mrs. Frank Griffith. This year she lost the Southern California championship to Mrs. Herbert Munn, but beat both Mrs. Frank Griffith and Mrs. Munn by good margins in the championship tournament of the C. W. G. A. Last year she was a member of the Western team, which played a tie match with the Royal Canadian team at Lambton course, Toronto, beating her opponent. In the team match, East versus West, at the National championship, Miss Smith was beaten 2 up 1 to play. Though she plays so strong a game of golf, she really prefers riding and lawn tennis.

Though the competition for the championship was the important event of the week, six other interesting contests took place. The first of these was a Consolation event for those ladies who failed to win a place among the sixteen competitors in the first match round of the championship. It was over

eighteen holes, medal play, and took place on Tuesday afternoon, April 16th. The players and their handicaps were as follows: Mrs. E. D. Silent, 5; Mrs. Fred T. Griffith, and Miss Margaret James, 8; Miss C. Alkire, Mrs. T. D. Hewitt, Mrs. Spoor Mackey and Mrs. Curtis Williams, 18. The trophy, a silver cup presented by Ernest Kennedy of Goldfield, who is member of the Los Angeles Country Club, was won by Miss Margaret James of Los Angeles, whose score was 114 less 8, net 106.

On Wednesday afternoon, April 17th, there was a handicap against bogey, over eighteen holes, open to all who had not won in previous events. There were thirteen competitors, the handicaps being two-thirds of the medal score handicaps. The trophy was a cup presented by Mrs. Allan C. Balch of the Executive Committee of the Southern Group of clubs in the C. W. G. A. The results were as follows:

BOGEY HANDICAP: WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18.

Competitors.	Handicap	Score
Mrs. Herbert Munn	scratch *	6 down
Mrs. H. H. Sherwood	scratch	7 "
Mrs. Guy Cochran	18 strokes	7 "
Miss Margaret James	8 "	7 "
Mrs. T. D. Connelly	5 "	9 "
Miss Florence Ives	5 "	9 "
Miss C. E. Coleman	5 "	12 "
Mrs. E. D. Silent	5 "	13 "
Mrs. W. T. Bishop	scratch	14 "
Mrs. Curtis Williams	18 strokes	14 "
Mrs. H. D. Requa	12 "	*
Mrs. F. W. Maule	scratch	*
Mrs. F. R. Frost	5 strokes	*

* No returns.

Mrs. Herbert Munn's medal score was 102 and, as shown in the above table, her score against bogey was the best. If Mrs. Munn had won the championship event she would not have been eligible to take the bogey handicap trophy, for which Mrs. H. H. Sherwood and Miss Margaret James were also ineligible, Mrs. Sherwood having won the cup offered for best handicap score in the qualifying round on Monday, and Miss James having captured the trophy for the Consolation event.

On the afternoon of Thursday, the 18th, there were competitions, open to all, in driving and approach-putting. Each competitor drove three balls, Miss Isabella Smith proving an easy winner with drives of 174, 176 and 197 yards, the last being the longest drive made during the meeting. Miss Smith won a silver vase presented by Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel, of the Menlo Golf and Country Club. Mrs. Frank Griffith was second, but, as the prize for second had been presented by herself, she withdrew her score and Mrs. Fred W. Maule took the trophy.

In the approach-putting contest Mrs. E. T. Perkins took first place, winning the cup presented by Mrs. W. E. Dunn, and Miss Margaret James was second, capturing the silver cup presented by Judge M. L. Graff. The contestants, in addition to the prize-winners, in the Driving and Approach-Putting competitions were Mrs. Guy Cochran, Mrs. Herbert Munn, Mrs. Frank Griffith, Miss Florence Ives, Miss Rita West, Miss Carrie Alkire, Mrs. Edward D.

Los Angeles Examiner, Photo
Mrs. F. W. Maule

Silent, Mrs. H. H. Sherwood Mrs. T. D. Connelly, Mrs. W. S. Gilmore, Miss C. E. Coleman, Mrs. Spoor Mackey, Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel, Mrs. H. D. Requa, Mrs. F. D. Hewitt, and Mrs. Curtis Williams.

On the afternoon of Friday, April 19th, there were Women's Foursomes, to which all except the two ladies in the final round for the championship (Mrs. E. T. Perkins and Miss Isabella Smith) were eligible. The couples, with their handicaps and scores, were as follows:

WOMEN'S HANDICAP FOURSOMES: FRIDAY, APRIL 19.

Couples	Gross	Handicap	Net
Miss Rita West and Mrs. H. Munn	111	scr.	111
Mrs. T. D. Connelly and Miss M. James	124	7	117
Mrs. H. H. Sherwood and Miss F. Ives	123	3	120
Mrs. F. R. Frost and Miss C. E. Coleman	127	5	122
Mrs. Guy Cochran and Mrs. H. D. Requa	140	15	125
Mrs. W. T. Bishop and Mrs. Frank Griffith	128	scr.	128
Mrs. F. D. Hewitt and Mrs. J. L. Nickel	162	18	144
Mrs. F. W. Maule and Mrs. E. D. Silent	—	3	—

As shown above, Miss Rita West and Mrs. Herbert Munn proved winners of the Women's Foursomes,

Photos by courtesy of Los Angeles "Examiner"

Miss Isabella Smith

Mrs. H. H. Sherwood

Miss Margaret James

Mrs. F. R. Frost (addressing ball)

Mrs. Edward D. Silent

On Saturday, the contest for the championship being over, there was a match over eighteen holes between teams of four players representing Northern and Southern California. Though Mrs. Herbert Munn, being a member of the Coronado Country Club, might be regarded as a Southern player, Mrs. Edmund T. Perkins, captain of the Southern team, consented to her representing Northern California, as she is also a member of the San Francisco Golf Club. The results of the team match were as follows:

TEAM MATCH: NORTHERN VS. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Northern California.	Up	Southern California.	Up
Mrs. H. H. Sherwood...	0	Mrs. E. T. Perkins....	3
Mrs. H. F. Munn.....	0	Miss Isabella Smith...	3
Miss Florence Ives.....	5	Miss Rita West.....	0
Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel...	0	Mrs. T. D. Connelly..	8
	5		14

The Southern team, as shown above, won 9 up. It is usual in team matches to play the eighteen holes out, so as to give as large margins as possible to the winners, but in this instance the matches ended as soon as they were won, Mrs. Perkins beating Mrs. Sherwood, 3 up 2 to play; Miss Smith defeating Mrs. Munn, 3 up 2 to play; Miss West losing, 5 down 3 to play, to Miss Ives, and Mrs. Connelly winning, 8 up 6 to play from Mrs. Nickel. The winning team will have the names of its members engraved on the John R. Haynes Cup.

On the afternoon of Saturday, the 20th, there were Handicap Mixed Foursomes, to which all were eligible. Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, president of the C. W. G. A., and the strongest of the Northern California representatives, was paired with M. J. Connell, President of the Los Angeles Country Club, and Miss Florence Ives, of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club was paired with Charles A. Henderson, Vice-President of the L. A. C. C. Twenty-four couples took part, many of the men being husbands of the ladies who played for the championship of the C. W. G. A. The play was over eighteen holes, medal score, and the results were as follows:

MIXED FOURSOMES: SATURDAY, APRIL 20.

Couples	Gross	Handi-Cap	Net
Miss Smith and Paul Hunter.....	92	scr.	92
Mrs. Frank Griffith and W. Frederickson..	95	scr.	95
Miss West and E. D. Silent.....	100	4	96
Mrs. Munn and F. W. Maule.....	104	6	98
Mrs. Hewitt and R. K. McKinney.....	114	13	101
Miss Colegan and F. R. Frost.....	114	12	102
Mrs. Silent and S. Hunt.....	108	6	102
Miss Alkire and Mr. Long.....	125	21	104
Mrs. Sherwood and M. J. Connell.....	111	6	105
Mrs. Ely and E. B. Tufts.....	118	13	105
Miss Ives and C. A. Henderson.....	118	12	106
Mrs. Maule and Mr. Lumgair.....	110	4	106
Mrs. Gilmore and Mr. Eichelberger.....	123	16	107
Miss James and T. D. Connelly.....	124	16	108
Mrs. Frost and F. Stevenson.....	117	8	109
Mrs. Connelly and J. E. Cook.....	117	7	110
Mrs. Cochran and Dr. Cochran.....	132	21	111
Mrs. Mackey and F. N. Coffin.....	126	13	113
Mrs. Gay and W. A. Barker.....	129	13	116
Mrs. Requa and Mr. Parsons.....	130	12	118
Mrs. Bishop and Judge Graff.....	130	11	119
Mrs. Fred Griffith and W. W. Butler.....	*	6	*
Mrs. Nickel and Mr. Holliday.....	*	14	*
Mrs. Chapman and Mr. Chapman.....	*	14	*

As shown by the above table, Miss Isabella Smith and Paul Hunter, both of the Pasadena Country Club, and the youngest couple present (Miss Smith being seventeen and Paul Hunter of the same age), made the best gross and net scores; Mrs. Frank Griffith and William Fredrickson, both of the Los Angeles Country Club, rteurning the next lowest gross and net scores.

The club-house and course presented a scene of great animation throughout the day, many luncheon parties being given. The club-house was gaily decorated with flowers and greenery and the trophies, set out on a large table, made a brave show. The prizes were presented to the winners by N. J. Connell, President of the L. A. A. C., and Mrs. Perkins made a graceful response. Mrs. Perkins filled the championship cup with champagne and the guests took sips of it. Mrs. Munn gave a lunchcon, at which covers were laid for fourteen, in honor of Mrs. H. H. Sherwood and Mrs. E. T. Perkins, President and Vice-President of the C. W. G. A. The whole tournament was brilliantly successful and has given a great impetus to golf among the women of California.

Many of the ladies who competed for the championship of the C. W. G. A. went on to Pasadena to take part in the tournament of the Annandale Golf Club, the new house and course of which occupy a picturesque situation in the San Rafael Heights to the west of Pasadena.

FIRST RACE IN EIGHT-OARS IN CALIFORNIA

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

THE first race in eight-oared boats in California was set down for Saturday afternoon, April 27, over a two-mile course in Richardson's Bay, off Sausalito, starting at the northerly end of the bay and finishing a little to the north of the ferry-slip. There were three competing crews, representing Stanford University and the Universities of Washington and California.

The crew of the University of California was a heavy one, averaging 172¼ pounds, the average height of the men being 6 feet. The heaviest men in the boat were Bush, No. 3, who weighed 189 pounds, and Tuller, No. 7, who weighed 185 pounds. In an English eight-oared boat, in which Nos. 2, 4, 6 and stroke sit over on one side of the boat, while bow, Nos. 3, 5, and 7 sit over on the other side, these two heavy men would have been seated at 4 and 5, so as to balance each other and to place the greatest weight in the center of the craft, where it acts as a pivot upon which the boat turns. But in an American eight-oared boat the men sit directly behind each other, so that no such nice adjustment of weight is necessary. The California crew was coached by E. M. Garnett of Harvard University, who taught a stroke like that used by the members of the college and University Eights at Oxford and Cambridge, with some modifications which, in his view, add to the speed of the boat. The English stroke is characterized by a slow, steady swing, a long reach forward, a sharp, hard catch of the water at the beginning of the stroke, and a clean but not hard finish. The hands are dropped quickly at the end of the stroke so as to bring the oar out of the water and the body is moved slowly forward, with shoulders square and back flat, for the next stroke. At the beginning of the stroke there is a kick against the stretcher, but the main force comes from the loins; the arms being used as connecting links and not as working members. In order to get the full length of the stroke, the blades must be near the water during the swing forward, so that they drop into it naturally and are covered at once when the stroke begins. Mr. Garnett taught his men a long, steady, rhythmical swing, but there was a slight hang at the end of one stroke before the next one began. He taught them to keep the power on all through the stroke and finish hard.

The Stanford crew was coached by Dan Murphy, an old-time professional sculler, who taught a sculling stroke. At the English Universities no professional would be allowed to coach a college crew and no sculler, whether an amateur or a professional, would be permitted to do so. The reason for this is that eight-oared rowing is considered to be a thing essentially different from single-sculling. In the single shell the sculler has no one to think of but himself and nothing to do but to get pace out of his boat. Whether he sits straight, swings straight, keeps his back flat and his shoulders square, or screws from one side of his shell to the other and arches his back like a monkey, matters to nobody but himself. But the beauty of eight-oared rowing consists in the perfect form of the oarsmen. All must pull in the same style, doing the same thing at the same instant. It is quite possible for a good sculler to get a great deal of pace, while pulling in a style that would look hideous in an eight-oar. On the Isis and the Carn men who do much single-sculling are looked at rather askance by the coaches of eights, as it is believed that they are acquiring awkward tricks and habits of independence that will tend to make them bad members of an eight, no matter how much at home they may be in a single shell. In the Stanford eight there were nearly as many styles as there were men, and there was none of the finish of a good eight-oared crew. But the men were strong and kept pretty good time, so that they made their boat travel. But not one of the men had ever sat in an eight-oared boat, and probably most of them had never even seen one, until a few weeks ago. It would, of course, be much better to keep men on fixed seats until they can row in good form, but the eagerness to advance to the dignity of a sliding seat is irrepressible.

It had been originally intended to row the race between the University of California and the Stanford Freshmen in four-oars at 1:30 p. m. on Saturday, and the race between the crews representing Washington, Stanford and California in eight-oars later. But, as the steamer "City of Puebla" was waiting off the Marin shore to take the Washingtonians aboard for home, and there had already been considerable delay, it was decided to pull the eight-oared race off first. The University crews used the quarters of the San Francisco Yacht Club as their rendezvous and, as the day was also the opening of the yachtsmen's season, the club-house presented a very gay appearance. Launches, steamers, tugs, rowboats and yachts were cruising about hither and thither, the scene being one of great animation. It was nearly 4 o'clock before the crews got into their boats and, as a strong wind had been blowing for some time, Richardson's Bay was quite rough. The Washington and Stanford crews, in going up to the starting-point, kept close inshore and arrived safely. But the California crew did not hug the shore and was exposed to the full force of wind and wave. The wash of launches added to their difficulties and their boat was

swamped. Launches came hurrying up and took the members of the crew aboard. The eight-oar was towed to Strawberry Point, where the men, going into the water up to their breasts, righted it and emptied the water out by holding it above their heads. The men then went ashore, where they ran, boxed and exercised in various ways so as to get warm again.

Meanwhile the Stanford and Washington crews were waiting impatiently at the starting-point. The Stanford boat was not quite straight at the moment when the gun was fired and the crew lost a length before the boat got on the right course. The Berkeley boat obtained a slight lead, but Stanford caught it up quickly. Then the Berkeley boat, which was taking in water, dropped back and, when half-a-mile had been covered, was two lengths in the rear. The Stanford and Washington crews were rowing on about even terms, the Washington boat having drifted over to leeward until the cockswain would have had difficulty in getting up to the finishing line, had the race ever been finished. Stanford increased its stroke and took the lead, but there was much splashing and it became evident that the water was too rough for the shells to live in. First the Stanford shell, then that of Washington and lastly that of California, subsided in the water and the race was ended. Launches came upon the scene and rescued the dripping oarsmen. Nine minutes and a half had elapsed since the starting-gun was fired. The Washingtonians in a short time went aboard the "City of Puebla" and were off for home. Captain Zimmerman of the Stanford crew and E. M. Garnett, coach of the California eight, after some conversation, agreed that their eights should row on Monday morning, the 29th, the start to be made not later than 10 o'clock.

In this unsatisfactory and futile manner ended the first attempt to hold an eight-oared shell race on San Francisco Bay. Hundreds of spectators watched the scene from the Sausalito hills and six hundred more were on an observation train which kept as nearly on a line with the racing crews as possible. The cardinal of Stanford, the orange of Washington and the blue and gold of the University of California were in evidence everywhere, while college yells rent the suffering air. Though it is an unexpected occurrence for all the boats in a race to be swamped, no one at all familiar with boating on San Francisco Bay was much surprised. Any boat-race on the wind-swept waters of the bay, if it is held at any time from early in April to the middle of October, should take place in the morning, and not later than 10 o'clock at that. Almost every afternoon for six or seven months a strong breeze springs up and renders racing in light boats a dubious and hazardous matter. The roughness of the water furnishes the reason for the adoption of four-oared barges, which are more weatherly than shells, by all the rowing clubs on the bay; and, as all who have witnessed races of El Campo can testify, even the barges often ship water and sometimes are swamped.

The race between the Freshmen of Stanford University and the University of California was held on Saturday evening over a course from Yellow Bluff to the San Francisco Yacht Club house, the crews rowing in four-oars and getting out on the water about 6:30. At the start one of the California slipped an oar and the crews were called back by the starter. Soon after the oars struck the water, the Stanford crew obtained a lead, but at about 200 yards from the finishing-line the course of the cardinal boat had to be changed a little to avoid collision with a sloop lying at her moorings. The Berkeley crew, rowing pluckily, drew level, but the Stanford men pulled ahead again, winning a keen and interesting race by about two-thirds of a length. At the finish the winners, who had been pulling 36 strokes to the minute, raised their stroke to 38-40. The time was 5 minutes 4 seconds, but, as the course was an arbitrary and unmeasured one, no inference can be drawn from the time in which it was covered. The officials in charge of the race were E. N. Garnett, Referee; Professor W. F. Durand, Starter; E. Grindley, W. G. Morrow and A. E. Wray, Judges at the finish; R. W. Barrett and J. R. Hickey, Timers.

The first intercollegiate race in eight-oared boats on the Pacific Coast took place on Monday morning, April 29th, over the Richardson's Bay course, between crews representing Stanford University and the University of California. The Berkeley men had their boat in the water soon after 9:30 a. m., and were followed quickly by the Stanford crew. Washboards had been fitted to the Stanford shell, but proved entirely unnecessary, for the waters of Richardson's Bay were quite smooth. Both crews rowed leisurely along the shores of North Sausalito up to the starting-line, which was reached before the launch containing the Starter and other officials appeared. During this interval the crews rowed around and joke with each other. It was agreed that the members of the losing crew should give their rowing jerseys to the members of the winning boat. Stanford won the toss for positions and its captain selected the inside course near the Sausalito shore, while the Berkeley crew had the station nearer to Belvedere peninsula, which was really the better, the water being deeper. The tide was coming in so that the crews had to pull against it. While the crews were getting ready for the start, a light breeze came up, but it did not inconvenience the oarsmen at all. At the first pull of the trigger the starting-gun did not go off and both boats remained on the line. The actual start took place at 10:34:50 a. m., Stanford getting rather the better of it. Stanford rowed 37 strokes and California 39 to the minute. The Berkeley crew kept good time and swung well together, gaining about three-quarters of a length in the first two hundred yards. The Berkeley crew had more swing and looked better than their opponents, but the cardinal men seemed to have more power, not going so far back at the end of the stroke and sitting up straighter than their opponents. California dropped to 36 and Stanford to 34 strokes a minute, Stanford drawing up level at the half-mile. Stanford raised its stroke to 36 and California to 38, but at the mile Stanford was one length to the good. The California crew began to lose their form and the boat did not travel on an even keel. Stanford kept increasing her advantage and at the 1¾ miles distance led by nearly three lengths. Here the Stanford crew was rowing 40 to the minute, but soon dropped to 34. When two miles

Eight Oars and College Barges on the Isis, Oxford, Eng.

had been covered, Stanford led by more than four lengths and California was rowing very raggedly. The Stanford boat crossed the finishing line six lengths ahead at 10:48:25. The California boat finished at 10:48:55, stroke and number 3 falling exhausted. The time for a distance said to be two-and-a-half miles was 13:35:20. The Stanford men were in better condition than their opponents and, after crossing the finishing-line, victors in the first eight-oared shell race on the Pacific Coast, continued rowing to the wharf of the San Francisco Yacht Club. The Stanford crew will meet the eight of the University of Washington in a three-mile race on Lake Washington on Decoration Day.

Though I spent most of the afternoon of Saturday, April 27th, on a sailing-boat moored to the north of the ferry-slip, the swamping of the racing boats long before they came near prevented me from forming any opinion as to the merits of the three crews, and I was not able to go over to Sausalito to view the race on Monday between the Stanford and California eights. But from descriptions of Monday's race I should infer that the Stanford crew proved victorious, not because it rows a better stroke than California, but because it was in better physical condition. It may also have been the case that the Stanford crew, while not rowing in good form, pulled together, which is the most important thing of all in driving a boat through the water. The conclusion nearly always drawn in this country is that the beaten crew rowed an inferior stroke and the winning crew a better one. This inference is by no means necessarily a right one. A crew rowing in good form and having correct ideas about rowing may be beaten by a crew that pulls in much inferior form and has many faults. A crew of strong, healthy men who have practiced until they are well together, may easily beat a crew containing better individual oarsmen and rowing a better stroke, but who are not in harmony with each other or are inferior in condition. In an eight-oared boat all the men must do the same thing (whether the best thing to do or not) at precisely the same instant; if they do this and possess vigor and condition, they are likely to prove dangerous opponents. Again, one stroke and one crew might win a race of a mile or a mile-and-a-half and another crew might prove victorious in a contest of four miles or four miles and a half.

At Oxford and Cambridge all rowing is taught with a view to the inter-university race of four-and-a-half miles, yet the college eights race over a course of little more than a mile, and the Henley course is only 1 mile 550 yards. It is quite possible that a crew might go to the Head of the River in the college races and yet that not a single man in its would be asked to row in the University Eight. A good oarsman can bucket over a course of one mile or one and a quarter miles at a pace that he could not maintain over the Putney to Mortlake course. The theory of rowing has been thoroughly threshed out and all competent rowing men in England are in almost complete agreement. Eton and Radley, the two great rowing schools of England, with the forty-four or more colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, row in precisely the same style, the only difference in the crews depending on the physique and condition of the men and on the degree to which they have acquired correct form. Up to the year 1871 the Cambridge oarsmen used to pull a short, clipping stroke at a high rate of speed, but, after losing the University boat race nine years consecutively (1861-1870), they came to the conclusion that their ideas must be wrong. To further the cause of good rowing, Morrison, the great Oxford coach, went over to Cambridge and taught the oarsmen there the principles of the long Oxford stroke. Cambridge adopted it and ever since that time has won her fair share of victories in the inter-University boat-race. Now all the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge row in the same style, which has also been carried to Australia, where there were several men who have pulled in college eights and a few who have been members of University eights.

After the race on Lake Washington against the crew of the University of Washington it is not unlikely that the Stanford crew will make a trip to the Eastern States, if the student body will supply the necessary funds. In that case, the Stanford crew will row against the Wisconsin and Syracuse eights at Madison, Wis., and then will take part in the annual rowing regatta at Poughkeepsie, an invitation to which has been received by Captain Zimmerman of the Stanford 'Varsity crew.

THE SAN FRANCISCO BENCH SHOW

Reported by H. T. Payne.

THE fourteenth annual show of the San Francisco Kennel Club was held at the Chutes Skating Rink on April 24th to 27th. I have never seen a dog show held in any building so admirably adapted to the purpose and the convenience of the visitors as is this skating rink. The floor is abundantly large for twice the number of dogs benched, and the raised tiers of seats, running along both sides of the building for its entire length, afforded the patrons of the show comfortable chairs from which to view the judging and the entire exhibit. The cloak room, where wraps could be checked without charge, the ladies' dressing room, the cafe, and the side rooms for storing crates, etc., were all appreciated conveniences. The judging ring occupying the full width of one end of the building, was more than ample in size, and with the tiers of raised seats at each end, furnished a fine view for all who wished to witness the judging.

While another name appeared in the catalogue as the nominal superintendent, H. H. Carlton was the *de facto* head of all departments, and deserves the fullest credit for the admirable manner in which he kept every department running smoothly and at all times efficiently.

Fred. P. Butler, the secretary-treasurer of the club, and J. L. Cunningham, a member of the bench show committee, were present a good deal of the time and rendered Mr. Carlton a great deal of valuable assistance. Dr. K. O. Steers, the show veterinary, was in almost constant attendance, keeping a watchful eye over the sanitary conditions of the show, and the general health of the dogs. The ring was well served by the assistant superintendent, Blight, and his efficient ring steward, without delay and at all times free from that confusion too often seen.

I now come to the judging—and it is a pleasure to me, after seeing during the last two years so much wholly incompetent, if not palpably dishonest awarding of the ribbons—to compliment Mr. Geo. Raper for the careful manner in which he handled his classes and the excellent judgment he showed in making his awards. Having seen Mr. Raper judge on several occasions in years past, I expected to see him acquit himself with full credit, but I was more than pleased to see him give more attention than usual to that very important feature in judging, the anatomy of the dog. To say that there were no surprises, or no dissatisfaction over his awards would be to declare that he performed that impossible feat of pleasing everybody. Nevertheless his decisions were accepted by nearly all as right and satisfactory. Mr. Raper was especially good in one important point wherein so many judges fail, and that is in holding to his type throughout the breed. Type, which many a judge's eye cannot follow, is of first importance, for it is by type that we distinguish the several breeds. A dog may be perfect in his anatomical construction, right in color and right in coat, but unless he possesses the right type of a given breed he cannot be a good specimen of that breed. As an illustration of the importance of type, take two foxhounds, one an American and the other an English. Both are unquestionably hounds. Both possess the characteristic head and pendant ears of the hound. Both have that set of neck and form of shoulders formed for running with a low

POINTERS.

1. W. W. Van Arsdale's "Dr. Daniels"—1st Field Trial Class
2. Fred Selbach's "Victor Joaquin"—1st Winners (Pointer's) Class
3. W. J. Morris' "Faith II"—Special for Best Pointer in Show

SETTERS

1. John Golobeck's "Cato's Frank"—1st Novice
2. Fred P. Butler's "Tiverton"—1st Limit & Res. Winners
3. Wm. Dormer's "Mariposa"—2nd Field Trial Class
4. J. S. Hickford's "Maldwyd Bob"—1st Open and 1st Winners

head. How then do we separate the two breeds? Simply by type. The best American foxhound that ever entered the ring if judged by the type and standard of the English hound would only get the gate. And the same is true in the reverse. It was this adherence to type by Mr. Raper that caused much of the surprise over his reversal of the awards of Ashford and Mortimer at recent shows. In two cases, however, I could not follow Mr. Raper's awards. One of these he corrected in his specials, making a reversal which several noticed and failed to understand. But he did right to make it. But of this I shall speak in its proper place.

There were altogether 479 entries and 317 dogs on the benches. In most of the breeds the quality was fully equal if not better than the average of the shows of the past.

The first to enter the ring was a single bloodhound showing strong indications of a foxhound cross. He was the only entry of the breed.

St. Bernards came next, poor in numbers and worse in quality. The best of the lot would have been fortunate to have received an h. c. card in the shows of ten years ago. This is the result of foolish breeding in years past. In article after article written ten or twelve years ago, I warned the St. Bernard fancy of the rocks upon which they were surely drifting, but they insisted in breeding to cripples and broken down dogs, placed to the front by interested professional judges, to the neglect of good, sound, typical dogs that would have perpetuated the breed in a strong, grand, healthy condition. But the breed is gone, so far as the Coast is concerned, and over its grave can be written the epitaph: "Killed by professionalism."

Great Danes were fairly good in numbers and many of them really good in quality. Dick, alone in the puppies, gives promise of making a dog that will be heard from in the future. Duke, the winner in the open and winners classes for dogs, is a fairly good one, though a bit thick in skull and of rather too heavy a type. The bitches showed more quality. Alice, first in limit, is a nice harlequin of the right type, and won over Cunningham's Carlotta handily; the latter showing the effects of age and breeding. Open bitches brought out two really nice ones; Isabella, the reserve in winners, was a good second to Mrs. Saxe's

Judge Carroll Cook's "Ben"—1st Winners. Special, Best Fox Hound

Mrs. C. G. Saxe's "Ch. Princess Harlequin"—1st Winners. Bitches. Special, Best Great Dane

Miss Jennie Crocker's "Ch. Endcliffe Totora"—1st Open & Winners. Bitches. Best any Breed Exhibited by a Lady

COLLIES

1. Dr. P. W. Burnham's "Brandane Wishaw Squire"—1st Winners
2. O. J. Albee's "Ch. Greystone Breadalbane"—1st American and Canada
3. Wm. Ellery's "Wishaw Leader"—2nd Open

exceptionally fine one, Princess Harlequin.

With San Francisco a great coursing center only two greyhounds were benched, both well made, business-looking dogs.

American foxhounds had but seven in the classes, and they varied from a close approach to the English type to the extreme July strain. First and winners went to Judge Carroll Cook's Ned, a large powerful dog, and reserve winners to the same owner's bitch, Queen, more of the English type.

While the pointers were not many in numbers they were the best lot I have seen together for some time. The best dog, Dr. Daniels, was only shown in the field trial class, while the best bitch, Faith II, was only shown for specials, her owner wisely keeping her out of the way of a younger bitch for which he is seeking champion honors. Victor Joaquin, first in open and first in winners, is a nice type of pointer, built on hard working lines like his sire, Dr. Daniels, but lacking the Doctor's nice length of body and cleanness of neck. Judge, the reserve in winners, is also a well made dog, but a bit coarse in head and heavy in body. It is an open question if Raffles, not so good in head but better in quarters and barrel, would not have been as good or better a selection for the place. Only three bitches were shown and they were all good ones. Navajo, first in open and first in winners, is a clean cut bitch of nice type, with good shoulders, chest, quarters and loin, modeled on working lines. If she is not a wind splitter in the field I shall be very much disappointed. With a little more stop she would also have a very fine head. Cherry of Kent is also another good one of the right kind and not much behind the winner except in head.

In the English setter classes there were fourteen dogs and thirteen bitches. In quality they were all kinds from the typical English setter to the apple-headed weedy type of the modern field trail dog. For aught I know there might have been some of the new kind of "New England setter" that Whitford is going to evolve, or some of the "Montez setter" recently discovered by my friend Palmer of Seattle. In fact Rockline Ladybird came from Victoria and may be one of them. However Geo. Raper believes in the English setter, and it was that kind that did the winning generally, though in one award I

Mrs. Chas. R. Thorburn's "Ch. Meg Merriles II."—1st Open; 1st Winners. Special, Best Dog of any Breed in Show.

could not follow him. We agreed perfectly in the selection of type, pronouncing Cato's Frank the best type of English setter in the show, barring his head and rather upright shoulders. He is a truer type of the English setter than Mallwyd Bob, but Bob is so much better in head, neck and shoulders that he must be placed over Frank, though back of the shoulders Frank beats Bob considerably. Tiverton, given reserve winners to Bob, is not near so good a type as either Bob or Frank. He is better in the skull than Frank but no better from the eyes forward. His shoulders are a bit better than Frank's but he is not any

G. A. Spencer's "Highgate Betty"—1st Limit. 1st Winners. Dogs or Bitches.

Mrs. W. C. Ralston's "Delverton Dolores"—1st Open Bitches (parti-color). 1st Winners (parti-color). Special. Best Cocker Bitch in Show

where near so good in his driving power, which in Frank is so good that it must overcome in a large measure the defects of his shoulders, thereby making him a much faster dog than Tiverton. For this reason I preferred him for second place. Mr. Raper, however, not looking for speed in the field to the extent that does the American sportsman, would not be likely to follow this line of argument and therefore placed Tiverton in the second place. With the exception of King Cole and Cato's Judge, the first a large, loose made coarse dog, and the latter a better type but bad in head and straight and thick in shoulders, the rest of the dogs were of the so-called field trial type. The bitches were a motley lot. Rockline Ladybird was the best of the bunch. She is not a typical English setter, strictly speaking, but still a good one to look at as we find them today. Cato's Norma is of better type, but like her litter brother, Cato's Frank, she is a bit thick in shoulders, and considerably cowhocked. Even with these faults Norma was an easy reserve to Ladybird's first in winners. With the exception of Fanchon, a well made bitch but not typical, the rest were the so-called "field trial" kind. Del Rey Belle, that Mortimer guessed to be second at Los Angeles, went to the bottom of the limit and open classes with an h. c. card.

Mrs. W. C. Ralston's "Delverton Dolores" & "Paprika" 1st and 2nd Tri-color Open Bitches.

It is anything but pleasant to see the once beautiful type of Irish setter rapidly growing into coarse headed and yellow-flagged dogs, but such is the case. All of the dogs in the Irish setter classes were coarse and thick in skull, and many of them abominably light colored in flag and feather. While it is a popular error that an Irish setter cannot be too dark in color, many of those shown were entirely too dark. The proper color of an Irish setter is a deep, rich mahogany, not a *dull* dark red almost approaching brown. Most of these very dark dogs show a strong suspicion of a Gordon cross in the light tan of their feather and flag; something foreign to the true Irishman.. The bitches shown were generally better in this respect. Better in color of coat as well as in flag.

In judging the classes Beauty was brought into the ring by a stranger; Mr. Black her owner, handled her kennel mate. Beauty therefore behaved so badly that the judge placed her second to St. Lambert's Nora, also a bitch of good type and formation, though not the equal of Beauty in head and color. In this I could not follow the judge, but possibly this was because I had seen the little Beauty under better conditions. But later when Mr. Raper was judging the specials, Mr. Black handled her himself and Mr. Raper corrected the error by awarding Beauty the special for the best bitch. This reversal caused some comment, but I am satisfied that it was no accident on the part of the judge, who seeing the bitch show herself properly recognized her merit and placed her where she belonged. The one decision in this breed that I cannot agree with the judge was in placing the coarse headed dog Jerry, far too dark in color and

off in flag and feather, as the best of the breed. I will admit that all of the bitches were rather small and light in bone, but Jerry's faults were more serious and greater infractions of the proper type.

In the Gordon setters the dogs and bitches were shown together. The real type of the Gordon has been lost for some time on the Pacific Coast, and they are now but little more than big black and tan English setters, too long in the leg. All shown were of that kind.

A field trial class, so called, was provided for all setters and pointers which have started in a recognized field trial. In this class there

were six English setters and three pointers to enter the ring. Dr. Daniels, an exceptionally fine pointer, had a walk over for first. Mariposa, an English setter of good size, fair in head, excellent neck, shoulders, ribs and quarters, put together on fast and enduring lines, but too long in the legs for the correct type of the breed, had as easy a walk over for second place as Dr. Daniels had for first. Third went to Raffles, another well made pointer, but with a bad head and a bit short in neck. The rest of the class were of the ordinary field trial type, and were placed as follows: Count's Gift, reserve; Del Rey Belle and Detroit Joe, v. h. c. and Harry H., h. c.

While there were no cracker-jacks in the Irish water spaniels they were a good lot of fully average dogs. Of the seven dogs and bitches but one was a really bad one. Some, it is true, were not good in coat, but this seemed more the want of proper care than the lack of quality in the dog. They all had very good heads, compact coats and the regulation rat tails. In fact, taken altogether it was the best lot I have seen in any one show on the Coast.

There were only three of the so-called field spaniels, and they might properly be classed as "bad, worse and worser."

Cockers was one of the largest classes of the show, there being forty-one of the breed on the benches, but they were cut up into twenty-one classes. As a rule they were of good quality generally, as cockers of the present day go. But the fad for the "long and low", and the reduction of the weight limit, has proven a serious injury to this bright little dog. Bow legs, pigeon toes and out-at-elbows is getting to be the rule instead of the exception. And for some reason this is more noticeable in the reds than in the blacks or the parti-colors. This the judges have grown to overlook with a matter-of-fact air, and so the breeders are multiplying the defect in every litter. A few years more of this and the once handsomely built little dog will be ready for the dachshund class. Then with a few years breeding for long heads and their name can be changed to "rough coated dachshunds".

Dachshunds made a good showing in numbers, and even if they did enter the ring with a pigeon-toed gait and "out-at-elbows", they showed the quality of good breeding.

The collies divided the honors with the cockers for the most numerous breed in the show, each having 41 representatives on the benches.

The collies had the best of it in general quality, for now that the collie has become one of the most popular breeds on the Coast, a number of really good ones can be seen at any of the Coast shows.

The judge gave some of the fancy quite a surprise, as well as some little heart burning, in his collie awards. But he was evidently right in it all. The rivalry to own the best has caused the importation of several good ones, with long lists of winnings to their credit. Some of these, however, are on the has been order, and are not the dogs now that they were when they made their winnings. The placing of Wishaw Leader, a dog with a splendid list of wins, fourth in the list caused a good deal of surprise not only to his owner but to many others as well. The order of merit in the awards stood: Brandane Wishaw Squire, Greystons Breadalbane, Squire of Holby and Wishaw Leader. Wishaw Leader has an excellent coat, in fact the best coat of any collie in the show, but while he is only four years old he looks like a dog of twice that age. He has been a rapidly maturing puppy, and an excellent one too, but he has matured too fast, and gone beyond his years. He is like the precocious child that was brilliant at 18 or 20, but an old man at 30. So with Leader. Two, or even one year ago, he might have beaten any dog in the show, but now he has thickened in the skull—which is faulty at the best—and thickened in the shoulders—the inevitable of all old dogs—and Wishaw Leader is an old dog for his years. Even in his rapid development he has over-developed in bone. I know nothing of his record as a stud dog, but this extra heavy bone and fine coat should make his services much desired, for it is no drawback that he was over vigorous in his growing days. He won his spurs in his prime, and Mr. Ellery can turn to them with pride, and by breeding him to some of his fine bitches, especially to Princess of Tytton or Valverde Venus has a reasonable certainty of producing, if not the equal of Leader in his younger days, certainly far better than the average of the really good ones.

Brandane Wishaw Squire first in limit and first in winners, is a fine type of collie, and

well made at about all points. He is not so good in coat as Wishaw Leader, but much better in skull and shoulders. He beats Greystone Breadalbane, reserve in winners, more in being a younger dog with greater elasticity than in actual conformation. Squire of Holby seems still out of condition, if not actually out of health. His coat is poor and he shows no animation, walking around the ring in such a let-down way that it is impossible to see what he was or what he may be when in better form. It is therefore not just to criticise him now. It hardly seems possible that his day, too, is past, for he is not yet 17 months old, and he certainly must condition into better form.

In the bitch classes there was not the quality that was seen in the dogs, though three or four of them were really fine ones. Valverde Venus, first in puppies, first open and first winners, is a very handsome bitch of the light type. She has a fine length of body and quite a good head, though in head she is beaten by Lily of Holby, the reserve in winners. Lily, too, is a very nice bitch, but too timid to show to any advantage. Rose of Holby is another nice bitch that should improve with age and be heard from in another year. Xantippe of Moreton and California Poppy were two fairly good ones whose principle defect was a general appearance of being weak at all points. Princess of Tytton, given the special for the best headed collie of the show, has indeed a very typical collie head. She was not brought into the ring, and not seeing her off the bench I cannot speak of her other qualities.

A couple of fairly good black poodles and a couple of small white ones made up the classes in this breed.

Bull dogs numbered sixteen. The best (?) of this breed has reached that condition of senseless deformity that it is about time that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should put a stop to any further outraging of nature by the breeding such monstrosities. The dog has ceased to be of any use whatever; is incapable of reasonable exercise, and its only excuse for an existence is to feed a depraved fancy for the hideous in the brains of those whose organ of sublimity is not sufficiently developed to feel the inspiration of the beautiful.

Airedale terriers had four in numbers and two of them quite good in quality.

In bull terriers there were twenty-six benched, and most of them entered in from two to three classes, making a big showing in the ring. For many years San Francisco has been well up in the bull terrier fancy, but while a good showing has been made at each show for several years the number of good ones has never reached the high standard of the present show. Most of the old coarse dogs were absent and in their places were a good display of clean cut, well built, typical dogs. It was one of this breed that won the special for the best dog of the show. There were so many good ones that I shall not particularize to any great extent, but confine my remarks to a few of the noted cases. First of these is the puppy, Silkwood Ben Ali; a most remarkable puppy of his age, being less than seven months old, and yet rightly won the reserve in the winners' class, beating all the older dogs except that fine little crack Brooklyn Patsy. If he shall continue on the same line of development he will become one of the very best. The manner in which his neck is set on his shoulders is just about perfect, and his head looks just right to grow into the proper type for a great winner. But for all this I am a little afraid that he is developing too fast and will be over done before he has reached his best age.

Brooklyn Patsy, the winner of first open and first winners, has a fine type of head, good in eye and front, fine body and quarters and good legs and feet, but unfortunately for close competition he has two defects: a tail inclined to crook, and his neck set a bit too abruptly on his shoulders. Nevertheless he is a hard dog to beat. Silkwood is another good one but he does not show the refinement of the other two mentioned. In the bitches there was also a lot of quality. Meg Merrilles, the winner of first open, first winners, and special for the best of any breed in the show, is an exceptionally good one, and fit for any company. She is so good in type and general formation that it is hard to find fault with her at any point. Edgewood Jean II, the reserve winners, is another really good one, but lacking in the neat finish of the handsome Meg.

French Bull dogs were few in number, five in all, and none of extra quality.

Prospective Winners.

Boston terriers were well represented in numbers, but I have the same criticism to make that I made regarding the breed at the Oakland show. That is, with a few exceptions, too coarse and too large. Endcliffe Tortora, first open, first winners, and special for the best in the show exhibited by a lady, is the right type and plenty large enough. Sassy, the winner of first limit dogs, first open and first winners is another quite good one with a little tendency to coarseness.

The once popular fox terrier is certainly on the decline. Once it was the strongest breed at our Coast shows, and strong too in quality. On this occasion there were only fourteen shown, and but few of these high in quality. In quality Wandee Knight stood alone. Tallac Dusky Lassy is a well made bitch that could have had a better head. With about three exceptions the wire hairs were a hard lot.

There were two or three good Irish terriers and one fair Scottish. The rest of the small breeds contained nothing remarkable.

The benching and feeding were done by Spratts Patent. To say that this was under the personal direction of Thomas Banks, the Pacific Coast representative of this popular company, is but another way of saying that it was done with that care and judgment gained only by long years of experience.

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Vol. 10 JULY, 1907 No. 6

A SEA SONG

OH, the livening lash of the salty spray,
And the lure of the surging sea—
Oh, the heaving lift of the dancing deck—
Ah, that is the life for me!

Oh, for the shore line vanishing
Mid the white of the spray upflung;
The sturdy sagas wild winds sing;
The straining sails all bellying;
As with sudden swoop like sea-gull's wing,
Her bow to the sea is swung.

Oh, up aloft on the swaying mast,
Swinging 'twixt sea and sky;
The reeling sky all black o'ercast;
The seething sea a caldron vast,
Where white-maned billows rising fast,
Race like wild horses by.

Oh, for the Storm-King's ravenous roars,
And the burst of his mighty breath—
Old ocean's eager gnashing jaws,
And long, white, cruel tiger-claws—
As wrestling, buffeted, we toss
Close locked with the specter Death.

Oh, for the eve and the battle won
And the stormy clouds rolled back;
The West with crimson and gold o'errun
From the yellow bowl of the setting sun,
As with lightened hearts and our day's work done,
We turn on the homeward tack.

Oh, the livening lash of the salty spray,
And the lure of the surging sea—
Oh, the heaving lift of the dancing deck—
Ah, that is the life for me!

—*Roy Brazel Miller.*

THE GIANT TROUT

A Morning on Big Sulphur

By Tom Veitch.

THE northern boundary of the great extent of territory on the northwest coast of America, that was once held and ruled over by a Czar of all the Russias, is a beautiful, winding, willow-fringed stream, which flows in a great right angle northwest, down past rolling hills and through fertile valleys to the broad Pacific, where it slips over a wide sandy bar into the foaming, pounding surf. This stream has received its name from its old associations, and now every winter it is up the Russian River that the great fish go when the early heavy rains have swollen all the tributary streams, and the river itself has become yards deep where it rushes to the sea.

When the swirling, sweeping rain-storms drive across the bare fields and broad vineyards; when the leaden clouds hang for days along the higher ridges, and every little gully holds its tumbling torrent; when the requiem of the æolian pines is not quite all sadness but has a promise of something in it that is not of death, but of its opposite; then it is that the great steelhead trout from the sea, the five, ten, and fifteen-pound fish, make their way up the flooded Russian River, far up to where its tributaries tumble their foaming way down from the hills. Then bravely up these lesser streams, battered and bruised in angry waters by hidden rocks, braving a myriad of dangers from natural and unnatural enemies, do the great trout swim, obeying a prompting that comes from they know not whither; unconsciously living their lives as they are given them to live, and losing their life-spark in the shallows if need be, that their kind may continue to exist.

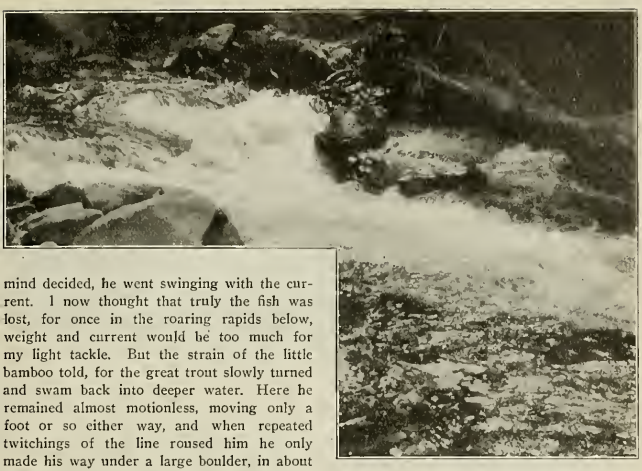
On a road that skirts the deep cañon of one of these smaller streams was I one fresh April morning in the years gone past—an hour before the sun could be expected over the hills, and only four miles to go in the little bobbing cart before we should come to the great milky pools where the curling, foam-flecked eddies softly unfold over the gravelly beds where lie the "salmon." We were going fishing on Big Sulphur Creek—not angling for the little eight-inch fish that are the pride of a summer creel, but for the heavy fighters that would soon be making their way back whence they came.

As we drove up a little hill and to the very brink of the precipice of the Blue Slide, a long series of pools came into view that looked deep and mysterious and promising, in the half-light between the abrupt walls, a hundred and fifty feet below us. My companion noted the waters. "Just right," he said, "just milky enough so that they can't see us." And then not another word, except to the horse, for the remainder of the drive.

When we arrived at the spot that I had seen in my day dreams for weeks, we quickly hooked up our tackle, got out the fresh pressed roe (for be it known that he who caught these big fish regularly caught them with their own freshly deposited ova, or not at all), and scrambled down the hillside, over the new lush grass, to the pools.

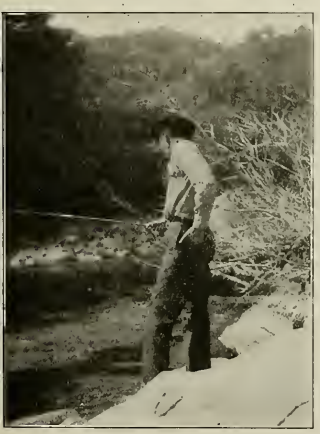
I chose for my first attempt a wide, deep pool at the foot of some hundreds of feet of white tumbling rapids, reasoning that here some of the fish making the long up-stream journey would linger awhile and rest. And my reasoning proved correct, for on the second cast, as my bait was slowly drifting along the pebbly bottom, sending little quivers up the line, it stopped as if caught on a rock—and there was no rock there. With a quick twist I firmly planted the hook and then put as much strain on my rod as its six ounces would stand. Slowly the fish started, making its way up the pool, remaining out of sight in four or five feet of murky water, while the taut line trembled in the current.

Up, up the pool he went, clear to the foot of the foaming rapids, while I grudgingly allowed him line. And then he turned, and with a steadiness that seemed to token a



"The Roaring Rapids Below."

mind decided, he went swinging with the current. I now thought that truly the fish was lost, for once in the roaring rapids below, weight and current would be too much for my light tackle. But the strain of the little bamboo told, for the great trout slowly turned and swam back into deeper water. Here he remained almost motionless, moving only a foot or so either way, and when repeated twitchings of the line roused him he only made his way under a large boulder, in about six feet of water, and sulked. Ten minutes had elapsed, and at this rate it would have been an hour before he was creeled, so desperate measures were resorted to.



"Here the Fish Would Linger."

First, small pebbles, and when these were of no avail, larger stones, were thrown into the pool. All failed to start the fish, and it was not till a long alder pole was brought into play, and after much jabbing around the bottom, that the "salmon" moved. And then a quick slackening of the line gave almost too little notice of what was happening as up came the huge bulk, clearing the surface and twisting back in the air toward the line. The trick failed, and the fish struck the water with a resounding slap. Twice the great trout did this and then started wildly rushing 'round the glimmering pool. The death struggle was on! How my arms ached holding the little split bamboo almost double, and how the taut line buzzed in the current!

The fish made the wild circuit of the pool a half a dozen times, and then settled into the current. But his strength was leaving him. No longer he held against the strain of the rod, but came to the surface slowly, shaking his head fiercely from time to time.

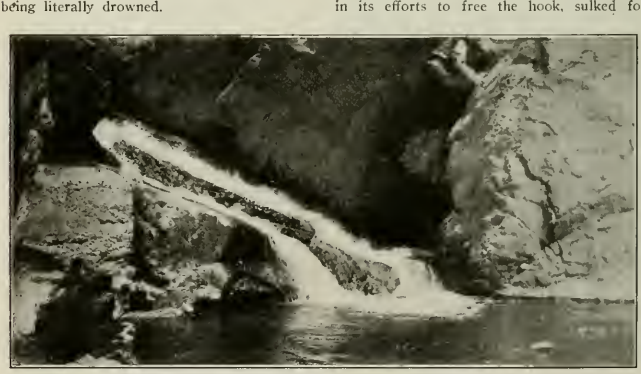
"Up These Lesser Streams the Great Trout Swim."

No longer could he resist the steady, unrelenting pressure, and after a twenty-five minute battle the first fish, an eight-and-one-half-pound male, was brought to gaff.

The second fish was hooked in a smaller pool some two hundred yards below the point of the first encounter. It was a small, five-pound male, and felt the gaff after a ten-minutes' struggle. This fish was hooked in the roof of the mouth, and was thereby greatly handicapped in its attempt to escape, being literally drowned.

In another large pool, still further down the stream, two fine fish were hooked and lost, one being played for five minutes before freeing itself. (Was there ever an angler's tale without the big fish lost?)

I now made a wise decision and proceeded back, over the rocks, upstream, to a pool in which we had not yet cast bait. Here, after two unsuccessful tries, I hooked the prize fish of the day; one that took the bait while moving, cleared the water a dozen times in its efforts to free the hook, sulked for



"Where I Hooked My Big One."

ten minutes, and put the poor little rod under such a strain that the tip used that day has not yet become straight. After fifty-two minutes of fighting, this fish was landed and turned out to be a female weighing fourteen and one-quarter pounds. In all my memories of fishing, the one of this catch, I believe, will be as the bright, full moon 'mid the stars of a calm, clear night.

Two more of the royal fish, taken further up the stream at the head of the series of pools, and three that my companion had taken, along with the first three caught by myself, composed our morning's catch. We had sixty pounds in all, and as we drove back to lunch down the winding cañon of the Big Sulphur, I turned over in my mind the events of the morning, how this fish leaped and how that one sulked, that I might carry memories back with me to the smoky rim; so that in the days to come, when memories of a necessity must allay the attacks of angler's fever, I might live over in fancy that outing on the rocky stream with the big steelhead.

THE GOLD OF DAY

A SILENCE and a calm infold
  The forest—peace is everywhere;
Of what the coming hour may hold,
  No hint lurks in the cool night air.

Now unto this deep, mystic spell
  The brook's voice steals, and sinks and dies,
Like tinklings from a distant bell
  That on soft evening zephyrs rise.

Then listen! In the lofty crown
  Of yon great ancient, cone-hung tree,
A breath stirs and is wafted down,
  An echo from the distant sea.

And loosened by this gentle breath,
  Somewhere a leaflet clicks and falls;
Awakened from a seeming death,
  A bird pipes up, another calls.

Then lo, where dwelt a darkness drear,
  Scarce entered by the moon's soft ray,
The wood's bold sentinels appear,
  Wrapped in their ancient coats of gray!

Along the east's dull rim behold
  A purple band, all deftly drawn,
That flames to scarlet and to gold—
  Then hail day's richest hour, the dawn!

—*Arthur D. Nichols.*

"Across Thy Breast a Path of Gold.
Leads Where the Western Gates Unfold."

THE CHANGING SEA

I.

O LAUGHING Sea,
How joyous are thy breezes free;
Thy rippling wavelets as they run,
Glance gleaming smiles up to the sun;
The mountain-crests, bright, snowy, fair,
Are glistening in the crystal air.
Thy winsome face wakes joy in me,
O merry Sea

II.

O raging Sea,
Thy surges rise tumultuously;
The lashing foam seethes far and wide,
And iron rocks hiss back thy tide;
The cloud-rack hurtles grimly by
Where dim, storm-hidden mountains lie.
What power and passion live in thee,
O angry Sea.

III.

O mournful Sea,
Thy smooth gray mounds heave silently;
The surge sighs low to the sullen shore
That sighs again with muffled roar;
There's a breath of tears in the moaning wind
Like the salt, salt tears my eyes that blind.
Of sorrowful secrets thou whisperest me,
O sad, sad Sea.

IV.

O gentle Sea,
How calm thy sleeping ripples be;
Asleep the nodding kelp-bulbs lie;
The pebbled strand sings lullaby;
The mountains sleep in sunny haze,
'Neath dreamy skies of summer days.
Naught, naught but peace thou bringest me,
O tranquil Sea.

V.

O sacred Sea,
When sets the sun in majesty,
Across thy breast a path of gold
Leads where the Western Gates unfold;
And all the glory of the skies
A vision is of Paradise.
A hymn, a prayer, art thou to me,
O holy Sea.

—*Donald A. Froser.*

A Kashmir Vista.

A BEAR HUNT IN KASHMIR

By Dr. H. M. Newton

IN the land of laughing waters! Well might we apply to Kashmir the old Persian rhyme, inscribed by one of the Moghul Emperors in his audience hall: "If there be a paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this, it is this."

Far away, in the midst of the northern Himalayas, lies one of those beauty spots of nature which our paltry minds can scarce grasp, much less depict on paper. A land of broad fertile valleys, bounded by the eternal snows; of rivers, streams and lakes. The land of the Red Bear, the Markhor and the Ibex.

It is to such a land as this that I would take you, in spirit if not in body. Rawilipindi, one of the largest military posts in India, is our starting point. Plenty of noise, hurry and scurry, and off we go in our *tonga* (a two wheeled conveyance, seated for four people and drawn by two horses which are changed every four or five miles) with boxes, bedding and gun cases lashed to the sides, for our drive of a little over 100 miles. Past the hill station of Murree, then down to the valley of the Jhelum River. We now pass out of British territory and follow the winding torrent as it thunders on its way to the plains of the Punjab, to the cutting where it leaves the open valley.

This cutting, by the way, is of historic interest. "Once upon a time," the valley was one real lake, 70 or 80 miles long by 20 to 40 broad. Kush, the god of the country, being annoyed at this expanse of water, and wishing to give his people the benefits of a fertile valley, kicked a big piece out of the mountain side, thus making a way through nature's dam and everlastingly benefiting not his own people only, but also those in the dry hot plains below —hence the name *"Kush-mir."* Here the ancient town of Baramulbah is situated.

We have been two long days in our *tonga,* and glad we are to alight and get all our belongings onto a *doonga* (house boat with matting sides and roof). Ah, what a life of bliss—

what a change from the burning plains of India! Here we lie in our easy chairs, and gaze upon green meadows, bright with iris, buttercup and crocus. As evening sets in we look in rapture upon the towering peaks of snow mantled in black and gold, while the splash of fish on the bosom of the placid river makes us dream of rod and minnow.

Then—

> "The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out;
> At one stride comes the dark."

We are at Sopor, our first stop, ten miles up the river. Stakes are driven in, ropes made fast, the twinkle of evening fires, and once more nature is at rest. Before dawn we are on our way across the Wubar Lake, with punting pole and paddle. To the eastward the sun's rays shoot up over the lofty peaks of Haramuk, casting their shadows over the glassy waters of the lake. Slowly we plough our way around and through beds of water lily and other aquatic plants. In autumn the waters, in many parts, are covered with the pink blossom of the lotus.

Leaving the lake we enter a canal, which passing through lovely meadow land leads us into the Jhelum at Shadipur, our second stop, Next morning we enter the icy waters of the Sind River, and passing up its tortuous channel make our evening encampment under the chenar trees at Ganderbal at the entrance to the Sind valley. Here we must leave our boat, engage our *shikaris* (native hunters) coolies and ponies. Rice is the staple article of diet and as we have to provide for all, a plentiful supply must be carried; this, with onions, spices, tea and sugar is all we really need, though a few other articles will not come amiss.

Early next morning we are off along the road to Tibet, up the beautiful valley of the Sind, a dashing mountain torrent, with snow clad crags rising 9000 feet above us. Space forbids my telling of the glories of that march, past fields of rice and picturesque hamlets, through groves of walnut and mulberry. We must hasten on into the jungle if we would seek the object of our quest. We pitch camp in an apple grove outside a small village. Our midday meal over, it is only natural that we should look to our cameras, for never before have we seen nature's gems so lavishly strewn at our feet.

The Laughing Waters of Kashmir.

The Home of the Red Bear.

A Bit of Wayside in Kashmir.

Sahib! it is time to examine the mulberry trees, for the fruit is ripe and bruin is mighty fond of the succulent berry. Not 200 yards from camp we came upon a young tree lately visited, for there are tracks of a six inch pad. The sun is sinking in the west, so making a general survey of the land, we returned for our rifles. As the twilight shadows lengthen we pass up to the foot of a ravine to await bruin's return for his evening meal. Salama our *shakari,* takes the hill, while I stand below to mark while two coolies are sent up the ridge beyond. All is still and quiet, the villagers have left their fields, and below, the blue smoke is curling up among the trees, from the buried hamlet. I am new to this game and am just getting to feel a wee bit lonesome when far above me I see something waving; what is it—a bear? No, Salama's arm beckoning. Up I go for all I know. A minute to take breath, then we move on into the gloom of the jungle, for he had seen a black object slinking along among the bushes.

Exciting? Well yes it is. Shod in grass sandals, we move slowly and cautiously, lest the crack of a stick or the rolling of a stone should betray us; peering to right and left, in ditches and under dense undergrowth. We have not gone far when we see, not far below us, a black object swinging in the upper branches of a tree. It is a shame to disturb him at his supper, but there is no help for it; a quick aim in the failing light; a bang, a doubling up, and he falls before I can pump up another shell. We rush out to a bit of open ground to get in another shot as he passes up the hill, but fail to see him as he sneaks up through the thick undergrowth. In Kushmir we have too wholesome a respect for bruin to follow him up at night; so we do the next best thing, have supper and go to bed.

Next morning the tracking begins. A splash of blood here, a pad mark there betrays his

Our Doonga at the En

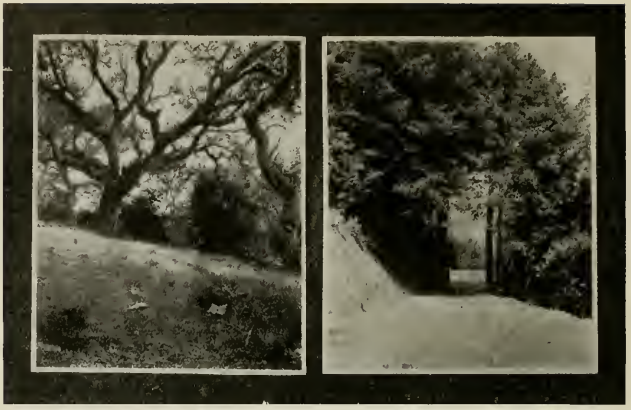
path up the rocky gorge. We know he had been hard hit, but we also know that a dying bear will travel for miles, so Salama and I return to camp, leaving the trackers to their work. Three days later they return with the pelt, brought down from the ridge beyond; found before his fellows had had time to bury him. Burying their dead is not an uncommon custom among Kushmir black bears. Whether the red bear do it or not I cannot say. He was a fine specimen of the black bear with the white V on his chest; standing about 7 feet in height. This instance shows the extreme vitality of the animal, for he had been hit in the abdomen with a 35 H. V. soft nose bullet.

As it is no use staying there any longer we move across to the other side of the valley, to a most picturesque little spot under the walnut trees. The moon is now in her second quarter, and as bruin prefers moonlight to evening shadows we have to change our tactics. Do you know what it is like to sneak along among the bushes in brilliant moonlight; straining eyes and ears for an extra dark shadow, or the crack of a breaking twig? Well that is what we are doing, dodging from shadow to shadow. Salama is the first to scent game and slowly we make our way in the direction of breaking twigs. He points out a tree to me, a tree so deep in shadow that the moon is of little use, saying that there are two bears on it. Well there may be, but I cannot see them. To my unaccustomed eyes it is all bear. So taking his word for it, I fire point blank at the darkest shadow. There is the thud of a falling body, and a bear rushes past us up a rocky water course; then all is quiet. Is he hit?

Our First Stopping Place.

e to the Sind River.

As the dew dries off the grass next morning we set out on our quest. Splashes of blood up the water course show us the way to him. Up and up through the dense jungle. Hour after hour, yes many hours of weary tracking, but at last we find him—dead!



ENGLISH SPORT

By R. Clapham.

PART I. ROOK SHOOTING

THE English rook, though classed in the list of "vermin," affords sport in the spring to both the falconer and his peregrines, as well as to the gunner.

Rook shooting cannot be considered a very superior form of sport, yet it comes during the gunners' off season, affording him amusement when game birds are *tabu*.

The particular charm about rook shooting is that it is carried on at a fascinating time of year, when spring has really asserted itself, and the general surroundings are delightful. The weather is usually warm, which mitigates what would be otherwise an extreme discomfort, i. e., standing about beneath the trees, which is necessitated in the participation of the sport. There is a certain amount of pleasure, also, in bringing down the young rooks from the topmost branches of some towering elm, when one remembers the havoc committed by their sable ancestors among the pheasants and other game birds' eggs during the breeding season, for rooks are arch-robbers and miscreants where eggs are concerned.

The shotgun is hardly ever used in the sport, most people preferring a small-bore rifle. Rook shooting with the latter weapon may be either easy or difficult, depending on the character of the trees in which the nests are built, and the state of the weather at the time of shooting.

Rooks have rather peculiar preferences with regard to the trees in which a rookery is formed; sometimes they occupy low timber and at other times the tallest trees are chosen in which to form a colony. For preference, if high elm trees are available they will invariably be chosen by the birds, and when such is the case rook shooting becomes a sport requiring no small skill on the part of the gunner. A rook sitting on the topmost twig of a tall elm tree affords an exceedingly minute mark, more especially if the tree is swayed by the wind.

The young birds only form a mark for

the gunner, the older members of the rookery circling high in air, far out of shot, loudly cawing a warning to their offspring who are in danger from the rifles; a warning which in most cases is utterly and entirely neglected by the youngsters. The old birds are far too cunning to ever come within range, although they manifest extreme anxiety for their offspring.

The young birds, when sufficiently well grown, hop from the nest onto some adjoining branch, where they remain motionless; these are termed "branchers" and form the by no means easy target for the shooter. The greatest skill on the part of the gunner is required when the branches are swayed by a gentle wind, which also influences the course of the rifle bullet, as well as causing the target to move in like manner. The usual method of successfully coping with the yonug rook on a moving limb, is to note the place where the branch reaches at the extreme limit of its swing, and then shoot at the instant when it begins the return movement.

Much ammunition will be wasted before the novice can make a fair average of kills. Should a strong wind be blowing, not a bird will be seen out of the nests, for the old birds teach them as soon as they are hatched to lie low when a gale is raging. During severe storms many nests are overturned and the young blown out, a lesson which has often been a warning to the parents to be later transmitted to their offspring.

In the early days of May, the shooter watches the rookery closely for signs of the first birds to leave the nests. When the trees are very high a glass is required to see them clearly, and the first thing to be noticed is a black beak protruding from the side; the following day a head appears, and then the boldest of the brood is to be seen in full view, perched on the side of the nest. It is useless to use the rifle until the young birds sit well out on the adjoining branches, for when hit they invariably fall back into the nest, the last effort always directed to crawling into their home of sticks. The parent birds use every inducement to attract the youngsters out onto the nearby branches, well knowing that it is a necessary preliminary to their flying. They bring food to them and caw noisily until the young ones come out and fetch it, the boldest individual in the lead, after which the rest soon follow the example. Then is time to go out with the rifle and do execution among the sable colony.

Occasionally a falling bird will stick fast in the branches or fork of a tree, necessitating a climb on the shooter's part to extricate it unless he be accompanied by some village urchin, ready to risk his neck and his clothes in the ascent.

As an edible quantity, young rooks are excellent when made into a pie, the breast parts alone being used in its manufacture. It depends largely on the weather, as to what the quality of the young rooks will be like, during the eight or ten days of the rook shooting season. Wet weather, with the ground moist and earth worms and slugs plentiful, will be responsible for full broods of rooks all plump and in good condition. If such be the case the shooting should be begun early, as the youngsters then mature quickly and are soon able to fly. If the season be dry, with the ground hard and a scarcity of insect food, it means hard labor for the parent birds to gather enough supplies for the nestlings, the result of which means heavy losses amongst the broods.

People aver that it is only during hard times that rooks plunder the nests of other birds for their eggs, but such is not the case, even though originally it may have been so; for once let young rooks be brought up on an egg diet and they will ever after have a craving for such delicacies, which they will enjoy to the uttermost upon every available opportunity. A rook never leaves tell-tale shells lying near the rookery, or even near the plundered nest, but carries them to a distance, where the eggs are sucked by the sable thief. When feeding their young on an egg diet the rooks suck the contents of an egg into their throats, then fly to the rookery and disgorge the mass for the benefit of their offspring eagerly awaiting it with cavernous mouths fully distended.

During heavy gales many young birds are blown from the nests, to fall and lie around at the foot of the trees, a fact taken advantage of by foxes and other prowling creatures, who make periodical visits to the vicinity of the rookery. Hard frosts in

April also destroy the fertility of many eggs, just at the time they are being laid, which also help to decrease the future colony. There is an old saying that rooks will not form a colony on an estate unless the proprietors be of the aristocracy, and should such a place change hands and a *nouveau riche* or other person come into possession, the rooks will leave their favorite trees in disgust. It is certainly a very curious fact that in many instances rooks have done this, returning when people of higher rank have once more occupied their favorite estate. I myself can name more than one instance in which it has occurred, and though it smacks somewhat of the superstitious, it has nevertheless often been known to occur.

As previously stated, a small bore rifle is the usual weapon used to shoot rooks, though I have seen a cross-bow very successfully manipulated. My father had one made for him with a steel bow, attached to a stock, the bow being strung by pulling a lever at the side of the stock. This cross-bow shot round, leaden bullets with extreme accuracy and force, with the advantage also of being perfectly noiseless.

During the short period that rook shooting is available, a great many men practice with the rifle, who otherwise would probably never handle such a weapon from one season to another. For young people learning to shoot it is a useful lesson, fostering a love for rifle shooting, which in after years may lead them to do good service for their country.

Although the humble rook is but a very small factor in the rounds of the sporting seasons, it yet nevertheless has its uses, both as an insect destroyer and as a target for the gunner.

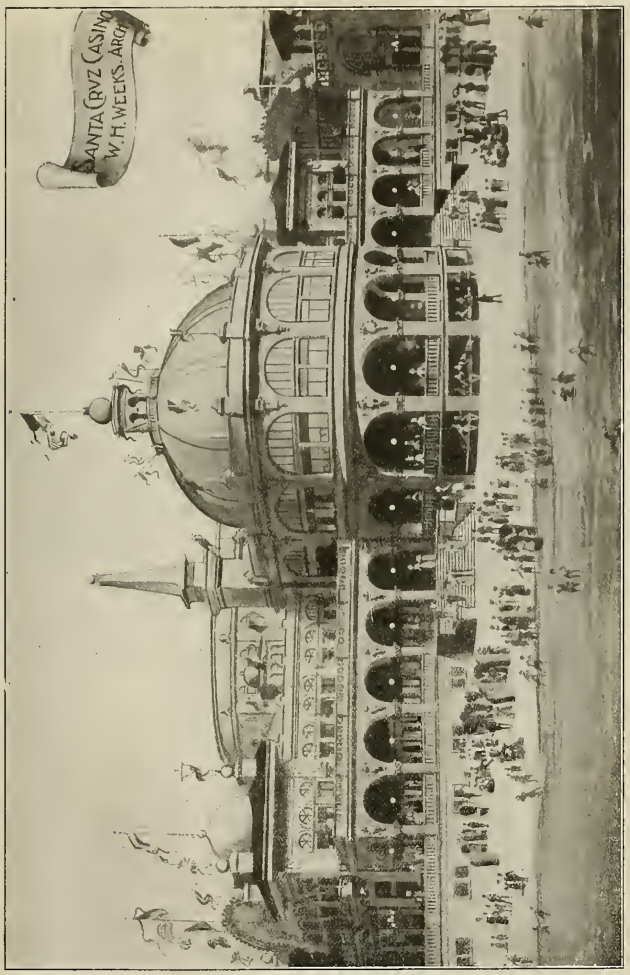
ODE TO A BLUE BIRD

THOU joyous harbinger of spring,
  Thou herald of the coming days,
With tints of azure on thy wing
  And gladness in thy simple lays;
I love thee best of all the free
And varied songsters of the lea.

When thou dost come I doubt no more
  That joy and pulsing life will reign
Within the wood and by the shore
  And on the bare and withered plain,
For thy sweet voice all fears dispel—
I read thy note: "All will be well."

Thou seem'st to me a bit of blue,
  A joyous child of Heaven's own,
From yon far wall of turquoise hue
  Sent down to cheer this earthly zone
With songs of sweetness all the day,
At morn, at noon and evening gray.

—*Charles Henry Chesley.*



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STORY OF THE MOCCASINS

By Frank H. Sweet.

"TELL you one story, me?" Raoul seated himself upon the cabin step, took out his pipe and filled it, then slipped his pipe into his pocket unconsciously, for Raoul was more a smoker in appearance than reality. "Why, m'sieur, I been all my life in de wood, two, t'ree mont' an' not see one man, mebbe. I nev' see story like m'sieur in de city, non. One time I been to Montreal an' see de street car whiz-a-whiz, an' t'ink I like dat t'ing for chase de bull moose. Eh, bien, wouldn't he tail steeck out? He t'ink old Nick o' de Wood been out huntin', surement. Oui, m'sieur, de city be one place for story, not de wood. I been see more scare t'ings in one street cross to Montreal den in fift' mile o' de worst wil' cat wood in all Canada. I know how to make de wil' cat run, but dat whiz-a-whiz ain' goin' stop for not'in' till all de bone been broke. Br-r-rh! I ain' nev' feel safe till I twent' mile back from de las' man."

The visitor had been standing by the cabin door, looking in at the varied assortment of hides and antlers and other trophies of the chase which were fastened to the walls and scattered about the floor. "Looks as though some of these things might have a story behind them, Raoul," he suggested.

"Oui, ten, fifteen word story, mebbe," acquiesced Raoul indifferently; "not de print kind, like m'sieur want; dey he too short. Dese t'ing only mean two, t'ree day hard tramp in de snow, with mebbe a rib broke or a foot freeze or ear chaw off by wil' cat or bear. M'sieur forget dat story ain' grow on tree like leaf; it grow on peoples."

"What are those things over there in the corner?" asked the visitor suddenly. "Behind the panther skin, I mean. They look as though they had seen hard service."

Raoul's gaze followed the pointing finger. "Eh, dose?" he said apologetically. "I been t'ink I trow dem out dese two year, an' ain' nev' done it yet. If m'sieur hab woman, she t'ink might' poor housekeep', me."

"But what are they?"

"Moccasin, 'fore dey wear out. Dey ain' look like no'in' now. Dem been t'rou' sevent' mile snow an' ice in two day, an' de bottom all cut an' wear off, an' de side dey rub down 'count dey been pull flat de las' ten mile. Non, m'sieur, dey ain' fit to be roun' like dat, an' I goin' t'row dem out right now, 'fore I forget." And Raoul rose determinedly to his feet.

But the visitor laid his hand just as determinedly upon the trapper's arm. "No, no, Raoul; not just yet," he remonstrated. "Tell me how they got worn first. Perhaps I might like to buy them."

"Buy—dem t'ings?" contemptuously, "Non, m'sieur, I goin' t'row dem out pret' queeck. If you pick up aft'wards an' t'row furder, dat ain' my say. I ain' got no law outside de cabin. But I ain' like you see dem lyin' roun' here."

However, he allowed the visitor to persuade him back to the cabin step.

"You been hear 'bout de dog, I s'pose?" he said presently, after he had taken out his pipe, pressed the tobacco meditatively into the bowl with his thumb, and then replaced the pipe in his pocket.

"Yes, you told me about him one day when I was here a few weeks ago. It rained, you remember."

"Oui, I rec'lect now. But I been forget good many t'ings dese days. When a man be fift' year old, he see so much dat de head ain' hol' all, an' some t'ings 'gin to drop out. But nev' min' dat. It's 'bout de moccasin you's lis'nin'. Well, de dog was de start. Him an' me was up in de Bad Wood belt dat winter, huntin' for timber wolf. De bounty jus' been raise up high, an' de dog an' me t'ink timber wolf show more money den moose an' beaver. But when we get twent' skin, an' feel de worl' goin' turn roun' mos'ly for us after dat, de winter start out to growl. Br-r-rh! but dat was good

time! One whole mont' it snow an' snow, till dere wa'n' not'in' but snow nowhere. De dog an' me buil' a little cabin; but dat all cover up, an' we live down in de snow like rat in a hole. An' I ain' hardly steeck my nose up to de top, for de weather been drop down to fift' in de freezin', an' dere ain' no game out to be hunt, not even de timber wolf. Dey all playin' rat, like de dog an' me. But de dog he ain' stay down, m'sieur, non, non. He ain' car' for de col'. He tear off 'cross de snow t'ree, four mile, be gone two, t'ree hour mebbe, den rush back an' bark like he say 'Hello!' den tear off ag'in. Sometime he bring a rabbit dat he smell out an' dig down in de snow for, an' one time he smell out a timber wolf an' kill it all by himself. He come an' tell me 'bout it with his tail an' his eyes, an' I go an' bring de skin home. But one day he come an' tell me some-t'ing else, I ain' quite un'erstan' what, but I know it might' big an' int'restin' from de look in his eyes an' de wag on his tail. I ain' nev' see him look an' wag like dat afore. Well, he know he goin' take me long; so I hus'le roun' an' pick up t'ings, for it been de coldes' day we hab all dat col' time, an' de win' blowin' like it boun' to get to some place jus' de queeckes' way. You ev' been in blizzard when de win' sharp an' queeck 'nough to dodge roun' a bullet?" abruptly.

"No, I don't think I have."

"Den you ain' un'erstan' 'bout dis win', an' de weather been down to fift' in de freezin'. I ain' stop to t'ink much, but what I do t'ink make my tooth come togedder hard. De dog show he run long way, an' while mebbe we get dere all right, I t'ink how we goin' get back with all dat win' in our face. So I put on all de warm t'ing I got, an' tie blanket on de dog's back so if we been sleep out in de snow we ain' freeze, an' put all de whisky in de coat pocket an' all de froze meat in two roll, one for de dog's back an' one for mine, an' start off. An'," lowering his voice reverently, "de same le bon Dieu dat sen' me de dog tol' me 'bout takin' all de meat an' whisky. We ain' hab not'in' else, an' we ain' get to no cabin in ten day, an' de las' two day we go sevent' mile." He raised his left hand and showed where two of the fingers had apparently been amputated close to the hand. "Been freeze an' drop off dat time," he said, "an' dis ear," turning his head slightly, "been mos' all freeze off, too. An' I been freeze plent' more places, only dey get well 'cep' to hurt now an' den. But me an' de dog ain' fin' no fault, 'cause we come out de bes' of all. De t'ree men we fin' out on de snow ain' nev' get clear well; dey go roun' on crutches an' t'ings now an' one hab a foot ev' bit off."

"Who were the men?"

"Jus' trappers like me, but dey ain' know 'bout de country dat fur up. An' dey ain' listen to nobody tell 'em. When de storm come, dey jus' camp out; but dey ain' stay dat way long, cause it mean freeze. Dey mus' fin' shelter, but dey ain' know where. Dey go roun' an' roun' an' be lost; an' when de dog fin' 'em, dey ain' foller, cause it 'gin de win'. Dey be all huddle in heap, mos' dead, when I get to 'em, an' I work queeck an' dig hole deep down an' under de snow an' get 'em in, den let de win' cover de hole up wid more snow. Dat de only way. Den de dog an' me give 'em all de whisky, an' rub an' wrap 'em up, an' we stay in de hole eight whole day like dat. But at las' one man get so bad he boun' to die or hab doctor queeck. So we dig out an' tie some branch togedder for sled an' put de man on dat; but we go 'long with de win', for de man ain' able face t'udder way. Br-r-rh-ough! but dat be hard time! Sevent' mile in two day, an' de das' ten flat down, crawlin', den droppin' sleep, den crawlin' some more, but all time hol'in' on de sled. But at las' we come to emt' cabin in de wood an' de dog an' me get 'em in, den we go twent' mile more for de doctor. Br-r-rh!" rising suddenly and shaking himself, "dat too shivery for story, an' I ain' like tell him. Now I goin' t'row dem t'ings out."

"Very well," said the visitor, also rising; "but please throw them out in the path here, so I can pick them up as I go along. Did the man recover?"

"Oui, m'sieur, after de doctor been took off a foot an' han' an' some fingers an' udder t'ings. He mos' well now, 'cep' for de crutches. Surement, de dog an' me come out de bes', for he ain' so much as freeze one hair. Dat dog been like de col'."

On the Carmel.

THE PLEASURE SIDE OF MONTEREY

By H. T. Payne.

THE citizens of Monterey are justly proud of the important place their city occupies in the history of the great West. To the visitor they point with pride to the old custom house, from whose staff the stars and stripes were first unfurled from land to kiss the breezes of the broad Pacific. They will show you with an air of see-how-old-we-are, the spot where Sebastian Viscano landed in 1602. Then coming down to the dawn of their own civilization, they will take you to where that great pioneer missionary, Junipero Serra, landed his little band of faithful Franciscans in 1770. They will show you the very tree under which he celebrated the first mass, and by which he planted the first Christian cross north of San Diego. They will point to the spot on their beautiful bay where rode at anchor the old frigate Savannah, when Commodore Sloat demanded and received the surrender of Mexican authority over all that territory lying between the present northern boundary of Mexico and the southern line of Oregon, and east to the Rocky Mountains. They will show you the rose bush, said to have been planted by General—then Lieutenant—W. T. Sherman and a dark-eyed senorita, in 1847, the day before he took his departure, and for whom he promised to return before the tender cutting should unfold its blushing buds. They will point with pardonable pride to the old Colton Hall where assembled those grand old pioneers in that constitutional convention that wrote the organic law which placed upon our starry banner the brightest gem that glistens on its field of blue.

All those and many more scenes of historic importance will be pointed out to claim the attention, and excite the interest of the visitor; but how seldom do they call his attention to those greater attractions with which their country abounds in a most remarkable degree. How seldom do they call his attention to those health-giving sources of recreation with which the men, and women, too, of the present day are more concerned than they are with the landing of missionaries, with constitutional conventions, or with the raising of flags. As the dawning years of the twentieth century is

an age of business rivalry, contention and bustle, and thereby an age of mental worry and physical strain, it is also an age characterized by a demand for seasons of mental relaxation and tissue building pastimes. Fortunes that have been made in the busy whirl of business activity are ready to purchase at any price the renewal of the wasted body and those exhilarating pleasures that make for the relaxation of the long over-strained mind. To such as these Monterey possesses attractions far greater than her old Custom House, her Colton Hall, or her Mission Carmel. Attractions that appeal not alone to the curious, or to the student of history, but to the whole people that are hunting peaceful rest, health-giving recreation and exhilarating out-door pastimes.

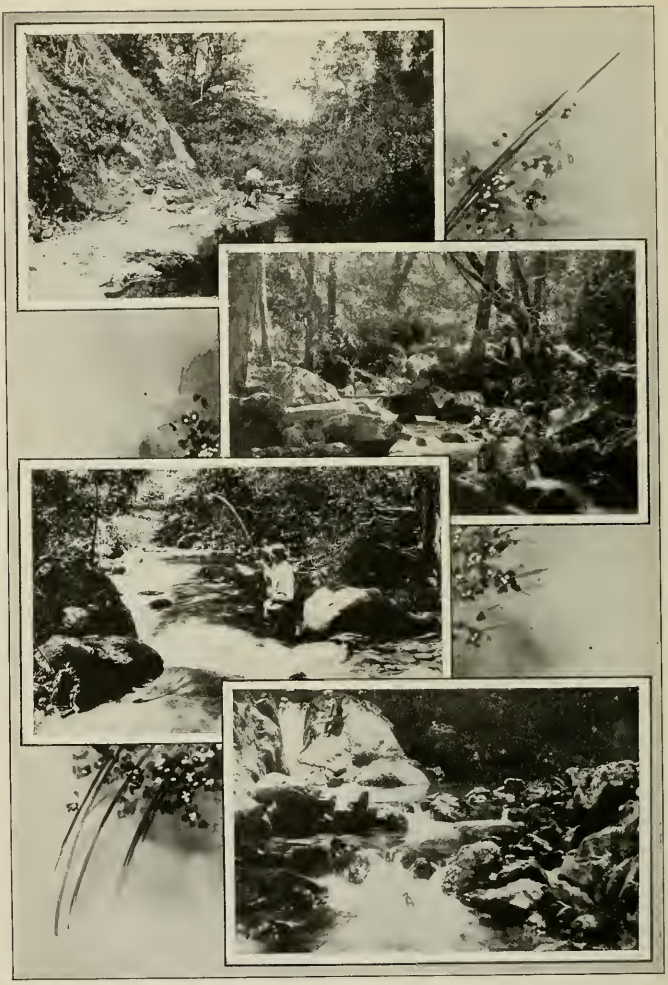
To enumerate these we will consider first the location of Monterey and the Hotel Del Monte. Between the southern shore of the Bay of Monterey and the Pacific ocean, nature, in planning the delightful spot where these resorts are situated, erected a range of pine-clad mountains. The raw winds of the ocean, filtering through the trees of these mountains, reach Monterey and Del Monte in a gentle breeze laden with the health-giving balsam of the pines, while Point Pinos to the west and Point Alones, still nearer to Monterey, have so projected themselves into the bay as to cut off all eddying currents of wind that may sweep in from the Pacific. Thus these two favored resorts, nestled in a grand amphitheatre of mountain and pines, is protected even from the strong trade winds of the ocean, giving them a climate warm in the winter, and

11,000 Sea Urchins Caught in Monterey Bay.

The Old Carmel Mission at Monterey.

with just that degree of coolness in the summer conducive to health and vigor. In front of this delightful spot stretches the waters of the bay, fanned into sufficient activity by the gentle breeze to give variety to its tints of blue, and agreeable motion to the many pleasure craft that rise and fall on its heaving bosom. Then, back from the farther shore, rise the redwood-clad slopes of the Santa Cruz range, with the blue summits of Ben Lomond and Sierra Prieta clear-cut against the sky. Back of Monterey rise the pine-clad mountains in their varying tints of green. To the west, the new Government barracks and their park-like parade ground set in a frame of graceful pines. To the east and across the great beet fields of the Salinas delta, the eye rests upon the blue summits of the peaks of the Gavilans.

Then the famous "Seventeen-mile drive" over the mountain, through the pines, and firs, and cedars, and back by way of the ocean shore and Point Pinos, the southern headland of the bay. Since more facile pens have attempted to describe this wonderful drive and have failed to portray one-half of its grandeur or its delightful charms, I would be rash, indeed, to venture on the field and add another disappointment to the long list that have preceded me. But without any attempt at description, I venture the assertion that there is no other spot on earth, with a pleasure drive of like distance, that presents such a variety of charming pictures, or can produce the exuberant delight to be found on this drive. The passage over the mountain; the ride under the towering pines; the little glimpses down the rugged cañons, or into the peaceful vales, may have their rivals in other lands, but there is no



In the Vicinity of Monterey.

other view of the grand Pacific ocean like that which rivets the attention as the automobile or four-in-hand emerges from the pine-clad hills and hurries down to Prospect Beach. There are other coves, grand and inspiring, but none so weirdly beautiful in all its settings as that little indentation hewn by the hand of time into the rock-bound shore, and known by the unromantic name of Chinese Cove.

There are other headlands and rocky points, lashed by the restless waves and raging storms of the mighty ocean, but there is only one Cyress Point, for nature never imitates, or attempts the impossible. There are other trees that find a foothold in the meagre crevices of the granite rocks and flourish where no sustaining soil seems present, but there are no others so firmly rooted in the storm-lashed rocks, and so grotesquely picturesque as the Monterey Cypress. There are other rock-bound shores whose pinnacles, and arches, and caves, carved by the erosion of unnumbered aeons, hurl back in harmless spray the angry waves that lash their sides, but none with that peculiar individuality of beauty, form and character possessed by those along the shore skirted by this famous drive.

Two Good Ones.

Pleasant as it is to record the lasting impressions made on the memory by the scenic splendors that surround these peerless resorts; pleasant as it is to inhale the balm infiltrated into the sea breezes during their passage through the pines, I must desist for the present, for more exciting sport awaits me. Yonder by the wharf our launch is waiting and we will soon be in the midst of a sport whose exhilaration quickens the pulse and sends the red blood of the sportsman tingling through every vein. Look out over the blue surface of the bay and note the course of yon flock of birds that seem to be pursuing a school of sardines. The bow of our little launch is pointed toward them; and as her keen prow turns the wave like the rude plowshare turns the yielding mould, and we leave a foaming wake behind us, our rods and lines are adjusted and a hook-impaled sardine cast over from the port and starboard quarters. Barely has the necessary line line been paid out when whiz-z-z goes the reel, for we are among the salmon and one has taken the hook. The churning of the propeller is at once stopped, and the fight with the gamy fish begins. The hard bent rod betokens a heavy fish as he takes yard after yard of line in his frantic rush for liberty. But the strong arms of the angler holds him taut, paying out only sufficient line to prevent a breaking strain. The water parts, a gleam of silver is seen above the surface as the bright sides of the fish reflect the rays of the sun; a splash, a turn of his wiry form and he is again in his native element. He was in the air but a second, but it was long enough to show the man at the other end of the line that he had hooked a forty-pounder with fight enough to tax his strength and skill. Stopped in his mad rush, he now changes his course and comes quartering toward the boat. The rod straightens and the slackened line must be reeled in promptly or the prize will be lost.

Ribbon Fish (*Trachypterus isakawae*) Caught at Monterey.

By skillful work the line is kept taut, and the happy angler's eye gleams with a new light as the reel again sings its accompaniment to another rush of the big quinnat, for he feels the inspiration of the battle royal that is now on. The fish is fighting for its life with all its strength, coupled with no small measure of cunning. Glance for a moment at the angler's face. The eye sparkles with animation; around the mouth plays a smile of supreme satisfaction, of pleasure sought and found. The close-pressed lips mark a determined resolve to conquer, while over the whole face rests an expression of careful attention given to every pressure on the rod and every turn of the reel; and all showing that he is in the midst of an enjoyment that fills the mind, the heart—the soul, if you please—with the keenest of satisfaction. At last, after half an hour of this superb sport, the huge king salmon is brought to gaff and lifted into the boat; and the angler, with tired arms, and exercise enough to whet his appetite, takes his seat with a countenance beaming with joy.

Such is the grand sport—healthful, invigorating sport, which the bay of Monterey yields to those who cast their lines in its waters. The salmon season is now on and good catches running as high as twenty to thirty to the boat are now being made. From the establishment of a fish hatchery on the other side of the bay, jointly by the Southern Pacific Company and Santa Cruz county, this grand sport is destined to increase and furnish recreation to generations yet to come. At present the quinnat, or king salmon, are found in abundance during the summer months, and range in size from ten to forty pounds. Recently some fifty thousand silver salmon were planted in the streams tributary to the bay by the Santa Cruz hatchery, in the hope that this variety, which seek the smaller streams for their spawning grounds, will make this grand bay their adopted home. From the abundance of food the bay affords this hope seems to be well founded, and bids fair to the adding of another charm to this section.

But salmon is not the only fish to be found in Monterey Bay. White sea bass, striped bass, steelhead, yellowtail, barracuda, several varieties of the cod family, as well as an endless list of the smaller fishes abound and furnish fine sport to those seeking the pleasures and benefits of outdoor recreation.

Through the courtesy of Mr. J. K. Oliver, president of the Promotion Committee of Monterey, we are enabled to herewith portray one of the multitudinous curiosities that from time to time are encountered in the waters of Monterey Bay. It is a fine specimen of the *Trachypteris isakawae*, one of the ribbon fishes of the pelagic class, found occasionally along the Japanese Coast, but seldom encountered in these waters. This fish, which resembles a giant sea horse, created great consternation among the local fishermen, who are usually well versed in everything piscatorial in these waters. Several years ago Dr. David Starr Jordan devoted much time to the study of fishes in Monterey Bay, and made the assertion that all fishes of a migratory nature in the world at some time or other visit this wonderful bay, a statement fully verified by this rare Japanese visitor. This fish has no real economic value, but from a scientific standpoint it is possibly the most wonderful ever taken on this coast. It has been sent to Stanford University for preservation.

To the devotee of the gentle art of angling, who wish to whip the mountain streams for trout, Monterey county can furnish him as fine sport as he will find anywhere. The beautiful Carmel—what memories that name awakens—with its delightful pools and silvery ripples; its scenic setting of mountain and forest; its open glades and enchanting dells can never be forgotten by those who have visited it. Near the mouth of this stream stands the old Mission Carmelo, erected in 1770. The valley here opens into broad stretches of fertile soil, but above this open vale is where is found

> "Its dark abysses, its transparent coves,
> Its tranquil bays, its forest-gilded edge,
> And all the blissful haunts the angler loves."

It is an ideal trout stream, and always furnishes the finest of sport to those who visit its upper waters. The fish are usually keen for the fly and gamy in their fights. By the enterprise of the people of Monterey this stream is restocked nearly every year, as well as by the natural run of steelhead from the ocean, thus keeping the supply always at the high mark. Besides the Carmel, the San Jose, the two Surs, and a few other smaller streams rarely fail to furnish an ample reward to those who visit them.

Within a reasonable ride or drive from Monterey, and over better than the usual mountain roads, can be found deer in good numbers,

A 48-Pound Salmon, 4 Feet, 4 Inches Long. Caugbt at Monterey.

Salmon Fishing, at Monterey Bay.

Jew Fish Caught at Monterey.

80-lb. Spike Buck Killed by a Young Lady on the Sur.

A Morning's Catch.

Killed in the "Chalks" near Monterey.

and these close to some of the finest camping grounds to be found in the State. In fact, this section is the favored locality of many of the most experienced deer hunters of central California.

To the man with the shotgun and the trained bird dog Monterey county has especial attractions. There are few sections where quail can be found in greater numbers, easier of access, or grounds more conducive to comfort for either the man or the dog. All along the Salinas river from where it empties into the bay, up to its source in San Luis Obispo county, the call of the game little quail is heard. On the sand hills and mesa, even from a few rods from the surf back to the mountains, good shooting can be had on grounds that it is a comfort to shoot over. Up the Salinas valley there are a number of open cañons and foothill glades where these birds are to be found in wonderful numbers. Across the mountains in the Carmel and other little valleys can be had very fine quail shooting. The general open character of the grounds, the well equipped hotels and excellent livery service which characterizes these resorts, is also a consideration of no little importance to him who looks for comfort in his recreation.

Monterey and Del Monte, hid away as they are on the shores of a bay designed for man's peaceful enjoyment; hid away from the noise and bustle and turmoil of a busy world, and bathed in a quieting, dreamy atmosphere, are rapidly becoming the chief Meccas of the pleasure-seeker. Here he can find a climate which furnishes an outing season co-extensive with the yearly calendar. Polo, golf and tennis grounds; riding and driving over roads that are ideal, and through scenes of beauty and absorbing interest; bathing, boating and sailing; fishing of some kind always ready for his enjoyment, and deer and quail shooting in season. With such a variety of pastimes there can be no chance for *ennui* at these resorts, no moping days when recreation is sought and not to be found. No moments when the siren voice of pleasure is not calling: "Come forth into the open air—the sweet, balmy air, and by the pursuit of the varied pastimes offered, build up the wasted tissues of the body, and through the exhilaration of their enjoyment renew the vigor of the tired mind."

A Pool on the Sur.

AT EVENTIDE

O, LITTLE birds, high in the golden air,—
Where sunset smiles above the darkening town,
Here in the dull, gray streets, beneath the frown
Of stony walls, we see and greet you there.

O, little birds, free in the golden air,—
Darting, or floating, as the spirit moves,
We, too, shall leave these sullen, stony grooves
At last, and float at will in light more fair!

—*Alice Spicer.*

A FROZEN WONDERLAND

By Clyde Scott Chase.

AT the margin of a level expanse of flinty desert in the great Southwest, dotted irregularly with fragrant wild sage, Spanish dagger and bristling cacti, I unpacked my burro to make camp one evening in September, near a small pass debouching from a low-lying range of hills—the spot chosen being the small, wet depression in the alkali soil known by the hopeful and wonderfully suggestive title of the "Bottomless Spring". This spring, which can be readily located a quarter of a mile away through the medium of the olfactory sense, is not in truth a robust one but being the only water within a radius of several miles it must perforce assume the dignities of the more pretentious article and as far as possible live up to it's name.

From the western sky the sun, bright and yellow as a new twenty-dollar gold piece, looked back over the desert from the terraced ridges of the Granite Trail Mountains. The sky was very clear, with only the faintest line of purple haze showing below the sinking sun.

Setting my tent poles with considerable difficulty into the hard, windswept crust of nitrates and borax, I put up my canvas shelter and fixed things for the night as comfortable as my rather crude means would allow. And while thus engaged I noticed a rather unusual and quite amusing incident wherein the remarkable self-poise of my modest four-legged companion of the trail was exhibited. The burro was nibbling away at a little clump of shriveled vegetation a few rods from me when a good sized rattlesnake whirled aloft its danger signal almost under the animal's feet and swept its head back over its spinning rattles for the fatal strike.

The burro did not even cease his contented nibbling of the shrubbery. He merely dropped one ear a little lower, allowed a stray gleam of intelligence to flicker for a brief instant from his half-closed eyes, then one hind hoof twinkled in the air. His Convoluted Highness measured his length upon the earth eight or ten feet away, his head smashed to a shapeless pulp by that unerring hoof!

I smiled approvingly and involuntarily tipped my hat in respectful salute, feeling a much higher regard for that pestiferous burro than I had formerly entertained. The

trick had been performed with a neatness and dispatch closely bordering upon the artistic. He smiled knowingly to himself—at least I imagined he did—and went quietly ahead with his browsing as though nothing of consequence had happened. Presently, however, he raised his head and a most terrific bray nearly lifted me from my feet, coming with such startling suddenness.

In considerable alarm I swept the landscape with inquiring eyes, for I knew that something was in the wind. That four-legged, mouse colored danger signal of mine had never been at fault during all the nine months of our association and companionship on the desert trail. Whenever the soul-harrowing note from his rasping throat split the desert silence I could feel assured that events of some sort were hovering in our vicinity. Soon an answering bray even more weird and grewsome than that of my own shaggy brute came from an angle of the ridge a few hundred yards away, and a heavily laden animal in tow of a large, roughly dressed man with tangled hair and beard loomed up before my vision. No second look was needed to reveal the traveler's identity. My old friend of the mountain pass and desert trail, Grizzlybear Yarnsmith, stood before me. A few rods from me he halted so abruptly that his burro ran its dolefully hanging head between its master's outspread legs, and received a severe cuffing and withering tirade of profane abuse for his heedlessness.

"Hello, Griz!" I exclaimed, in hearty greeting. "Didn't know you were anywhere in this part of the country."

"Hello, yourself!" he responded, with an answering smile which bristled his unkempt beard like a stalk of tumbleweed. "This is sure one of the unexpected things that occasionally meet a man in his journey through this vale of tears. Haven't got such a thing as a chew of old Betsy anywhere about your clothes, I suppose?"

"Possibly have," I replied, invading the sanctity of an inner pocket where reposed a moderately large plug of the old fellow's pet weakness. While often unprepared for the sterner events of this life, and largely disqualified to meet the ledger accounts of the world to come, I always try to be prepared for my friend Grizzly wherever his shadow falls across my path. Producing the carefully treasured article I handed it over to him with offhand cheerfulness and with the invitation to help himself freely and without stint. Needless to say he complied with the invitation fully. In fact he was obliged to remove a couple of tin tags before he had stored away the desired quantity. Handing back the somewhat dejected looking remains, he remarked:

"Mighty fine brand of chewing, that. Shows a higher order of intelligence in a man to carry a good grade article."

"Thanks, the compliment is duly appreciated," I responded with becoming modesty. "And now, just tumble the pack off your burro and sit down here in the shade of the tent while I listen to what you have been doing since I last saw you."

This last remark was intended both as an invitation to acquaint me with a few facts concerning himself and a sly dig at his natural propensity for enjoying the vibratory music of his own vocal sounding-post. But as usual my clever attempt at witticism was all lost—like good seed fallen on stony ground.

Obeying instructions with unruffled coolness, and deftly coloring the back of an inoffensive horned toad a fine rich brown at a distance of three yards, he leaned comfortably against the front pole of the tent and cleared himself for a plunge into the sea of oral reminiscence. I will here remark that his title of "Grizzly" came not from any notable association with the king of the mountain wilderness, but because his personal appearance always strongly suggested the shaggy hulk of a grizzly bear. In looking at him it was not at first easy to realize the fact that he was a man of college education and almost world-wide travel.

"Since you and I were up on the Gila," said he, "working out the Lean Goose claim and eating fried trout and chuckawallah, I have had several ups and downs. Seemed like I just had to go gadding about the world until I spent that money from the Lean Goose and all the coyote bounty I had salted away under a mesquite bush. I've been drifting about all over the continents of North and South America, West Africa, the South Atlantic islands and the coast of Greenland."

"Great Scott! You have been migrating somewhat," I commented enthusiastically.

"Sure you havn't forgotten to mention one or two places on the list?"

"Possibly," he replied in his unconcerned way, "but those mentioned will serve the purpose. And when you speak of forgetting things it brings to my mind the peculiar lapse of memory which I experienced in northern Alaska, under most unusual circumstances. Not one man in a thousand would believe the story, but I don't mind telling it to you as an illustration of what we were just speaking about. I had been prospecting around quite a while up there on the northern peninsula, and one day I stood looking at a little rivulet of water which had been melted by the sun and was trickling down a groove where it soon lost itself in a queer looking hole in a solid mountain of ice. When I turned to go on my way my foot slipped and the next moment I went sliding down that trench like a toboggan down a chute. I tried desperately to save myself, but it was no use, and into that cold, slippery cavity I went like a rat into its hole.

"I mentally sat down and wrote myself a touching letter of farewell edged with black, for I expected never to see daylight again. The hole was narrow and crooked and I have no idea how far I slid down that cold, slippery gullet before I brought up kerplunk in a deep pool of water. I floundered and spluttered about for several moments in a dazed kind of way, and finally crawled out onto a strip of hard, pebbly ground. It was light as day, and to my surprise I saw that I was at the edge of a vast cavern beneath the mountain of ice. To my further surprise the ground was dry and warm and carpeted with queer looking whitish grass and wax-like flowers. The cavern had evidently been formed by some sort of mineral heat below the surface of the ground, and around and above it was a solid mountain of blue ice as clear as a diamond and hard as flint rock. And about the first thing I noticed was many evidences of the handiwork of man!

"The cavern was several acres in extent, and with considerable curiosity I started out to explore things. As I left the pool I felt the ground become colder under my feet, and at length the grass and wild flowers gave place to hard, lifeless earth, glistening with frost and resounding to my tread like the stone floor of a Roman dungeon. Presently I found myself in the midst of a frozen wonderland. Before me extended rows and hedges of misty green shrubbery very life-like in its cold storage preservation. Granite walls and marble fountains appeared beyond, grim and silent as so many tombstones, while flanking the scene with a solid background, the buildings of some great prehistoric city, the domes and spires imbedded deeply in the solid ice, met my astonished gaze.

"Strange to say, the trees and shrubbery were nearly all of tropical species, and the whole aspect of things was as if a portion of the equatorial regions had suddenly stiffened in the grasp of an Arctic frost. Rows of palms stood there as life-like as you please, but hard and brittle as window glass. Vases and jugs of solid gold stood upon benches and shelves of white marble, heavy furniture of rosewood and mahogany reposed here and there in various nooks and angles of the great stone archways, and more than a dozen huge elephants, mammoths, and mastodons, loomed up from a copper-railed enclosure, all standing upright as though having been frozen to solid rock in the twinkling of an eye. Then quite suddenly I came upon a number of human bodies. They were seated in a natural position on benches and on the ground under the trees as though resting in the shade at noontime. There were about a hundred of them.

"Whether the light from above produced a sort of prismatic illusion or my natural vision recorded things correctly I cannot say, but the complexion of those prehistoric mortals appeared to be a bright ruby color, smooth and glistening, while their hair seemed to be of a dark navy blue, shaded off to a greenish black. Otherwise they did not appear radically different from the people of the present day.

"I nosed around for some little time and finally went to investigating a certain jug of clear, unfrozen liquid that sparkled like champagne and gave forth a most tempting odor. I had no doubt that it was some prehistoric nectar used by those forgotten people in their social revels, and after some hesitation I ventured to taste it. It possessed a flavor sublime beyond description, and I put down the jug with great reluctance. That one sip fired me with a raging desire for more and I found myself returning early and often to the tempting vessel."

"Ah! hold on just a moment," I interrupted,

a bright idea having flashed across my mind. "Did you see all those things you mentioned before you sampled the jug, or afterward? Haven't made any mistake in point of time?" As I put the question I leaned back and surveyed my entertaining narrator with a quiet but triumphant eye. The thought was such a clever one that I was myself greatly surprised at its inception.

"I rather think not," he replied, with just the least trace of sarcasm. "And just for your benefit I will relate a little circumstance which I did not intend to mention, owing to my natural modesty. The jug had been placed in front of one of the benches and one of the ladies had seated herself there in such a way that I had to break her ankles off at the knees in order to get at the jug. So you see my mind is quite clear as to the course of events."

I humbly relapsed into silence and allowed the old fellow to proceed with his narrative.

"Take my advice," said he, "and never sample the contents of a tempting jug if you are not personally acquainted with its contents. Mark the result in this case and profit by my experience. As the ripe old liquid sparkled and sizzled along every vein and fissure of my internal pay streak I began to whoop and dance around like an exuberant Apache. I skipped the high copper fence like a rubber ball, scrambled up the curve tusks of one of those old mastodons and triumphantly surveyed the scene from a position astride the brute's neck. But the seat was a little too much like an ice cushion and I slid down again. I paraded up and down for awhile before my respectful and appreciative audience, posing swell coon style, dancing the can-can, hootche-cootche and Spanish fandango, and singing something that sounded in that ice cavern like a scared pig squealing under an inverted brass kettle.

"Then, gathering all the gold jugs and vessels I could find into one glittering heap, I stook back and surveyed my enormous wealth with swelling pride. Gradually things began to get a little hazy, but my blissful hilarity seemed to increase rather than diminish. My feet were shod with wings of the lark and my head was sailing above the sunny side of the clouds. The world was mine and all the good things thereof. The several races of mankind were but slaves to do my bidding—I was the big chief and medicine man of them all. I dimly remember waltzing some of those frozen ladies around in wild frolic, then I took another pull at the jug and forgot all about it. My senses were extinguished as completely as a candle snuffed out by a gust of wind.

"Now here is where the point of my story comes in. You can furnish your own explanation of the riddle, for I have none to offer. When I came to myself I was wandering aimlessly about over the *pampas of South America!* And when I reached a place where I could figure up dates I found that my mind had been a blank exactly ten months by the calendar. What happened to me in the meantime I have no more idea than a new born turtle. All I know about it is that I was suffering sorely for a chew of old Betsy, and feeling mighty lonesome and downhearted. And that reminds me! Haven't got another small slab of the needful anywhere about your spotless attire, I presume?"

In silent awe I handed over the desired article, lost in wonder and amazement at the old fellow's marvelous experience.

LIGHT

THE fog winds 'round a patient, distant hill,
A poppy tries in vain to ope its eye—
While I am leaning out my widow-sill
To greet the sun now breaking through the sky;
Ah, see it kiss the poppy into life!
How sweet to see the hill step forth green-clad
From rent-cleaved wide with heaven's golden knife—
Sing low my heart, all nature now is glad!

Kind Father, thanks to Thee for light of love
That from this life dispels all doubt and fear—
By its pure light we see Thee high above
And know Thy presence ever 'biding near;
Aye, in Thy light from sin and vile duress,
We issue forth clad in Thy righteousness!

—*Sam Exton Foulds.*

THE TRAIL OF THE STONE HOUSES

By Harry H. Dunn

IT WAS the rim of a long dead crater . Sheer from the desert it rose, the tip of its highest peak ten thousand feet in the air, its feet bathed in restless waves of wind-blown sand, four hundred feet below the level of the sea. Miles long was this remnant of the old volcanic wall, and it was but a fragment of the rampart that had once held in the furious fires of some unknown Vesuvius. Far to the north it lay, almost to the Land of Snows; equally far to the south it ran, a black blotch on the creamy whiteness of the great plain, barren, treeless, black as a burned out Gehenna—lifeless, one might thing who did not know.

Midway up the western side of the range, where the face of a single mountain bowed in a vast semicircle above the valley, thin patches of bunch grass began to appear. Back yet further, in the shallow cañon of which this was the outlet, a crack in the lava wall let drip, drop by drop, a tiny spring, all unexpected in a wilderness of bare crags.

Dawn broke slowly over the desert world, bright, rose-garden day in the east, white with that almost tangible light of the Land of Many Sands, still dull gray in the cañons of the lava buttes. It brought into light a beaten thread, running back across the very face of the hills from the spring back into the barren land, where the boldest of the bronze-skinned children of the sun who lived beside the trickling desert river miles away did not dare to follow.

No hand of man had been at the carving of that trail. Narrow and cut by the prints of many hoofs, it clung to the cliffs where a man could not have swung a pick and kept his footing. Where the little gulches were wide, it curled out around their heads; where they were narrow it ended abruptly on the one side, only to begin again on the other, showing that its makers, whatever they might be, were jumpers enough to clear the ordinary obstacles which lay in their paths.

The dust of ages lay in that trail, and where it passed over level ledges it was worn deep into the adamantine lava; where a streak of fire-hardened sandstone had held its own in the blacks and sepias of the crater wall it became a veritable ditch, deeper than a man's foot at the ankle but so narrow that a man could not set his two feet side by side in it.

Like men who lived long in one way, they that used this trail were wont to follow it carefully, foot by foot, as of old the makers of the narrow path had used it, and as, in other lands, even their ancestors before them had made like highways across precipices even worse than these.

And presently, down the trail they came, moving slowly, with heads erect, noses pointed straight ahead, faces sharp to the wind, great horns curling back over the head of the leader. Behind him followed four others, sheep like himself, but less in size and with the smaller horns of the females of the band.

The Blacks and Sepias of the Crater Wall.

Wary they were and watchful, girdling the spring three times ere they bent their heads to drink. Then, while four slaked their thirst the fifth watched the valley below. No trail led down from the spring; it was securely pocketed in the face of the range. For years untold the sheep band had drank there, yet they could not for an instant forego that watchfulness which had been the price of their lives so often in the past.

One of the four-feet was considerably smaller than the others, and less willing to move about. Just at the edge of the spring he lay down, curling his feet beneath him and stretching his nose far out along the cool rock. He was by far the youngest of the band, born in the spring of the year among the deep gorges of the hills, and this was his first trip to the lower country spring, whither the band had come, driven to seek fresher food in the sparse growth of bunch grass that clothed the range on the valley side.

When all had filled themselves with the soft water in the little rock pool, they started back over the trail by which they had come. One by one, as they passed the youngster still lying on the ground, they nudged him with their horns, shoving him a bit this way or that as if in an effort to rouse him. To his mother this was something new; always before he had been unable almost to hold his pace down to hers as they fed through the further hills. So, as the others went on, still led by the lordly ram, she stayed by the weary one, still shoving him about, using feet and even her own stubby horns to make him rise.

Failing in this mayhap she thought him dead, possibly she knew that it was time for him to be hunting fresh feeding grounds away from the ram who led her and the rest of his band; so she, too, followed the other three out of the spring pocket and over new trails down to the lower slopes, where the grass grew the better for their feeding.

In one of the young sheep's feet a stone had lodged, far back on the trail, and the reason for his staying at the spring was no secret to him; he neither feared the old buck, nor had he tired of feeding with the band; no thought had entered his head of a mate hidden somewhere in the lava hills, but he did know that his foot pained him cruelly, that he could not stand on it, much less walk, so he did the only thing he knew and lay down.

As he lay, thirst added its hurt to his foot; near him he knew there was water; beneath him he felt his sore foot, and for hours, almost till the going down of the sun, he resisted the call of the waters for the fear of the pain in his foot. But when darkness began to fall, the instinct within warned him that a spring, of all places in the wild, was no place for him to look for safety during the hours of night.

He rose on his three good feet and staggered to the spring, into the soft silt and sand which ages of water-wear and of cutting down by hoofed feet had left in the little basin. He set his feet in this and it felt good. He bent his nose to the surface and drew in long gulps of the clear water. His great horns, rolled in a crescent on their way to the full size of those his leader had borne, almost dipped into the crystal pool. He forgot everything, even his foot, in the cool mud and water of the spring.

Then, slowly, and like a bit of shadow let down from the darkening skies, a gray form, long and lean and filled with the hunger of

many days, crept out on a lava boulder twice its length above and behind the young ram. Loose muscles, playing beneath a furred skin, tightened mightily, the lithe form shot out, hurled by its own power straight at the back of the sheep.

But the guardians of the wild were not asleep. A rat, currying his own feet preparatory to an incursion to a bunch of dead grass on the opposite side of the spring, saw the great cat just as it rose above the rim of the boulder, and with a shrill scream of terror disappeared into his burrow beneath two upended slabs of lava.

Him the ram heard, and to hear was to act. Fright was greater with him than the impediment of a sore foot, and in the instant of the cat's leap, he too sprang out and away from the spring. One of his feet struck sharply against the lava wall of the basin, and the stone that had bidden fair to end his life almost in its beginning was gone, to bother him no more.

Without so much as a look at the cat, whose great claws had passed so close as to scratch his horns, the ram cleared a wall of the little mountain cove at another bound and was well away over the slope, while the cat, following his would-be-victim until the distance between them became too great for him to hope to make up, went back to his hiding place on the high boulder above the spring.

As the sheep had jumped in the moment of his great fright, so he went across the hills, without trail or without knowledge of the country across which he was heading. Much of the night he wandered, eating here a bit of bunch grass, pausing there to drink from a pocket in the rock where the ardent summer sun had not been able to dry up all that the rainy season left of its torrential moisture.

Along toward morning of the next day the ram got well down out of the hills and into the alkali-covered valley, where a wild clump of mesquite spread over the slope. This was new to him and because he was naturally suspicious he doubted it. For an hour he slipped along its edge, fascinated by the unwonted expanse of green, longing to go to it yet fearing something, he knew not what, that might be lurking in its depths.

Presently, however, his courage came back to him; he forgot a bit of the fright the panther had given him, and circling about like an antelope he moved down toward the higher end of the mesquite thicket. Along half of it he passed in safety, then, suddenly, from a particularly thick part of the greenery a weird, strange animal uprose. Something whirred dangerously across his back, and with one wild leap he was away, across the flat desert country, completely turned round and headed this time for the range which raised itself on the opposite side of the valley, a good ten miles from where he had left the shelter of his own hills.

Cursing his bow, his arrow, and most of all his luck for not having seen the sheep sooner, the Indian watched the ram grow less and less across the waste, until the far hills received him into their shadows. And before the sun had begun to break into the cañon's depths, the lone hunter from his wickiup of brush had set his feet to the home of another of his kind, leaving his bronze-skinned mate to care for the rabbits his snares had taken during the night in the mesquite thicket.

Then the two, striking across the sands on the trail of the ram, found a sheep path which they knew they should find, leading up into this range as well. Into it, too, the ram had made his way, and they followed it until they found where it became merged into a pocket in the lava wall. Here a spring gushed out, and here, though they both knew that no sheep had come so close to the flat in all the years of their hunting in the valley, they believed the ram would take up his home, drawing from the bands of the further hills his mates, when mating time came, should he escape them so long.

With much carrying of stones during the next two days they built, in an angle of the little flat, a blind; below and above the spring, alongside the trail, they built other blinds until they had consumed all of a week in the making of their hiding places for this one ram. By night, when their quarry might be abroad, they slept in the valley; through the heat and the sunshine of each day they worked on their stone houses on the trail. Each dawn, too, they found fresh tracks, always of one sheep and always alone, about the waterhole. These they saw from a distance only, lest the scent of the man-animal should lie too heavy on the trail and near the waterhole.

But on the eighth day, when they went out they walked separately, one-striking up through

the hills by another gorge so as to come on the trail from far above the spring. The other went slowly up the well-known path and hid himself in the blind above the spring. Under him on a pile of lava boulders he laid his blanket; in his left hand he gripped the crude, weak bow and arrows with which the desert tribesmen are armed, and through the one porthole in the blind he stared up at the trail. Hours he sat thus, waterless, foodless, not daring to smoke, the sun beating down on his head with a heat known only to the Land of Sand. Presently, from far up the trail came the wavering call of one of the little desert wolves. A second time it rose and fell, mayhap miles away, possibly only a few hundred rods.

To the hidden hunter in the blind it brought new life; he knew it for the call of his companion, for the wild cry of the redskinned huntsman, the same call which he himself had used so often to lure the coyotes themselves from their brushy haunts along the river bed. He straightened up in the blind, a fragment of lava rolled down off the hill above him and he turned just in time to see a wolf, lured by the same call that had roused him, scurrying across the slope of the mountain. Until the four-foot disappeared the hunter watched him, half jealous of the noisless drift of the coyote's feet as he fled.

Then he turned his head, silently and without perceptible motion—to look squarely at the broadside of the ram, standing in the trail with his head turned back to catch the last wavering cry of the deadly sound from which he had fled. A brown arm straightened out, a bowstring came taut, there was a soft swishing sound in the quiet air, and the ram, pierced through the spine by the reed shaft headed with obsidian, sprang into the air and fell on his back.

A moment later the cry of the coyote rang out, louder and nearer. This time the hunter answered it in its own kind, and with a soft pit-pat of skin-shod feet, the two stood together above the body of the fallen ram that so slight a thing as a pebble had sent to his doom.

Sheep Hunters in the Olympias.

LIFE

TO LIVE and grow—to grow and live, and then
By putting forth new roots, to start again
Never to pause, but reaching toward the light,
Yearn upward with the strength of all one's might.
This is the law of life—this growth of soul—
Till growing, one may glimpse the eternal whole.

—*Grace G. Bostwick.*

A SLANDER ON THE LIVES OF ANIMALS

By WILL FRAKES.

IN THIS story—based on the life time of thirty-five years of hunting and trapping in the wilder parts of both North and South America, I wish to correct, or at least to declare, that many of the statements about the habits, and divers other thoroughly established beliefs regarding many species of wild animals are entirely at variance with the facts.

Some of the beliefs that I am about to declare are absolutely wrong in every particular are so long standing, have been on record so long, and are so thoroughly believed in by humanity all over the world, that I shall only bring censure upon myself by declaring their fallacy. But as I do not have to depend on my pen for a living, and as I have no reputation to lose, I can afford to tell the truth as I have seen and learned it, regardless of all statements to the contrary by whoever made, solely and only for the sake of truth and the slandered animals.

It is a strange fact that whenever any fallacy gets thoroughly implanted in the minds of a great many human beings, no matter how senseless or silly it may be, how contrary to all reason, nor how often visible evidence may give it the lie direct, it is a slow, hard process to eradicate it.

Here and there, the world over, there are a few real hunters and naturalists who start out in life to search for truth for the sake of truth. But the great majority are simply searching for foundations to bolster theories that are as wild, if beautiful, as they are senseless and untrue.

Now what I am about to tell you I cannot of course, (with the vast amount of perfectly reliable long-standing recorded evidence to the contrary) expect you to believe. But I do respectfully ask you to investigate it; and when you find that it is true—for you will never find that it is untrue—give me credit.

I think it better that I begin with the milder beliefs that are thought by the general public to be positive and undeniable facts, and gradually lead up to the greater ones. For if I stated the greater ones first, you might be so disgusted that you would not read any further, and I rather wish that you would finish the story, just to see how bad it really is.

Now I do not suppose there are any of you but what have read hunting stories; and a few of you have probably written them; but did you ever read one in your life, or ever write one, but what in the story somewhere, some of the boys dropped an animal dead in its tracks with a bullet through its heart?

Now all through the complexity of nature

there are exceptions and variations that can not always be understood nor accounted for; but in the instances that I am about to mention they will not happen once in a hundred times. And, barring these rare exceptions, I declare that all such statements are misstatements: that *no animal drops dead in its tracks when it has been shot through the heart.* Furthermore, I say that a shot through the heart will not knock the animal down; more that that, I insist that although his heart might be shot to fragments it would not even stagger him, unless at the same time he has been shot through one of the shoulders.

An animal shot through the heart will always jump and run with all the might there is in it till it bleeds to death. It will run, according to its speed, from 50 to 100 yards before it falls. A shot through the big part of the lungs is just as deadly and will kill as quickly as a shot through the heart. In my life I think I have shot as many as one hundred of the larger animals through the heart, but never in any instance did they fail to run some distance before they died. And in all my wanderings I have never met any real true hunter whose experience does not confirm mine. But there is no lack of evidence but what it can be done any day in the week in an up-town office with a typewriter.

But although it is an "established fact" that every animal drops dead in its tracks when it is shot through the heart, there is one that does not: the grizzly bear. "Shooting him through the heart does not hurt him very much, at any rate it does not kill him for a good while." All such statements are so silly and senseless that it is a wonder that any editor would ever publish such bosh. A grizzly bear shot through the heart will live about as long as any other animal would with a similar shot: two or three minutes, not longer. But if a man was within 25 or 30 yards of a grizzly, and shot the bear's heart to rags, it would not disable him in the least, and the bear would have plenty of time and life to get to the man and tear him to pieces before he died himself.

If you ever find yourself in close quarters with a very dangerous animal—if you have any time to choose—shoot him through the head. If you can not do that, let him have it through the back, hips or neck; or, if you have a heavy hard-shooting gun, smash him through the shoulders. Any of these shots will "drop him in his tracks", and either kill or disable him so badly that you will have plenty of time to shoot him where you please after that.

Du Chaillu, the famous African hunter, always allowed gorillas and other dangerous animals to come very close to him before he fired, and then dropped them dead in their tracks with a bullet through the heart. So he says. But Du Chaillu was undoubtedly a great hunter, and knew better than this when he wrote it; but he wanted fame, and he wanted money; it sounded good, and this dead-shot-heart-business was so thoroughly believed in by nearly every one, that for him to have denied it would have been to have stamped himself a faker.

Once, while I was hunting in South America, a young Englishman brought in a deer that he had shot through the heart. When I saw that the deer had been shot through the heart, I asked him how far it ran before it fell.

"Why, where were you?" he asked, "I didn't see anything of you out there."

"I was here at the house," said I, "but I know that it ran some with that kind of a shot."

He looked at me in a wild sort of way, and said: "Well, to tell you the truth, the deer did run 60 or 70 yards after I shot it; but it was such an extraordinary occurrence—shot through the heart don't you know and should have dropped in its tracks—that I did not dare to mention it for fear of being taken for a faker." Du Chaillu had this same weakness.

And now, here is another hunter's pet that I am going to try to smash. Of course I shall not be able to do it, it is far more formidable, terrifying and frightful than any shot through the heart could ever be. There are far more witnesses to substantiate the truth of it, and it has been put on record thousands of times by people so eminently respectable that their words cannot be doubted; and still, I declare that it is untrue.

Now where is there a hunter from British America to Tierra del Fuego, even of limited experience, who has not sat by his camp-fire in some of the great forests or in some of the rocky mountain ranges, and heard that "wild, weird scream, that sounded as though it might have come from the lips of a dying

woman," the scream of the panther? It makes the cold chills run up your back, and however brave you may be you are pretty apt to see that your weapons are in easy reach and in shooting order.

And now, in spite of all this I declare that no one in this world ever heard a panther scream, holler, roar, nor make any noise of that description. By a panther, I mean the "California Lion" or "American Lion", or "Cougar", scientifically known as *Felis Concolor.* Go to any zoological park and you will hear African lions roar, wolves howl, and sometimes a fox will bark; but if you can only live till you can hear an American lion scream, you will never die.

I was born in California and have hunted from here to the Argentine Republic in South America. I hunted for ten years in the Gran Chaco Forests of North Argentine, where cougars are very plentiful, and never heard one scream any where, at any time in my whole life of wandering. More than that: I never saw any real hunter that ever did.

I was once talking with my friend T. S. Van Dyke, the famous writer of hunting stories, and asked him if he had ever heard an American lion scream.

"No," said he, with a quiet smile, "Nor I don't suppose any one else ever did."

Now I do not doubt but what there are a great many people who honestly believe they have heard lions scream; and I do not doubt but what they heard something make a noise, but it was not a lion.

The big horned owl does something besides hoot; sometimes he screams in a wild, weird way that can be heard for a long distance; and if he is in the timber, or in some cañon where the sound will be prolonged, it has a terrifying effect, even when you know what it is.

I once read an account of a man that was riding home in the night through the woods, when a panther suddenly screamed up in a tree just over his head. His horse became frantic and ran away with him—he did not say so, but I expect he tried to stop the horse with his whip. When he arrived home, which was only a short distance, he returned to the tree with his gun and dogs, but the lion had come down; still his dogs tracked it up and the man killed it.

Now this is positive evidence that a lion does scream, and it would hold good forever were it not for a class of people like myself, that go nosing around after truth and just ruin some of the finest stories in the world.

But here is just how easy one may be mistaken sometimes: One morning I heard some coyotes not far from my camp, and thinking that I might get a shot at them, picked up my rifle and slipped up onto a little ridge where I thought they were. When it seemed that I must be very nearly to them, they stopped their noise but I could not see them anywhere. But from about where they evidently were, two deer ran out of the brush and went tearing off down a cañon.

Now, as far as circumstantial evidence goes, there is just as much reason to believe that those deer were doing that howling, as there is to prove that the noise the man heard was a lion scream.

And again: had that lion been in a tree, and had the least intention of attacking the man, it would have been against all laws of animal nature for it to have screamed and frightened him away. If lions hunted in that manner they would soon all starve to death. On the other hand, had the lion feared the man he never would have screamed and so made known his presence to his most dangerous enemy.

Now about the fact of the business was: That some old owl lit in that tree and screamed about the time he was passing under it, stampeded him and his horse, and he came back with his gun and dogs, and accidently came on to and killed some lion that just happened to be there. An American lion is a very sneaking cowardly animal, and I never knew of one attacking a human being.

And here is another old gag that is a great favorite with new hunters. There is a measure of truth in this one, but the truth is invariably gagged to death by the man who peered into the black darkness, and saw two livid balls of fire glaring at him that he knew to be the eyes of a lion.

Now, as a matter of fact a lion's eyes do not shine in the dark, neither do the eyes of any other animal on earth. If it is dark and you are near a light that shines in the face of the animal, and it is looking at you, its eyes will reflect the light, and they usually appear to be green, or red; but put your light out, and you will find that a lion's eyes will glare with about the lustre of two balls of mud. An

animal's eyes simply act as reflectors for the light rays, but do not emit any light of themselves; and all statements that a lion's eyes shine in the darkness are certainly wrong.

The hunter that sees the two balls of fire glaring at him in the darkness, always grabs up his rifle and draws a bead exactly between them—a thing no man ever did for one of the best reasons in the world: you can not see the front sight when you hold the gun up to shoot in the night, let alone "draw a bead."

There is another thing that old hunters never have any trouble with which is a great source of excitement to the tyro: the screeching of wildcats. And even the coons will screech for them sometimes.

And another senseless belief is that a rattlesnake can not bite until after it has sounded its rattles. Bosh! You might chop its rattles off, and half the snake along with them, and throw them over the fence, and still the snake could bite, and would do it, too, if any thing came near it.

There is no truth in the story that a snake will crawl up and deliberately bite a sleeping person. Misunderstood and despised, many of them harmless and almost helpless, the poor snake has a hard time. Could they only know the scandalous libels that are put upon them they would certainly bite more than they do.

But of all the exaggerated nonsense heaped upon any poor dumb brute, what I am about to tell you now takes the cake. I have saved this till the last, for I think that by this time maybe you can stand it. It does seem as though I would hardly dare tell such horrible truths when I well know that it would be far better for me to tell untruths and stand in with the crowd.

The animal that I now wish to tell you about is the musk-hog, or peccary, (*Dicotyles torquatus*). Now there is not even a schoolboy but what knows the nature of this fearless and terribly savage beast. Every traveler that ever went to South America and hunted any has had narrow escapes, and can vouch from personal experience to the ferocity of these animals, and to the undoubted danger there is in hunting them, or even in hunting in jungles where the peccaries are liable to be met with. Every Natural History tells of the nature of this "terror of the jungles". And still, I declare that a peccary is one of the most cowardly, timid, and inoffensive animals in existence.

Should you ever have the luck to come onto a band of peccaries, the only possible danger that might happen would be that the poor hogs would get out of sight before you could get a shot at them. They would be no more liable to charge on you than a band of deer would be, and they would not be so dangerous if they did.

Now I lived and hunted in the Gran Chaco Forests, in Northern Argentina, South America, for ten years. These forests and jungles are the true home of the peccary, they are there by hundreds; and if there is a creature on earth that I know any thing about, that creature is a musk-hog. I have trailed them through jungles, captured their little ones and made pets of them; and never on any occasion during ten years of almost continual hunting did I ever know, or ever hear of one attacking a human being.

Peccaries are excellent meat and the boars are as good as the sows. It is not necessary to immediately remove the musk glands from their backs as is generally believed. They may be left there all night without scenting the meat in the least. I know, for I have done it many a time. I never shot one unless I needed it for meat, as I could feel no pleasure in killing an animal so harmless and inoffensive.

There are three distinct species of musk-hogs to be found in the Gran Chaco Forests. The largest kind is a black hog weighing when grown from 150 to 175 pounds live weight. They get very fat, and like all the others are good meat. Then there is the Javaline (*Dictotyles labiatus*) that will weigh 75 or 80 pounds live weight. They are a grizzly grayish color with very long, soft hair and bristles 7 or 8 inches long. They have very large heads, and long, convex noses. Then there are "the little terrors" weighing 50 or 60 pounds live weight. These are the fellows that put the hunter up a tree and keep him there till he starves to death. Poor hogs! I"ll warrant that if ever a man climbed a tree from one, and the hog saw him, that it was out of sight the other way before the man got up the tree very far.

Should a peccary be stopped by the dogs, of course it will fight; so will a rat. But the rat will not come out of his hole to fight a dog.

Still, he is just as liable to do it as a peccary is to come out of a jungle to fight a man. Their teeth are not "long and fang-like", but are rather short for hog teeth, being about an inch long. The under tusk does *not* stick out of the animal's mouth, but fits up under its upper lip and does not show.

Female peccaries do not have teats along their bellies as domestic hogs do, but have an udder and teats like a deer, and there is no gall on the liver. All the species have the musk glands, and all have very short tails about an inch long. The outside dewclaw or little toe on each hind foot is missing, although its corresponding toe on the inside is perfectly developed, as are all the other toes. I have studied and tried to find out why this particular toe was wanting, but have never been able to find any reason whatever to account for it.

In the *D. labiatus* all the little toes on all the feet appear to be in a rudimentary condition. Occasionally there will be a well developed toe on some of the feet, and sometimes they are absent altogether. I do not believe the large black hog is known to science, as I have never seen an account of it in print. They are not very plentiful, but are found in that part of the Gran Chaco Forests lying south of the Bermejo River, and north of the Rio Salado, and east of the Parana.

There is little doubt but what this much abused and slandered animal will go out of existence believed to have been one of the most fearless and ferocious creatures that ever lived on earth.

Comparing Their Strings.

TIGER TRACKS

By F. W. Reid.

Part 1.

"Tiger, Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry?"
—*William Blake.*

WHEN man sits in judgment on animals, he decrees the kingly crown to the strongest and most ferocious. In this he is influenced perhaps by the same feelings that swayed his savage ancestors in the choice of their own king. Any how it is some fierce Carnivore that he hails as King of the Beasts: in Africa, the lion; in tropical America, the jaguar; in Asia, the tiger.

If docilty combined with irresistible strength were a valid claim to such monarchy, the elephant should surely outrank all other animals. But the wise monster is a vegetarian, and peaceful in his habits. Thus the scepter remains with the *Felidae,* the great cats of the world, and among them the Lion has long been acclaimed by poet and fabulist as over lord. In him they have seen dignity combined with courage and power. But the King of Africa owes much to his abundant mane. Concealing his low feline brow, it gives to his countenance an expression that has helped to sustain the false character of magnanimity with which the old fable writers endowed him.

Now look at the close-haired tiger. His brow is undeniably low, his jaws massive and unrelenting. But with that supple and powerful strike, that coat of gold barred with black, with those burning eyes, he is every inch a king. And in India there is no mane wearing lion to dispute with him the sovereignity of the jungle.

Once the dignity of the royal brute suffered a temporary eclipse. One of the first tigers brought to Europe belonged to the ill-fated King Louis XVI. of France. It was known as the Royal Bengal Tiger. But when all titles of nobility were abolished at one sitting of the National Assembly, the noble-animal was degraded with his peers, and his appellation changed to *Tigre National.* This is one of the few flashes of humor that lighten up that terrible period in French history.

But in his native country his title goes unchanged. Rajah of the jungle he takes tribute of forest deer and black buck, and against his authority none but the bison and buffalo—bold barons they—dare rebel. Among the human natives that live on the borders of his domain, the name "Tiger", *Bagh* or *Sher* in the vernacular, is uttered with respect, nay with reverence. There is an element of cruelty in Hindoo religion, represented by the terrible third person of the Hindoo trinity, Shiva, the god of destruction. It may be that the natives regard the tiger as an emissary of Shiva, a savage, yet beautiful angel of death. Certain it is that the people, long inured to the oppressive taxation of their despots, endure with a resignation born of fatalism the toll taken from their flocks and herds by the Rajah of the Jungle.

What indeed can puny men, unarmed with weapons of precision, avail against so terrible a brute? "Nothing", you reply. But in India many strange things happen, things stranger still are believed; and with some of these, foreigners with minds prepossessed by Western thought and training have come into contact and remain puzzled. It is firmly credited by Hindoos, and they adduce instances in proof, that certain holy men, or *fakirs,* have the power of restraining fierce tigers by occult influence.

It is unfortunate that in this country the word "fakir" is applied to a class of men among whose attributes that of holiness is not commonly reckoned. There is no derivative connection, as far as I am aware, between the American slang and the Hindustani term, which by the way is strongly accented on the last syllable. Still there are plenty of Hindoo "fakirs" whose title ought to be interpreted in American fashion. They are the humbugs who pretend to lead an ascetic life in order to make a good living out of a pious and credulous public. These fellows may be seen, covered with ashes and garbed in sackcloth, occupying stands at the street corners in populous towns. They have with them a bed of torture, with a mattress of thorns or nail-studded laths, on which they impale their toughened backs for a few seconds, when their experienced eyes take note of the approach of a wealthy co-religionist.

The real *fakir* on the other hand is a devotee, an ecstatic. He despises the life of the flesh, and keeps its flame just flickering on a diet that to our votaries of the Simple Life would spell starvation. Meditating on the unseen, the things of this earth become to him as a vision; but against their perils and accidents he acquires the armour of spiritual power. There are stories of the charming of tigers by *fakirs* that rival the chronicled exploits of the Saints of early Christendom.

Here is one. In the neighborhood of Dacca a tigress had been robbed of her cubs by hunters. The men escaped and the infuriated beast, unable to track them, left the jungle and haunted the outskirts of the town, seeking whom she might devour. A grown girl was her first victim, next a tiny child upon whom the tigress pounced as it was playing in the dusty road. The bodies were dragged off to some ruins near the village, and there among the tombs the tigress made her lair. At night she terrified the villagers by her vengeful roar; by day they were in a state of siege—the cattle confined to the byres, the people to their houses. But a holy man lived in the vicinity, and his aid the elders resolved to implore. To communicate with him was risky, for the path ran near the ruins, but a volunteer was found who succeeded in the mission.

What happened between the devotee and the tiger was witnessed by this man at a safe

Shikaris

distance. The *fakir* advanced unflinchingly upon the savage brute, who issued growling from her den. He began to recite a *mantra* (a verse from the ancient Hindoo scriptures), and when the solemn chant fell on her ears the tigress ceased to roar and checked her confident advance. Standing still, the *fakir* made a beckoning sign with his hand, and to the amazement of the spectator the great brute crept humbly up to the holy man and began to lick his feet. The messenger ran back to the village, and a crowd came forth to witness the extraordinary spectacle of a tigress tamed by spiritual power. Here was a *fakir* who deserved to be cannonized for a Saint! This story, with its dramatic pose of fulminating priest and humbled brute, has doubtless gathered legendary accretions in the course of transmission.

But here is one the authenticity of which is vouched for by our officer of the Forest Department. A certain Mr. W—— heard of the magic powers with which a *fakir* who resided within his district was credited. Interested in the occult, Mr. W—— after some difficult negotiations conducted through the medium of a native student of occultism, succeeded in inducing the devotee to show what he could do. The man—or rather skeleton of a man, for his ascetic diet had reduced his body nearly to its framework—accompanied

the forest officer to the jungle, naked and unarmed. In his hand he carried a small brass bell which he rang at intervals. The jungle was thick, and nothing seemed to be stirring behind the cover, till as if in answer to the insistent tinkle of the bell, first one and then another tiger appeared. They seemed dazed and bewildered, says Mr. W——, mute, and as if dragged forward against their will and consciousness. It was not unlike an exhibition of hypnotic power influencing a human subject.

But such mysterious powers are not to be wielded by the profane. In the case of ordinary natives, Hindoo or Mussulman, in the presence of an angry tiger discretion is the better part of valor. And in a jungle district a roaming tiger may turn up anywhere, at a bend of the highroad or on the railway track. For when a new line is opened through the forest the jungle folk soon accomodate themselves to the strange phenomenon. Trains run but seldom on the Indian single-track roads, and once the schedule has been established, their regular passage may appear to the wild creatures as part of the scheme of nature. Anyhow the "pugs", or footprints, of tigers and leopards are often seen on the permanent way of lines that traverse deep forests. The occupation of track-walker is not devoid of risk under those circumstances. A railroad station even may be "held up", as the story that follows testifies. In India it would be classed as a "chestnut"—or should one say "pomegranate"? Here it may be new.

As the train-dispatcher at Nagpur spelled out the message that came tumbling in over the wires from a lone forest way station, he knew at once that there was something seriously wrong. The *Babu's* (clerk's) style was nervous and agitated. His ordinary messages were timed like clockwork. Had the Calcutta mail come to grief? The first few words relieved the dispatcher of this fear, while revealing a most irregular state of things in his subordinate's office. The dispatch ran as follows:—"*Tiger in ticket office chewing up tickets—I locked up in telegraph room—assistant safe on top of signal pole—tiger now walking platform—impossible to signal mail—what can do, wire instructions.*" The last two words betray the trained clerk, anxious to be relieved of responsibility. The *babu* is city-bred and usually effeminate, the last man in the world, even if he had a gun handy, to challenge the prowling tiger that has taken possession of his station.

In this case the railroad servants suffered nothing worse than a bad fright. The tiger was merely out on a spree. But when a line is building through the jungle, solitary laborers returning homeward in the dusk are now and then snapped up by man-eating tigers. The lords of the jungle, say the natives, are incensed at the invasion of their domain. Inverterate fatalists, they hardly resent these depredations, and unless aided by white men they can offer no effective resistance, having no weapons of power and precision.

Man-eating tigers fortunately are rare. But when a tiger, whether from advancing age or other cause, once abandons the slaughter or deer or oxen for a human prey, he is apt to become confirmed in the vice. Certain occupations from their nature furnish more victims than others. Children are often employed as cowherds, and some evening the frightened kine bolt back to their byres without their little herder. His mangled body may be found in the jungle, or perhaps only a blood stained turban. The discovery is ominous. "*Bagh-ne mara*", (a tiger has killed him,) they cry. Next some doddering old man is carried off, or it may be the *dâk-wala*.

This is the mail-runner who connects out lying districts with the trunk line that runs across India. Traveling alone, he is peculiarly liable to attack. South of Jubbulpore tracts of jungle extend for miles towards the highlands of the sport-famous Sconi country. On the roads that traverse them *dâk-walas* run regularly to meet the trains; and the ring of their long staves and the shuffle of their feet on the road recur at stated intervals. All this is doubtless observed by the jungle folk, for little as we know of animal mentality, there is no doubt that they have good memories. So a man-eater learns where to watch for a victim, and watch he does, with the patient persistency of a cat at a mousehole. Then some night the clerk at headquarters, worried by the close approach of train time, wires down the road to inquire what has become of the delayed *dâk*. The police captain at the Nerbudda *thana* has no note of its arrival. A search party is sent out, the run-

ner's staff it found, and a blood trail that leads up to a leather mail bag and a gruesome shape round which squats a ring of vultures.

Events like those sketched above, while not exactly common, are still apt to recur at intervals in the annals of forest districts in Bengal. It must not be assumed, however, that there is any distinct species of tiger that preys on man, nor that tigers attack camps and villages to carry off victims, as the African lion is reported to do. The lion, indeed, as regards man seems to be a bolder animal than the tiger. But Africa, as far as guns and rifles are concerned, is new territory. There the *Felida* have inherited no instinctive fear of fire-arms; and in places like Mashonaland lions will attack armed white hunters and raid their camps at night out of devilment. But it is now many years since guns and rifles have been introduced into India, and an unwounded tiger is not known to attack a white man. Nor does a young tiger ever "blood" itself on a native. Man-eating is an acquired habit, a vice, if not as rare as hydrophobia among dogs, at any rate almost as abnormal. Upwards of two thousand lives were annually lost in British India, according to recent statistics, from the attacks of wild animals. Of these a proportion must be assigned to leopards. But at the same time more than eight times as many perished from snake bite. The poisonous snakes, domestic in their habits and protected by religious fear, are the real bane of India. The cobra with its terrible apparatus for injecting sudden death into human veins takes many more lives than the tiger.

But is nothing done, it may be asked, to protect the defenceless natives from the assults of man-eaters? There is a standing offer, a reward made by Government, fixed I believe at a hundred rupees, for the slaying of any tiger. But for a man-killer the reward is doubled. And when a tiger is reported to have made his *debut* in that murderous part, there is a hue and cry after him just as there would be in the case of a human assassin. The police are instructed to watch out for local information as to his whereabouts. Printed notices are posted up in the district warning all persons concerned that a man-eating tiger is at large and that certain roads are dangerous to travelers. Armed *shikaris* are sent out to rid the neighborhood of the pest. But a man-eater is cunning beyond the average of tigers, and his maneuvers, the rapidity with which he changes the scene of his crimes, like a feline Jack-the-Ripper, severely tax the detective resources of the authorities. It falls to the duty of the local Forest-officer to execute justice upon the offender. He is the sheriff that leads the posse in that most exciting of pursuits, the trailing of a sly, swift man-eater. Here then the tables are turned; the royal brute is dethroned, and this leads us to the hunting of the great prize of the jungle.

Tigers are very rarely tracked on foot, unless wounded. It is a reckless hunter that walks through the forest in touch with a line of beaters. The practice is dangerous. For a tiger if wounded is not at all discriminating in its fury, and is very likely to charge and perhaps kill a beater. The sport is usually followed in one of these ways: the jungle is driven by a line of pad elephants or beaters on foot, toward a line of rifles stationed in the first case on elephants, in the second up in trees; or a solitary sportsman sits up in a tree near the carcase of an animal killed by a tiger, or over a live decoy.

(To be continued.)

SOUTH COAST SHOOTING

By Stillhunter

VI—CURLEW AND MOUNTAIN PLOVER

IT IS absolutely useless, in view of the immense number of shorebirds, both species and individuals, which come to the South Coast each year, to endeavor to include all of them in one of this series of articles. Many of these shorebirds, it is true, can hardly be considered game in any sense, though they are shot by pothunters almost as soon as they arrive from the north in the fall or from the south in the spring.

Some sportsmen, those for the most part who are lovers of the quail of the hills and the grouse of the mountains, are prone to decry the shorebirds as fit quarry either for the shotgun or the small caliber rifle. But as the years go by and the good duck marshes are more and more taken up by clubs to which only men of more than ordinary incomes can belong, the shorebird is becoming the just prey of the "in and outer," the man who now and then gets a day away from the shop or the office, but who enjoys his shooting just as much as his more fortunate brother.

Among all these long-legged waders and frequenters of the alkali flats and the barren mud spaces which each succeeding tide lays open to the sun and the wind, there is none more sought after than the curlew. Few there are, indeed, which present the aspect to the casual observer of being hard to secure, yet which are in reality more easily killed. One can hunt curlew successfully with a shotgun and decoys; he can walk them up along the beach, or he can make a good bag with no weapon but a .22 rifle and his wits as decoys. This latter method is the one I prefer and the one out of which I get the most sport.

Curlew are wary birds, frequenters of level lowlands or of the sand along the beach, though for the most part the large shorebirds seen on the immediate shore are willets, with a few greater yellowlegs thrown in. Willets are commonly mistaken for curlew by inexperienced opera glass observers and others of their kind, but this counts little in the study of a county's avifauna or in the matter of information for sportsmen.

To hunt curlew from a blind decoys are almost a necessity, for the flight of the birds is erratic, and with a call alone one is apt to draw the bands within shooting distance, but not to hold them long enough to make even a respectable bag. The calling of curlew, which is less of an art than almost any other calling of wild game, may be done easily with nothing but the ordinary whistle of the lips, without even the fingers' aid.

For this game the duck hunter is well equipped with his double-barrel twelve or sixteen gauge, though the birds are far and away easier to shoot than any duck at which I have ever looked over the rib of the scatter gun. Curlew have a habit, when coming in to decoys, to wheel at least twice about the place on which they are going to light. In the event of this it is up to the shooter to lie low, and wait until they come down in the last step, when they will hang with widespread wings, hovering for an instant in the air, when even the tyro can pick out a double as easily almost as he can shoot rabbits on an open hillside.

After one toll has been taken from the band of curlew they will sweep in again, uttering their mournful cry and giving the hidden hunter one or two more chances to collect a bird or so from them. If an individual is wounded, particularly winged, so that he can move about on the ground

and falls among the decoys, his whistling will call all the curlew within a hundred miles to commiserate with him.

Dead curlew propped up with sticks, make as good decoys as any, and I have shot three or four walking along the beach at the mouth of some little bay, and then had a very good morning's shoot by propping these up and hiding myself behind a sandhill or a pile of drift on the beach.

But the real way to shoot curlew—of which it should be said that there are two species, the Hudsonian and the Eskimo here—is with a .22 rifle. The writer has spent many a day up and down the South Coast, wandering along the sandy beach, dodging here behind a sandhill, there taking a chance at a long shot in the open, picking up ten or a dozen curlew in a whole day's shoot and congratulating himself on the appetite and the birds with which he returned home. Such a game as this tends to make a man use all the birds he kills, and forces him to leave the vast majority of the horde which he sees all about him, but which, as a rule, he is not skillful enough to bring within striking distance.

I remember well a day in early December no later than last year on which, armed with small caliber rifles, three of us walked from Playa del Rey, on the south coast, some five or six or seven miles down the beach to Redondo. Curlew were not plentiful, but there were many gulls and other birds on the sands, and we picked up quite an assortment of shorebirds.

Out of the bunch there were seventeen curlew for the three guns, not a bad bag for fellows who were only out for a good time and who were in plain view of the curlew most of the time. We did plenty of resting, sitting down for many minutes at a time and smoking our pipes. On one such rest a scoter walked up to within about fifty feet of the party and immediately was added to the writer's collection of bird skins.

Quite of another character, though equally as interesting and as good a game bird, is the mountain plover which is plentifully scattered over all the mesas of the Southern California hill country during the fall, winter and early spring. I have seen scattered companies of the birds on the desert, also, but their prime place of importance, in the old days when I was afield every dawn and stayed out almost until night, was in the La Habra Valley.

Nowadays this bit of mesa, several miles long by as many wide, is covered with ranch houses; but it was not so very many years ago that it was a range for sheep, the cultivated area, then small, being for the most part made up of barley fields of from 100 to 1000 acres. In the fall the whistle of the mountain plover was the most common sound all over this valley, and the black and white checkerboard of their flight showed everywhere against the dull browns of the hills and mesa. In the winter, after the first rains and when the grain had begun to sprout, they were equally in evidence.

In those days we hunted the mountain plover in a buckboard, one man driving and another shooting directly from the rig. With a horse in the least gun-shy this sometimes became rather exciting and dangerous sport, as the valley was well sprinkled with dry gullies, of no great depth, but still quite sufficient to overturn a buggy and to break a horse's legs or its driver's neck.

Of course, the weapon for this work was a shotgun, and seldom more than one shot could be had in a flock before they were away to another feeding ground, whence they had to be worked up by driving slowly to them. In smaller area, where one would not have to walk over more than a thousand acres to get a shot at one bird, this might be good sport with dogs, though the cover is so slight in the country which the mountain plover frequents that the birds would probably be up and away before the dog could get within distance.

I have heard it said that these birds can be called by the simple system of a rag tied to a stick and waved aloft above the shooter's head, the latter meantime lying down. It is said that the birds will wheel about such a lure, their curiosity getting the better of their discretion to such an extent that they forget the object lying beneath the fluttering flag.

Personally I never tried this game, and among the dozens of plover hunters whom I have met I have never seen one who had;

but like the wig-wagging of the antelope, and some other tales which are for the most part myths, it has a firm place in the bird lore of the average hunter who has never shot plover.

Mountain plover are easily killed, and have no such facile manner of carrying away shot as have the doves and quail of this Southland. Eights or nines used to be good loads for them, and a twelve bore—which was then the only field gun I shot for the greater part of the time. Indeed, I remember going out one afternoon with the sixteen gauge, tramping pretty much over the east end of La Habra Valley and getting just three birds. Next day, with the twelve gauge, and seeing no more birds, I got away with twenty-four, a good bag.

Quite possibly this was due to temperamental differences in the hunter, but I have always held it as the one black mark against the sixteen. Likewise I went after these plover with a .22 rifle once upon a time and put in pretty much of a whole forenoon without getting a bird, and but mighty few shots at them. Usually they are very shy, and after being shot into do not return to the scene of their killing as do so many, in fact almost all, of the other shorebirds.

Mountain plover can successfully be shot from behind a horse or cow, or from the back of a horse. One afternoon, some ten years ago, I was hunting rabbits in a coulee which runs down past the old Bastanzury sheep ranch, in the middle of La Habra Valley. I didn't have many of the little rodents for some reason, and had sat down beneath a clump of willows to smoke a pipe.

My horse, a well-broken sorrel pony, was grazing a few yards away, with saddle and bridle off and only a light rope about his neck. Suddenly, on the mesa, about a hundred yards away, I heard the whistle of a mountain plover. It was repeated, again and again, and at last it roused me to an idea—a very unusual thing, especially when I am resting.

I threw the saddle on the pony, took a wrap round his nose with his neck rope, took the sevens out of the gun, threw in two shells of chilled eights, and rode up a roundabout path to the mesa. As far as I could see there were plover, more than I have ever seen before or since at any one time.

Up and down the valley, for half a mile in either direction I rode, picking up birds one at a time, here and there, until I had something like twenty, using up all the shells I had with me except some of the sevens, good only for rabbits. Then I began on these and picked up half a dozen more good birds—two-thirds of what I killed, the rest being so torn as to be useless for my mother's table.

The saddest part of this story, however, was my ride homeward. All the way along the road the rabbits sat on hillsides and jeered at me. They would not even run into their burrows when I raised the empty gun and pointed it at them; they seemed to know that I was harmless, but I'll bet a month's pay—which isn't more than a thousand dollars—that if I had gone along there with plenty of shells I would not have seen a bunny.

Mountain plover never appear along the beach, at least I have never seen them there when fishing or hunting down among the sand dunes. They go north rather early in the spring, mating in the Dakotas, northern Minnesota and other states up along the Canadian line. They differ from most of the birds of their immediate family in having no black bars along the breast. Consequently their evolutions in the air present an alternate picture of white and black in kaleidoscope changes which rival those of the little peetweets along the edge of the surf.

Their usual cry is a whistle, rather low and sweet, which mounts up the scale when they are alarmed until it becomes a shrill call. At night when they are migrating (as do most shorebirds, in the hours of darkness), their cheery, companionable whistle drifts down from the upper air, one of the sweetest voices of the night.

On freshly ploughed fields, even in mountain meadows, usually far from water, and now and then on the brushy flats of the desert, these plover love to feed, generally in bands of from ten to fifteen to a hundred or more. Their food is both vegetable and animal, for they glean countless thousands of worms and slugs from their constant search over new fields.

Near Alamitos, the lowest place at which I have ever seen the birds, I once saw a small band following a plow in a beet field, along with a number of gulls, the wavering rays of light made by the plover mingling prettily with the white of the gulls' wings as they rose and fluttered a little way to a new feeding place.

Great numbers of mountain plover at one time were offered for sale in Los Angeles' markets, but of late years this supply seems to be falling off; whether the birds are getting fewer, or the hunters do not find it profitable to go after them I do not know, but I imagine that the settling up of the country, and the dividing of the huge tracts which were once unfenced grain ranches, are compelling the birds to seek other and more congenial feeding grounds.

In any event, no plover taken from the meat man's stall is to be compared in flavor or in condition with those one gets in an afternoon's tramp afield, or in a day's ride across any one of the mesas which yet remain the haunt of these birds.

WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB
AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME
PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WESTERN FIELD COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Offices:

609-610 Mutual Savings Bank Building.

Registered at the San Francisco Postoffice as Second-Class Matter

FRANK H. MAYER - - - Managing Editor

Matter for publication should be addressed "WESTERN FIELD," 609-610 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal., and not to individuals connected with the magazine. All copy for new advertisements, changes or discontinuances, must be in hand not later than the 10th of the month preceding date of issue, in order to insure attention.

FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the People of California we demand at the hands of our Legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statotory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

A SUGGESTION

TIME was when money-making was a slow and cumulative process and even moderate competences were acquired only by a lifetime of industry and thrift. But today it is different; in this strenuous age of hustle and bustle we demand immediate results, and fortunes, reputations and successes are achieved or lost in less time than it formerly took to outline and plan a single investment.

The accepted axiom of our forbears that "good wine needs no bush" is no longer a truism when measured by modern standards. Today it needs not only a bush but a man to wave it. In other words, that product, no matter what be its inherent or intrinsic worth, will never receive recognition unless it is energetically and continuously advertised. All over this broad land of America are scattered thousands of immensely valuable things of whose existence the public is not aware simply because the public expects to obtain its knowledge through the advertising pages of reputable mediums, and is ready to accept knowledge acquired in this way—the only means at its command, for the public has long ago become dependent upon and is governed by the publicity it has been educated to expect in this way. Anything not worth advertising is a good thing to let alone, for either its makers have not sufficient faith in their own offerings to bring them before the public, or else there is a wanting factor in the matter of service, supply or utility. It pays to advertise, and to keep everlastingly at it. A few desultory splurges in obscure, low-priced and effete mediums is not consistent advertising. Very often the popular opinion, preference and prejudice is adamantine and almost hopelessly forbidding, but a continual dropping of water will wear away the hardest rock in time and long repeated and continuous dripping of printer's ink invariably is successful because of its simple persistency.

The people of this age and world are intimately interdependent upon each other, and he who makes known his wants or his offerings gets the quickest action on his money. Have you something to sell, let the world know it and you will soon dispose of it. Have you a want unsatisfied, tell the other fellows about it and you will be deluged with proffers. But if you hide your light under a bushel the public will look beyond you and over your head to the consistently trimmed and brightly flaming lamps of the wiser virgins, whose material virtue consists entirely of being awake to the fact, and alive to the recognition of it, that folks are mostly from Missouri and have to be shown.

A good way to bring a man around to your way of thinking is to prove your position from the journalistic house-tops and back it up by values in the offers you are crying. Keeping everlastingly at it compels success in any undertaking, providing that the premises are sound and your statements accurate. For that matter a man can sell *anything* by persistent advertising. If you have something of fair value suppose you let Western Field prove this to you. Our columns are always open to clean dealers.

THE EXPLANATION

SHOULD our editorial reflections seem unduly abbreviated this month, we beg our friends to remember that brevity is ever the soul of wit and our editor, besides, has gone fishing.

Announcement.

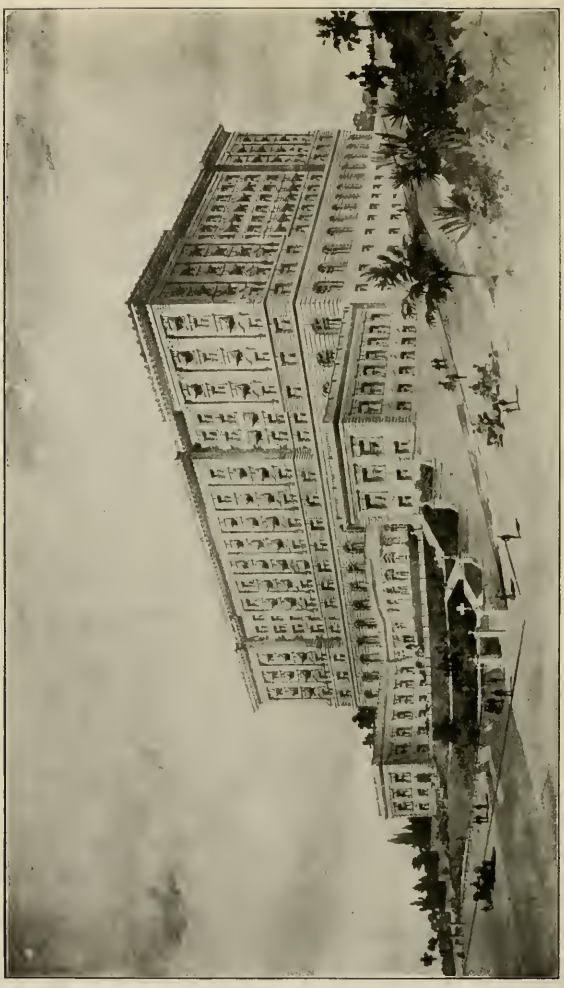
WESTERN FIELD has achieved an international reputation for its beautiful illustrations in half tone. Desiring to even improve the magazine in this respect, and with a view of acquainting the world with the beauties of California landscape, we respectfully invite photographers to submit photographs of California scenery in competition.

For the one deemed best we will pay the sum of ten dollars and for others that we may find available we will give a generous compensation.

Address all inquiries and prints to the Managing Editor.

Western Field.

609-610 Mutual Savings Bank Bldg.
San Francisco.



The Fairmont Hotel

How San Francisco's Superb Hostelry—the Finest in the World—is Beginning to look Under the Process of Restoration. It will be Ready for Occupancy in a few Weeks

CALIFORNIA GAME & FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION
Organized May 26, 1900

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Audobon Society of California—W. Scott Way, Sec., Pasadena, Cal.

California Rod and Gun Club Association, 316 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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Cloverdale—C. H. Smith, Sec., Cloverdale, Cal.

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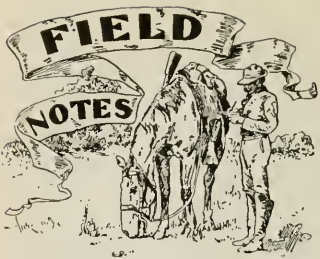


At Denver, Colo., June 11th

LEWIS B. FRANCE,

Pioneer Plainsman, Jurist, Author and Philanthropist.

In the 74th year of an ideally useful life.

A NATIONAL COLLECTION OF HEADS AND HORNS

NEWS of interest to sportsmen and scientists is that the National Collection of heads and horns, long in existence as a project, is become an institution and a fact, with Dr. William T. Hornaday's valuable private collection donated as a nucleus.

Those who have furthered the scheme with Dr. Hornaday, who represents the Camp-Fire Club in the proposition, are Madison Grant, secretary of the New York Zoological Society, acting for the Boone and Crockett Club, and John M. Phillips, Pennsylvania State Game Commissioner, in behalf of the Lewis and Clark Club. In the management of the collection, members of these and of other representative big game clubs will be actively concerned, from among which a Committee on Acceptances will be formed to pass judgment on subsequent gifts to the collection and to purchase other specimens as needed. Sportsmen may present testimonials of their personal skill, providing these pass the committee-test, or they may authorize the committee to buy desirable specimens as they appear in the market.

The New York Zoological Society will own the collection and will take care of it. For a time it will be housed in the Administration Building of the Society, which is now being built in Bronx Park, but as the collection grows, a new building will be required, which it is expected the city will furnish.

The necessity of such a collection has long been urged by those who note with dismay the rapid extinction of many of the big-game species. It is felt that records of these animals should be obtained before they have disappeared from the face of the earth. As comprehensive a collection as possible will be gathered, with a specialty made of American forms, and this will be arranged in two series, one with an eye to the evolutionary progress of the species, the other to show the distribution of horned animals by countries and continents. Maps, charts and photographs will accompany the latter exhibition in great profusion, to further indicate localization of haunts, variations in species, and so forth. The library of the Zoological Society will be placed in convenient disposal for reference, and altogether the collection will represent a bureau of information for sportsmen and scientists such as has never before been attempted.

The nucleus collection contains 132 specimens, including 109 species of big-game animals, and pretty comprehensively representing the five great divisions of the horned race—the deer, bison, antelope, sheep and goat families. A pair of elephant tusks is another feature, and perhaps the champion one, being the record set of elephant tusks in the world, over eleven feet in curved length, a foot and a half in base circumference, and 293 pounds in combined weight. They were presented to the New York Zoological Society by Mr. Charles T. Barney, and were formerly the property of Menelek, King of Abyssinia.

Other prize features are a pair of horns from the great Siberian Argali, biggest of mountain sheep in the world—horns at side of which those of our native Rocky Mountain Big Horn look insignificant. The Big Horn himself is represented by a superb head, magnificently mounted. There are deer and moose antlers in striking array. Very interesting is a rare Asiatic species known as Pere David's Deer, formerly of China, now found only in zoological gardens, and also Schomburk's Deer, of north Siam, a species likewise nearly extinct, of whose antlers only eight sets are in existence. The Sitka Deer, the odd Eld's, the Altai Wapiti, the Marsh, Guemal, and Philippine Deer are also represented by good horn specimens. There are antlers of the Siberian and European Moose, but as yet none of the record-breaking species—the bull moose of Alaska, biggest of its kind in general bulk, and biggest of horn equipment among all animals.

A feature that it is said impossible to duplicate is a set of twelve pairs of American bison horns gathered from wild sources, showing twelve stages in the growth of the animal from a yearling to a "stub-horn" of twenty years. The collection owns some interesting examples of antelope horns, from the fifty-inch branches of the Greater Kudu—horns unusual anywhere for their great beauty—to the two and one-quarter inch projections of the toy Duiker. Of the 133 species of antelopes, 35 varieties are represented in the collection.

The first number of a publication to be devoted to the interest of the collection, and styled "The National Collection of Heads and Horns," has recently been issued, and will appear from time to time hereafter. In it Dr. Hornaday says that "in England practically all British sportsmen pour their

finest and rarest horned trophies into the South Kensington Museum. Very naturally, the result is a collection of ungulates which is at once the envy and the despair of Americans. As yet no American museum possesses a collection which is even second to it; and we greatly fear that, for reasons only too apparent, no museum on this side of the Atlantic ever will rival that marvelous gathering of hoofed and horned rarities.' He points out, however, that this country has the opportunity to excel in American trophies, and urges sportsmen to come to the support of the movement.

* * *

SOUTHERN ALBERTA—THE SUNNIEST PLACE IN CANADA

IT MAY seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that not only the agriculturist but men of business are going northward to the "New Oregon" of North America, Sunny Southern Alberta, commonly spoken of as the "California of Canada" on account of the most delightful and invigorating climate and semi-tropical productiveness of the soil.

What amazes the writer more than anything else respecting this country is the very mild winters. Men go about in their shirt sleeves in the winter months. The accompanying illustration is the Lethbridge (the centre of Southern Alberta) base ball team playing a friendly game with the boys from Taber; this game was played on the Square in the city of Lethbridge on Saturday, February 16th, 1907. Note the spectators are in summer apparel.

Speaking of the city of Lethbridge, it is usually described as the railway and commercial centre of all Southern Alberta, and being situated in the heart of the most prolific agricultural district, is sure to be one of the largest cities in the Dominion of Canada.

Aside from the climate the visitor is particularly pleased with the excellent quality of the "home grown" beef; note his surprise when he learns that this prime beef is range fed, nothing but the native grass and lots of pure water being fed cattle in this country of sunshine and warm winds; and remember they top the European market. The prairie is covered with a tall luxuriant growth of wild hay or "buffalo grass" which has been growing up and dying down for ages, food for the buffalo and wild animals that with the red man roamed over and ruled this vast expanse of country up to a few years ago.

Horse raising, mule breeding, sheep ranching, poultry and dairying, as well as winter and spring wheat raising are bound to be the leading branches of agriculture followed in this country; we must not overlook sugar-beet raising, an industry that is very profitable here.

It is surprising the number of our American "cousins" that have found "gold mines" in this new country, in farming or business. The very fact that soil better than that of their home state, a climate highly agreeable and conducive to "bumper crops" and land at $8 per acre, offered the settler on very easy terms, is quite sufficient to induce a man to investigate. The total absence of stone and timber wins the visitor. It is certainly a grand sight to watch the undulating prairie being broken up by the plow for miles and miles, as you can do on a clear day. The soil is principally a deep rich loam top soil with a clay or sandy subsoil.

The fuel and market feature is a very important one to the intending settler. In Southern Alberta the whole country is more or less the possessor of the richest veins of coal in America. Upwards of fifty coal mines are being worked and will be supplying coal to the consuming millions for hundreds of years to come. In the city of Lethbridge the famous Galt Coal Mines and the Pioneer Mines ship car load after car load of the black diamonds all over the country. The farmer can buy at any of the local mines at $3.00 per ton.

The local market is consuming much more of the farm produce, in the way of poultry, eggs, butter and vegetables, than can be produced. This over-draft is no doubt due to the big lumber camps in the mountains to the west and the many new mines being opened up almost every week.

Speaking of crops: some of the heaviest and richest crops of alfalfa that have ever been grown have been cut from the fields of Southern Alberta, while the Alberta red winter wheat, which has never been defeated at any exposition for quality or weight, is in great demand by bakers, while only a small portion of the call for this grain can be met. F. Sick, the brewer at Lethbridge, is a German and hails from St. Louis. Mr. Sick states without fear of contradiction that the Southern Alberta barley is the finest beer barley he has ever used in his many years of brewing.

At Raymond, quite near the city of Lethbridge, is located the famous Knight's sugar factory, which takes all the sugar-beets that the farmers care to raise. It would be well for the readers interested in Southern Alberta to write the land men who advertise this country in other columns of this paper.

SPRAY FROM SPOKANE

By August Wolf.

BRUIN, brown, shaggy and hungry, rudely awakened from its winter siesta by the songs of the feathered tribe and the balmy sun-glints, made a call at Charley Svenson's cabin in Buffalo Hump district in Idaho, southeast of Spokane, while the owner was in the diggings at the foothills, a short time ago, and what the bear didn't do isn't worth mentioning. Whether it was a brain-tornado or just ordinary meanness it is difficult to tell, but the usually neatly-kept cabin presented all the appearances of having been visited by an able-bodied cyclone, when Svenson returned to the hills. The hunter-trapper-miner was on the inside before he became aware of the cause of the disturbance and after ripping out a string of language that streaked the atmosphere with blue, he made a dive for the door. The exit lacked the spirit of "after you, my dear Alphonse," but Charley wanted to get out first. He did, with the bear a close second. The man shinned up a nearby tree, at the base of which bruin dared him to come down. "Not for me," quoth Charley; "I'll stay here till the next crop of pine cones is harvested." Svenson's partner reached the scene an hour afterward and the bear made tracks for the tall timbers, where it lost itself in the underbrush.

* * *

Several piscatorialists, which is another way of indicating they are novices, formed a fishing club in Spokane several weeks ago, and elected a secretary, also fixing a date for the first excursion after speckled beauties in the waters of Northeastern Washington. On the appointed day they clambered into a big racing automobile and started for the lake. Perhaps it was with a knowledge of the rawness of the bunch that an acquaintance asked one of the party how they fared.

"Well," was the reply, "the little outing was hardly a success."

"Indeed! Where was the hitch?"

"Hitch? It was all hitches. To begin with, it rained. Then, we'd travelled half-way there it was discovered that the committee had forgotten the scales, weights, and 'pegging-out' stakes and we had to send Jim for 'em. We arrived at our destination only to find that the owner of the land would not let us strike camp near the waters where we desired to fish. Therefore there was no fishing. Then the tires blew up and we had to walk to the village. But that wasn't the worst. There was only one drinkery in the settlement and that has lost its license the day before. That was the big hitch. Take it altogether, our outing was hardly a success."

* * *

Complaints about fish traps in Potlatch creek, in Idaho, southeast of Spokane, led to the arrest of Peu Peo Mox Nox, a chieftain of the Nez Perce tribe, and at the hearing, ended in the conviction of the haughty Indian, who was assessed $25 and costs. The dam, it was brought out in the hearing, was built three miles below Juliaetta, and damned the waters in such a way that it was impossible for the fish to run down stream without going into the trap, constructed of woven willows. The dam was built at a bend in the creek. At the middle was a lane leading to the trap, and through it the fish would have to go to get down the creek. It must have taken ten days or more to make it and put it into place, and was undoubtedly the work of a number of men. Every part was made in the most skillful manner and showed the results of careful weaving of the willows and bark. Every ten feet three large posts were sunk into the ground and the tops tied together with wire. At intervals between posts were set to steady the dam, leaving nothing weak in the whole construction. Two hundred or three hundred fish were taken from the trap some mornings.

* * *

Charles Purdy and William Binkley of Los Angeles, Cal., who in the United States district court at Pocatello, Idaho, south of Spokane, pleaded guilty to unlawfully shipping elk teeth and elk beads from Idaho to California, and were sentenced by Federal Judge Deitrich to pay a fine of $200 each on consideration that the other two indictments against them would be dismissed by the government, were rearrested on complaint of the federal authorities of Wyoming on the charge of killing elk in Yellowstone Park, and of wantonly slaughtering elk in the Jackson Hole country. The killing of elk in the park is a felony, punishable by imprisonment. This move on the part of the government will have far-reaching effects in the preservation of elk in the Northwest as urged by President Roosevelt in a letter to Grand Exalted Ruler Melvin of the Order of Elks.

* * *

C. Herbert Moore, chairman of the City Beautiful Committee, recently elected mayor of Spokane; Ren H. Rice, secretary of the 150,000 Club and Gordon C. Corbaley, returned from Lake View, Idaho, north

of Spokane, where they landed more than 100 trout, the largest weighing three and a half pounds. They found the weather ideal for fly-fishing. Mr. Moore was modest in telling of the number of fish he caught, crediting the "whales" to the other members of his party, which also included H. W. Collins of Rockford, Wash., and Fred Weber of Lake View.

* * *

A. C. Kesling, pioneer trapper, came out of the Cascades a few days ago with a portion of his season's catch, the pelts of several martens which he trapped in the woods last winter. He reports a number of wildcats and he also killed two mountain lions. It will require more than one trip to bring out all the pelts. During the early part of April more than five feet of snow fell, and taken with the previous falls the melting snow will furnish plenty of water for irrigation purposes this summer.

* * *

Through the efforts of the commercial club at Walla Walla, Wash., southwest of Spokane, $375 has already been subscribed toward the $600 needed for the establishment of a fish hatchery at that point, and there will be no difficulty in raising the balance. It is the intention to establish a hatchery with a capacity of 500,000 fish per annum. Members of the Rod and Gun Club say the project is now assured.

* * *

Pierce Johnson, who, with Tom Hopper, guide, has started on his big bear hunt, said to be the most extensive hunt of its kind ever undertaken in the Northwest, has pitched his first camp near Hayden Lake and killed his first big bear.

* * *

"I've been two months gettin' this collection together, an' if it wa'nt for the sport a fellow has in chasin' 'em it wouldn't be worth while botherin' about 'em."

"Jim" Hatfield, living near Cheney, Wash., south of Spokane, drawled out these words as he gathered in $16 for as many coyote pelts in the office of the auditor of Spokane county, a few days ago.

"Jim", christened James Nathaniel Hatfield, born south of what was once the Mason-Dixon line, is a typical woodsman; he is long and lean and his skin is sunburned enough to excite the envy of a summer resorter. His home is in the timber, where he has hunted the coyote for years.

"When there is a backward spring the increase of wild animals is late," Hatfield said in reply to a question, but he gave no reason, adding: "Some of the little fellows were just born when we got 'em."

Hatfield uses four fox hounds and a quartet of Russian wolf hounds on his expeditions. The fox hounds start the coyotes and the Russian dogs run them down. He declares fox hounds are not fast enough for a coyote, but they can take a cold scent and start the game almost any time. They are powerful dogs and with a pack of them bounding over a level piece of ground or in and out among the edges of the timber there is nothing more inspiring. He has a wolf-hound pup which stands two and a half feet high and it is going to make the best coyote hunter in Washington, he says.

Asked whether a coyote can catch a jack-rabbit, "Jim" said:

"No, not alone. A jack-rabbit is too swift for the critter, which looks like a fast sprinter only when an ordinary dog is after it. Take a number of the prairie scavengers, however, and they can get the best of a jack by cutting across his path. They make short work of the jack after they have once got him. Coyotes do not put up much fight when they are pitted against the Russian wolf hounds, but they put up a good fight while they are at it, for they know what they are up against."

Asked about other wild animals in his neighborhood, Hatfield said:

"Bobcats are the only other animals I ever run across. We jump up one of them occasionally, but they do not run or try to fight the dogs. They take to the tall trees, as the saying is, and get out on a limb and look wise and blink their eyes. They don't dare to fight a pack of hounds, but if they met up with a dog out single they would make it mighty interesting for him.

"It would be mighty interesting for both of them, for the wolf hound is no quitter. He goes into every fracas with his teeth shining and his eyes gleaming red. I am glad the bobcats have a habit of climbing a tree, for one of my dogs might run on to one alone some day and I am afraid there would be obsequies to perform in dogtown after the meeting adjourned.

"A short time ago I run onto a cat on a tall tree with my pack while we were out scaring up a rabbit, and after I had shot him and threw him over my shoulder by the hind legs, his front paws dangled against my boot heels. He was a monster and an old residenter. He had cleaned up many a calf and lamb before my rifle bullet hung crepe on his doorknob."

The county pays a bounty of $2.50 for a bobcat scalp, but not many are killed in this part of the country.

* * *

Gov. Albert E. Mead of Washington, a sportsman of the first water, accompanied by John L. Riseland, state fish commissioner, who has also measured the bamboo with the best in the Northwest, were in Spokane the latter part of May to confer with T. L. Ware, secretary of the Spokane Rod and Gun Club, and other sportsmen regarding the desirability of changing the salmon hatchery at Dartford, twelve miles north of Spokane, to a trout plant. The legislature appropriated $6000 for improvements. The plan, which is approved by the club, provides for additional land, more buildings and stocking the plant with a partly hatched trout spawn from the state hatcheries at Chelan.

The commission is also considering the acquisition of a private hatchery at Penreth, where B. L. Gordon has made a success. The governor and the commissioner believe this purchase will be made during the next session of the legislature, as the appropriation made this year is insufficient to permit of the improvement of the hatchery at Dartford and the purchase of the private hatchery.

* * *

William Newby, a rancher in the Walla Walla district, southwest of Spokane, killed ao eagle on his farm near Touchet, Wash., recently, and when he picked the bird up he found a 15-inch trout floundering in the grass near a tree. The bird measured five feet from tip to tip and had just captured the fish from the waters of the Touchet river.

THE SAN FRANCISCO YACHT CLUB
1907

SAILING PROGRAM

Sat.,	APR.	27.....	4:40	11:12	4:46	10:54	....**OPENING DAY**—Yachts will dress ship at anchorage off the club house at 12 o'clock M. on gun signal from the Flagship.
			0.3	5.2	1.6	5.7	2:30 to 5:30 P. M.—Reception at the Club House and on yachts. Dancing. 6:30 P. M.—Dinner at the Club House. 8:15 P. M.—High Jinks. Full Moon, Saturday, 27th.
Sun.,	Apr.	28.....	5:20	12:08	5:28	11:30	....Opening Cruise in squadron on signal from Flagship.
			0.2	5.2	2.0	5.8	
Sat.,	MAY	4.....	3:35	10:50	6:36	11:30	....Cruise to Paradise Cove.
			4.8	0.0	5.0	3.3	
Sun.,	May	5.....	5:10	11:53	7:25		....Return to Sausalito.
			4.6	0.3	5.2		
Sat.,	May	11.....	4:55	11:40	4:40	10:55	....Open.
			0.3	4.9	2.2	5.6	
Sun.,	May	12.....	5:35	12:32	5:18	11:23	....Open.
			0.0	4.8	2.6	5.5	
Sat.,	May	18.....	1:36	9:34	5:42	10:05	....Cruise to McNear's.
			4.6	0.4	4.7	3.7	
Sun.,	May	19.....	2.34	10:20	6:20	11:18	....Return to Sausalito.
			4.4	0.6	4.8	3.4	
Sat.,	May	25.....	3:34	10:16	3:26	9:36	....Open.
			0.0	4.9	2.0	5.8	
Sun.,	May	26.....	4:21	11:14	4:10	10:15	....Open.
			-0.5	5.0	2.3	6.1	Full Moon—Monday, May 27th.
Thurs.,	May	30.....	0:23	7:36	3:14	7:34	....Decoration Day—Open.
			5.8	-1.1	5.0	3.3	
Sat.,	JUNE	1.....	2:15	9:25	5:06	9:58	....Cruise to Paradise Cove.
			5.2	-0.4	5.3	3.3	
Sun.,	June	2.....	3:34	10:20	5:55	11:22	....Clam Bake and Power Boat Regatta at Cove.
			4.7	0.1	5.4	2.9	
Sat.,	June	8.....	4:04	10:46	3:25	9:48	....Cruise to Vallejo.
			0.2	4.6	2.7	5.7	
Sun.,	June	9.....	4:44	11:40	4:06	10:20	....Race from Vallejo to Sausalito.
			-0.2	4.6	2.9	5.7	
Sat.,	June	15.....	0:35	8:15	4:10	8:26	....Members' night at Club House—Billiard and Card Tournament, Etc.
			4.8	0.0	4.8	3.7	
Sun.,	June	16.....	1:18	8:54	4:46	9:34	....Open.
			4.7	0.3	4.9	3.4	
Sat.,	June	22.....	2:24	9:14	2:00	8:2	Cruise to Petaluma Drawbridge.
			0.2	4.4	2.3	6.0	
Sun.,	June	23.....	3:8	10:17	2:52	9:02	....Return to Sausalito.
			-0.5	4.6	2.5	6.2	Full Moon—Tues., 25th.
Sat.,	June	29.....	1:10	8:09	3:28	8:30	....Reception at the Club House, 8:30 P. M. Dancing.
			5.6	-0.9	5.4	3.1	
Sun.,	June	30.....	2:14	8:57	4:20	9:44	....Open.
			5.1	-0.2	5.5	2.7	
Thurs.,	JULY	4.....	1:20	7:35	12:25	7:24	....|
			1.5	4.0	2.2	5.5	|
Fri.,	July	5.....	2:14	8:47	1:15	8:04	....| Cruise through Montezuma Slough. Special orders.
			1.0	4.1	2.6	5.6	|
Sat.,	July	6.....	3:04	9:46	2:04	8:40	....|
			0.5	4.2	2.9	5.6	|
Sun.,	July	7.....	3:45	10:40	2:54	9:14	....|
			0.0	4.4	3.0	5.6	|
Sat.,	July	13.....	0:00	7:09	2:45	7:15	....Members' night at the Club House—Billiard and

			5.0	-0.2	4.9	3.3		Card Tournament, Etc.
Sun.,	July	14.....	0:35	7:42	3:12	8:06	.....Aquatic Sports at the Club House.	
			5.0	0.0	4.9	3.0		
Sat.,	July	20.....	1:02	8:00	12:28	6:55	.....Open.	
			0.6	3.8	2.4	5.7		
Sun.,	July	21.....	2:03	9:12	1:28	7:45	.....Annual Regatta.	
			-0.1	4.2	2.8	5.9		Full Moon—Wed., July 24th.
Sat.,	July	27.....	0:10	7:00	2:08	7:12	....Open.	
			5.8	-0.9	5.4	2.5		
Sun.,	July	28.....	1:06	7:42	2:50	8:12	....Open.	
			5.4	-0.3	5.4	2.3		
Sat.,	**AUG.**	**3.....**	1:43	8:34	12:34	7:22	....Cruise to Vallejo.	
			0.8	3.9	3.0	5.2		
Sun.,	Aug.	4.....	2:37	9:35	1:35	8:06	....Race from Vallejo to Sausalito.	
			0.5	4.1	3.3	5.3		
Sat.,	Aug.	10.....	6:07	1:18	6:11	11:58	....Reception at the Club House—Dancing.	
			-0.2	4.9	2.7	5.1		
Sun.,	Aug.	11.....	6:39	1:43	6:54		....Members' Informal Cruise.	
			0.1	5.0	2.4			
Sat.,	Aug.	17.....	6:32	10:58	5:19		....Members' Night at the Club House—Billiard and Card Tournament, Etc.	
			3.9	2.7	5.3			
Sun.,	Aug.	18.....	0:37	8:01	12:03	6:21	....Open.	
			0.3	4.0	3.0	5.5		Full Moon—Friday, August 23rd.
Sat.,	Aug.	24.....	3:51	12:54	6:02		....Open.	
			-0.6	5.5	1.9			
Sun.,	Aug.	25.....	0:07	6:33	1:21	6:55	....Open.	
			5.7	-0.1	5.5	1.6		
Sat.,	Aug.	31.....	7:08	11:06	5:48		....	
			3.8	3.0	4.9			
Sun.,	**SEPT.**	**1.....**	0:57	8:16	12:13	6:40	....	Cruise to Army Points—Special orders.
			0.8	4.0	3.3	4.8		
Mon.,	Sept.	2.....	1:51	9:11	1:19	7:33	...	
			0.6	4.6	3.3	4.9		Labor Day.
Sat.,	Sept.	7.....	4:58	11:52	5:10	11:11	....Open.	
			0.2	5.1	2.1	5.2		
Sun.,	Sept.	8.....	5:35	12:19	5:50	11:50	....Open.	
			0.4	5.1	1.7	5.1		
Mon.,	Sept.	9.....	6:13	12:41	6:31		....Pacific Inter Club Regatta.	
			0.7	5.2	1.4			Admission Day.
Sat.,	Sept.	14.....	5:00	9:36	3:37	10:59	....Members' night at Club House—Billiard and Card Tournament, Etc.	
			4.2	2.7	5.1	0.4		
Sun.,	Sept.	15.....	6:38	10:41	4:43		....Outside Cruise.	
			4.3	3.1	5.1			
Sat.,	Sept.	21.....	4:41	11:23	5:02	11:15	....Cruise to Petaluma Drawbridge.	
			0.0	5.6	1.4	5.6		
Sun.,	Sept.	22.....	5:26	11:57	5:50		....Return to Sausalito.	
			0.4	5.6	1.0			Full Moon—Saturday, September 21st.
Sat.,	Sept.	28.....	5:34	9:36	3:39	10:58	....Cruise to Paradise Cove.	
			4.2	3.2	4.6	0.9		
Sun.,	Sept.	29.....	6:48	10:38	4:37	11:57	....Clam Bake at Cove.	
			4.2	3.4	4.4	0.9		
Sat.,	**OCT.**	**5.....**	3:48	10:30	4:10	10:18	....Cruise to McNear's.	
			0.7	5.3	1.6	5.0		
Sun.,	Oct.	6.....	4:25	10:55	4:48	11:00	....Return to Sausalito.	
			0.9	5.3	1.1	5.1	....	
Sat.,	Oct.	12.....	3:54	8:26	2:08	9:34	....Open.	
			4.5	3.0	5.2	0.0		
Sun.,	Oct.	13.....	5:15	9:29	3:05	10:36	....Open.	
			4.4	3.3	5.0	0.0		
Sat.,	Oct.	19.....	3:32	10:07	4:06	10:24	....Closing Day—Special orders.	
			0.8	5.6	1.0	5.2		
Sun.,	Oct.	20.....	4:15	10:41	4:52	11:20	....Closing Cruise in squadron on signal from Flagship. Full Moon—Sun., Oct. 20th.	
			1.1	5.6	0.7	5.3		

F. G. PHILLIPPS,
Commodore.

W. R. HARRISON,
Secretary.

ANNUAL REGATTA OF CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

EVER since its organization in 1886 the Corinthian Yacht Club has held its annual class flag regatta on Decoration Day. Last year the regatta was omitted on account of the earthquake and fire that had occurred so short a time previously. At the earlier regattas the yachts were divided into classes according to their racing length, as follows: 20-foot, 25-foot, 30-foot, 36-foot, and Class I including all yachts whose racing length exceeded 36 feet. The yacht which won in its class received a blue flag with the letters C. Y. C. and the year in white, and the yacht that took second place received a similar red flag. The allowances were reckoned by the table of allowances of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Club, as set forth in the Club book.

This year's regatta committee, consisting of T. J. Kavanagh, Douglas Erskine and Charles Gerlach, decided to make the regatta of 1907 a handicap race and for this purpose arranged the yachts arbitrarily in the three following classes:

Class I. Sloops Speedwell (1), Nixie (2), Yankee (3), Harpoon (4), and Presto (5).

Class II. Sloops Mischief (6), Edna (7), Meteor (8), Aloha (9), Kathleen (10), Freda (11), Edith (12), Mignon (15), Genesta (17), Emma (18), Discovery (19), and Neptune (20), yawls Gypsie (14), and Truant (16).

Class III. Sloops May (21), Cupid (22), Josie (23), Belle (24), Dixie (25), and Vixen (26).

The committee yielded to an ancient prejudice so far as to omit the number 13, so that the above classification included twenty-five yachts. The yachts in Class I carried racing sails, but those in Classes II and III were under working canvas only. The committee handicapped the yachts according to the speed shown in former races and placed the sealed handicaps in the hands of ex-Commodore Theodore F. Tracy (better known as "Joe" Tracy), who was selected as Referee. No steamer or tug-boat was chartered to carry the committee, representatives of the press and others, as was the custom in former years, the committee performing its official functions of starting the yachts and recording their finishing times on Meiggs' Wharf.

In Classes I and II, in which were included yachts of the former 30-foot, 36-foot, Class I and 25-foot classes, the course was from an imaginary line off the northerly end of Meiggs' Wharf to and round Presidio Shoal Buoy, leaving it on the port hand; thence to and round Goat Island Shoal Buoy, leaving it on the port hand, thence northwesterly 1½ miles to and round a stakeboat (anchored at the intersection of imaginary lines drawn from Sausalito Point through Point Blunt, and from the westerly point of Goat Island through Goat Island Shoal Buoy), leaving the stakeboat on the port hand; thence to and round Presidio Shoal Buoy, keeping Alcatraz Island on the starboard hand and leaving the Buoy on the port hand; thence to the starting-line off Meiggs' Wharf.

The yachts in Class II started first, there being nine of them. Kathleen, Emma, Edna and Meteor received 2 minutes, Aloha 2½ minutes, the yawl Truant 3 minutes, Discovery 7 minutes, Edith 9½ minutes and Freda 10 minutes. The starting-gun for this class was fired at 12:15:00 p. m., the yachts having five minutes within which to cross the line. Emma was first across, being followed by Aloha, Truant, Freda, Discovery, Edna, Meteor, Edith and Kathleen in the order named. As Edith and Kathleen did not cross within the five minutes allowed, their time of starting was taken as 12:20:00 p. m. These yachts were in cruising rig. Truant made the fastest time over the course, covering it in 3:02:18, but Discovery, whose elapsed time was only ten seconds slower (3:02:28) won by virtue of her handicap, which was 4 minutes greater than that of Truant. Edith took second, Truant third and Meteor fourth flag.

The greatest interest was taken by the spectators in the racing in Class I, the four contending yachts being Yankee (scratch), Presto (3 minutes), Nixie (7 minutes), and Harpoon (9 minutes). Thomas Jennings' well-known sloop Speedwell did not start, on account of the recent death of Mrs. Jennings, mother of the popular ex-Commodore of the Corinthian Yacht Club. The boats started in the inverse order of their handicap, Harpoon being first across the line, Nixie second, Presto third and Yankee (the scratch boat) last. Frank J. Stone, Vice-Commodore of the Corinthian Yacht Club, sailed his own boat, Presto, and handled her so well that he was first to reach Fisherman s Cove, where the flood tide was slacker and a long leg could be made without tacking. At Presidio Shoal Buoy, the first mark, Yankee and Presto were close together, Harpoon and Nixie being near the leaders when the mark was rounded. Presto was first across the finishing-line, being followed about a minute later by Yankee, Harpoon third and Nixie fourth. Presto's elapsed time for the fourteen-mile course on a flood-tide was 2:27:43, while Harpoon's was 2:32:50, but the handicaps gave first flag to Harpoon, second to Nixie and third to Presto.

Of the five yachts placed in Class III only two, Vixen and Cupid, started. The course was from Meiggs' Wharf to and round Presidio Shoal Buoy, leaving it on the port hand; thence to the starting-line, finishing there. As each boat had a handicap

of 3 minutes, they raced on equal terms. The starting-gun was fired at 1:00:00 p. m., the Cupid being first across the line at 1:01:05; Vixen crossing at 1:02:40. Vixen finished first and made the best elapsed and corrected time, winning first flag. Cupid took second flag. Vixen defeated her opponent by a margin of 8 minutes 35 seconds, corrected time.

Aeolus

The weather was highly suitable for yacht-racing, the wind being strong and the tide running flood almost up to the conclusion of the regatta. Ex-Commodore T. F. Tracy officiated as Referee and the Judges were ex-Commodore Alex. J. Young and R. R. l'Hommedieu. The details of the race are shown in the table:

ANNUAL REGATTA OF CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB DECORATION DAY, 1907.

Yacht	Handicap	Starting Time	Finishing Time	Elapsed Time	Corrected Time	Place
			Class I.			
	M.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	
Harpoon	9	12.46.10	3.19.00	2.32.50	2.23.50	1
Nixie	7	12.47.47	3.19.07	2.31.20	2.24.20	2
Presto	3	12.47.52	3.15.35	2.17.43	2.27.43	3
Yankee	Scr.	12.47.59	3.16.41	2.28.42	2.28.42	..
			Class II.			
Discovery	7	12.18.30	3.20.58	3.02.28	2.55.28	1
Edith	9.30	12.20.00	3.26.09	3.10.29	2.56.39	2
Truant	3	12.17.53	3.19.51	3.02.18	2.59.18	3
Meteor	2	12.18.47	3.24.35	3.05.48	3.03.48	4
Edna	2	12.18.39	3.24.46	3.06.07	3.04.07	..
Freda	10	12.18.24	3.32.44	3.14.20	3.04.20	..
Emma	2	12.16.04	3.24.30	3.08.26	3.06.26	..
Aloha	2.30	12.17.31	3.33.14	3.15.43	3.13.13	..
Kathleen	2	12.20.00	3.35.27	3.15.27	3.13.27	..
			Class III.			
Vixen	3	1.02.30	2.16.37	2.14.07	2.11.07	1
Cupid	3	1.01.05	2.23.41	2.23.41	2.19.41	2

TROUT FISHING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

EDITOR Western Field: Owing to the high water in all the local streams the trout fisherman who ventured out on the opening day, May 1, returned home with light creels. However, a few good catches were made in the upper tributaries of the San Gabriel river, where the water was running clear. A few good catches were also made in the lower San Gabriel between the railroad bridge near Azusa, as far east as Whittier. One of the best catches reported was made in the lower San Gabriel, being taken by Mr. Guy Hill, Billy Ruess and A. T. Leonard. They refused to give the exact location. They went out by automobile, arriving at the river at four o'clock a. m. They were certainly early birds and deserved the worm. Mr. Ruess caught thirteen salmon trout, none of them less than seven inches in length. Hill took nine, the largest one being a 17-inch fish, weighing 1½ pounds. Leonard caught seven, all very nice sized fish.

Dr. Little and a party from Whittier also fished the lower San Gabriel and all had fair success. Some good catches were reported taken in the Ventura river and the Sespe on the opening day, but those who have made the trip from Los Angeles all report the streams too high for good fishing. By the fifteenth the streams will all probably be running clear and in good coodition for fly fishing.

It is reported steelheads are now running up the Santa Clara river in large numbers, also up the Ventura river.

A. W. Elliott, W. L. Frey and A. Forbes of Santa Paula made some nice catches below Saticoy last week, some of the fish taken running as large as three pounds.

W. F. Chandler, who returned recently from Sulphur Mountain Springs, above Santa Paula, reports good fishing from that locality. He took about 75 good sized fish, averaging seven inches.

The largest salmon trout taken so far this season, was taken in the lower San Gabriel; length 22 inches; weight three pounds.

Most of these large fish are being caught with a new kind of bait, called "fresh water shrimp," which was recently discovered to be a killing bait.

They are found on the under side of water cress and are about two inches long. Some one noticed them in the pouches of trout they had caught, and several of the local trout fishermen have been using them lately with good success.

B. C. HINMAN.

June 6, 1907.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE PACIFIC COAST GOLF ASSOCIATION AT DEL MONTE

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY

FOR some years past it has been the custom to have a "golf week" on the Del Monte links during August or September, with handicap competitions for the Del Monte Cup for men and for the Del Monte Cup for women, Mixed Foursomes and other events. Occasionally an open event, in which the professionals received money awards and the amateurs got trophies or yielded their places to the professionals, was held. Prizes for the events on the programme were presented by the Pacific Improvement Company, the open event being provided for by contributions from the golfers and their friends. The tournament that took place in August, 1906, was extended to nine days (the original events occupying six), additional trophies being presented by Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. C. E. Maud, Miss Alice Hager and Charles W. Clark.

This year it was decided to hold a spring as well as a fall tournament at Del Monte and a July "golf week" has also been added. The spring tournament took place Monday, May 13th, to Saturday, May 18th, inclusive, the events being handicap competitions at match play for the Del Monte Cup for men and for the Del Monte Cup for women, and the seventh annual competition for the Men's Amateur Championship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association. The date for this spring tournament was fixed so hurriedly that many golfers who might have taken part did not hear of it at all or not until too late to make arrangements to play. There being only five entries for the Del Monte Cup for men the qualifying rounds and the first match play round became unnecessary. The second match play round took place on Tuesday afternoon, May 14th, Admiral J. F. Trilley being drawn against J. Parker Whitney, while M. A. McLaughlin, Vincent Whitney and Lindsay Scrutton drew byes. Admiral Trilley receiving a handicap of 15 strokes and J. Parker Whitney one of 18 strokes, the former gave the latter a stroke apiece on the third, fifth and tenth holes. The Admiral won 6 up 5 to go.

Arnold Photo M. A. McLAUGHLIN
Wioner Del Monte Cup for Men May 1907.

In the semi-final round over eighteen holes on Wednesday morning, May 15th, M. A. McLaughlin, scratch, beat Admiral Trilley, receiving one stroke on each hole except the 9th, 14th and 16th, 5 up 4 to go; and Lindsay Scrutton, playing even with Vincent Whitney (each having a handicap of two strokes), won an exceedingly close match, 1 up on the last green.

The final round over thirty six holes was played on Thursday, May 6th, eighteen in the morning and eighteen in the afternoon. On the morning's round M. A. McLaughlin, giving a stroke on the third and tenth holes, wa 5 up; and won the match at the 33rd hole, 4 up 3 to play. McLaughlin captured the Del Monte Cup for men and Lindsay Scrutton won the trophy for the runner-up, both trophies being presented by the Pacific Improvement Company.

The competition for the Del Monte Cup for women fell through, Mrs. H. R. Warner and Miss Ames withdrawing after the qualifying round, Miss Moffat and Mrs. M. A. McLaughlin before the semi-final round, and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney being left without an antagonist.

The seventh annual competition for the Men's Amateur Championship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association was set for Friday, May 17th, Saturday, May 18th, and Sunday, May 19, or Monday, May 20th, as the competitors in the final round might agree. Vincent Whitney and M. A. McLaughlin, who competed for the Del Monte Cup for men, not being members of any club affiliated with the Pacific Coast Golf Association, were not eligible to play for the championship, while Admiral Trilley and J. Parker Whitney did not enter. The competitors were Charles E. Maud, of the San Francisco Golf and Country

Club, Lindsay Scrutton of the same club, Dr. C. H. Walter, of the Linda Vista Golf Club of San Jose, and Thomas P. Mumford of the Pasadena Country Club. C. E. Maud is one of the strongest and most experienced amateur golfers on the Pacific Coast and has at various times been a member of the Riverside Polo and Golf Club, of the Los Angeles Country Club, and of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club. In 1903, while a member of the Los Angeles Country Club, he won the amateur championship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association on the Presidio course, then occupied by the San Francisco Golf Club, defeating H. C. Golcher of that club in the final round. He is now a resident of Monterey. Dr. C. H. Walter is the strongest golfer in San Jose or the neighborhood and a few years ago was runner-up in the competition for the Del Monte Cup for men. Thomas P. Mumford returned the second best score (83) in the qualifying round of the competition for the men's golf championship of the Coronado Country Club for 1907, being only one stroke behind Dr. W. S. Harban of Washington, D. C., who won the gold medal of the Coronado Country Club with 81.

The qualifying round over eighteen holes, medal score, was played on Friday morning, the results being as follows:

Men's Amateur Championship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association.

Qualifying Rounds.

Competitors.	Out.	In.	Total.	Place.
Dr. C. H. Walter	38	42	80	1
C. E. Maud	40	42	82	2
T. P. Mumford	45	40	85	3
Lindsay Scrutton	43	45	88	4

Dr. C. H. Walter won the silver medal of the Pacific Coast Golf Association for lowest score in the qualifying round. There being only four competitors, the first and second rounds of match play were rendered unnecessary and the third or semi-final round took place on Friday afternoon, Dr. C. H. Walter being matched against Thomas P. Mumford, and C. E. Maud against Lindsay Scrutton. Mumford beat Walter 4 up 3 to play, and Maud defeated Scrutton 3 up 2 to play.

The final round over thirty-six holes, eighteen in the morning and eighteen in the afternoon, was played between Mumford and Maud on Saturday, May 18th. On the first eighteen holes Maud was 7 up, but in the afternoon Mumford played better, the match eventually being won by Maud, 8 up 6 to play. Maud's medal score in the morning was 36 out 38 in, total 74, and in the afternoon was 71, making a grand total of 145 for the thirty-six holes. Maud won the Men's Amateur championship and the gold medal of the Pacific Coast Golf Association for 1907, and will have his name engraved (for the second time) on the handsome three-handled championship trophy, which will be held by the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, from which Maud entered, until the annual championship tournament of 1908. The 1906 winner was F. C. Newton of the Claremont Country Club, who defeated B. D. Adamson of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club in the final round on the Ingleside links. No previous champion or runner-up, except Maud, was present at

Inkersley Photo VINCENT WHITNEY

this year's tournament. Thomas P. Mumford, as runner-up, won the silver medal, and Lindsay Scrutton and Dr. C. H. Walter, as semi-finalists, won bronze medals, of the Pacific Coast Golf Association.

This year's competition for the championship would, in the regular course of events, have been held on a course in Southern California, the tournament of 1906 having been held on the links at Ingleside; but the Southern Californians, through their secretary, Fred Griffith, waived their right and consented to Del Monte as the scene of the 1907 event. It was expected that half-a-dozen or more Southern Californian golfers would have been seen at Del Monte, but Mumford of Pasadena was the only player from that part of the State. The Pacific Northwest Golf Association is now a member of the Pacific Coast Golf Association and some of its members would have been present at Del Monte had their attention not been taken up by their own championship event, which was held at Spokane May 22nd to 25th. It is hoped that members of the Seattle Golf and Country Club, the Waverly Golf Club of Portland, the Tacoma Golf Club, the Spokane Country Club and of any other organizations there may be in that region, will be seen at next year's competition for the championship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association.

The Del Monte links is an excellent spot for a Pacific Coast championship tournament, as it is a full eighteen-hole course, with fine turfed greens and

Arnold Photo

Contestants for 1907 Championship P. C. G. A.

DR. C. H. WALTER THOS. P. MUMFORD C. E. MAUD LINDSAY SCRUTTON

is always kept in the best condition. Men are engaged constantl in mowing, watering and rolling the course and the putting-greens. Then, on account of the fact that only two or three golfers live in or near Del Monte and Monterey, it comes as near as possible to being a neutral course. While it is, of course, nearer to San Francisco and the golfers of Northern California than Los Angeles and the golfers of Southern California, rates can be obtained from the railroad and the management of the Hotel Del Monte. To players from Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and other northwestern cities the Del Monte course is much more accessible than the courses of Southern California and the best accommodations are available at the Hotel Del Monte.

Inasmuch as many records perished in the San Francisco fire, it may be well to give here a record in tabular form of the results of the competitions that have been held for the Men's Amateur Championship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association. The names of the champions are taken from the engraved inscriptions on the championship trophy, while the names of the runners-up are supplied from my own r collection and that of C. E. Maud:

MEN'S AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE PACIFIC COAST GOLF ASSOCIATION.

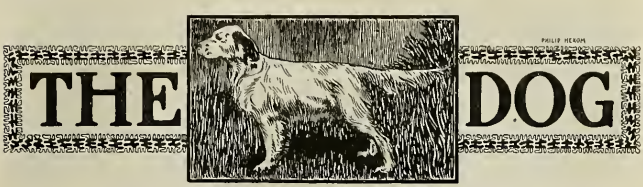
Yr.	Champion	Runner-Up	Links	Date
1901	E. R. Folger, Oak. G. C.	John Lawson, S. F. G. C.	Presidio	Apr. 27
1902	W. C. Fairbanks, L. A. C. C.	John Lawson, S. F. G. C.	Los Angeles	Mar 6
1903	C. E. Maud, L. A. C. C.	H. C. Golcher, S. F. G. C.	Presidio	Mar. 14
1904	A. B. Swift, S. B. C. C.	W. Frederickson, L. A. C. C.	Los Angeles	Mar. 12
1905	A. G. Harvey, S. R. G. C.	John Lawson, S. F. G. C.	San Rafael	Apr. 25
1906	F. C. Newton, Clar. C. C.	B. D. Anderson, S. F. G. C.	Ingleside	Mar. 24
1907	C. E. Maud, S. F. G. & C. C.	T. B. Mumford, Pas. C. C.	Del Monte	May 18

On the first Saturday in June two continuous handicap tournaments, one for men and the other for women, began on the Del Monte links. The tournaments will continue on Saturdays throughout July and August. Each weekly contest is over eighteen holes, medal play, the ladies playing in the morning and the men in the afternoon. The winner of each weekly contest has his or her name engraved on a handsome trophy presented by the Pacific

Improvement Company. At the close of the series of tournaments, the lady whose name appears most frequently on the Ladies' Cup will carry it off permanently; and the man who wins the greatest number of victories will capture the Men's Cup. The runners-up will also receive prizes.

A Midsummer "Golf Week" will be held on the Del Monte links July 2nd to 7th, inclusive. The programme will include handicap match play competitions for the Del Monte Cup for men and for the Del Monte Cup for women, Mixed Foursomes and Consolation Events for Men and Women.

The regular fall "Golf Week" will be held on the Del Monte links September 4th to 9th, both inclusive. The programme of events will be similar to that at the Midsummer Tournament.



A GOOD ONE

AT the present time there are few, if any, English setters which have greater claims to supremacy than the subject of this illustration, and it is with a view of enlightening those who have not seen Mallwyd Bob that I have consented to write this criticism of the dog:

Bob was born in February, 1902 and of course was not shown that year. In 1903 while yet a puppy he was fearlessly shown at all the English shows and was frequently placed Reserve Winners and was placed winner on several occasions. In 1904, having come to maturity he was shown in competition in which every good setter in England and was never defeated. During this year he defeated Ch. Mallwyd Rock, a dog which had won over 200 firsts and was considered without an equal in the world. During this year he also defeated Mallwyd Sailor, one of the very best dogs in England and one that is still spoken of in England as a "corner-stone" of the English setter breed. At Manchester he was placed first in setters and best sporting dog in the show. At Blaenan Festiniag he was placed first in setters and first best dog in show of any breed. During this year he won over 30 first prizes. The dog was purchased in January, 1905 by Mr. T. P. McConnell of Victoria and since that time he has been shown in every city on the Coast and has defeated every dog of any prominence on the Coast, including Ch. Bracken O'Leck, the New York winner of 1905.

In color Mallwyd Bob is an evenly ticked blue Belton weighing about 57 pounds in condition. In head contour he is about as near perfection as it is possible to obtain. Perhaps if the head was hollowed out just a trifle under the eyes and that amount added to the thickness of muzzle at the tip, then we would have the perfect setter head. His neck is long and lean, rising with a graceful curve from the shoulders. The shoulders can not be surpassed and seldom have I ever seen their equal. The scapulæ slope well back, fit closely to the ribs and are extremely close together at the points. Elbow is well let down and is carried well backward. In rib Mallwyd Bob surpasses every dog shown at the recent San Francisco show with two exceptions, viz: Mariposa and Rockline Ladybird.

In back outline there is nothing to criticize. The back curves gracefully downward and the graceful curve continues over perfectly outlined loin and quarters. In

Mallwyd Bob

l _, and feet we find him the best shown in the ring for many a day. Tail joins the body in proper position, but seems to be carried a trifle high. From the above it would seem that there was not much to improve, but when we examine the muscular development of loins, quarters and hind leg, we find that Bob is far from perfect. In fact he is decidedly poor in these parts. He gives one the impression that he lacks the rugged muscular development necessary to do a hard day's travel. Looking at the dog from a side view he is as near a perfect animal as has been shown in many a day, but when we put out hands on loin, quarters and thigh we find much to be desired.

As a sire he stands without a superior in the country. In England he left a son, Broom Hill Bob, who is considered by experts to be one of the best in that country. The dog is owned by Mr. F. W. Palmer of Shillington. Since coming to this country he has demonstrated that he is without an equal. Almost without an exception his puppies have beaten the Stylish Sargeant, Brackon O'Leck, Pera-Elloree Strain of dogs. At Victoria this year his stock won first novice, first winners in bitches and first puppy dogs. At Vancouver a bitch less than one year of age won first puppies, first open and winners, first in setters, best sporting dog in show and finally best dog in show of any breed. At Seattle this year a son, "Handsome Dan," less than a year old won first puppies and in winners was placed over Captain, an aged dog. Captain is by Stylish Sargeant-Elloree. In bitch puppies at the same show the winner had a goodly heritage of Mallwyd Bob blood and was placed Reserve to Ladybird's win. These are but a few of instances that can be shown to prove that he stands upon this Coast without an equal as a sire.

The dog now is a Champion in England, a Champion in Canada and Champion in the United States. I understand he is soon to be retired from the show ring. I venture now the prediction that Mallwyd Bob's name will appear on the pedigree of the future winner's on the Coast more frequently than any other dog now before the public.

SETTER.

MISLEADING STATEMENTS

IN A long article in the American Field, its reporter—the one I presume who reported the late English Setter Club's show—makes some badly misleading statements regarding the shoulders that should be on the good field dog. His intention is evidently right, and his statements would have been right had he only applied the right names. For instance, he says that the shoulder should be upright, when in fact he is referring to the humerus bone, or that part of the dog's anatomy between the point of the shoulder and the elbow. This bone of course should be nearly upright, but no intelligent person who ever wrote a standard for either the setter or the pointer referred to this as the "shoulder." Where the standard says: "the elbows should be well let down," reference is had to the humerus bone, for only by this being comparatively upright can the elbows be low enough to give them free action away from the ribs. In the new standard—which I do not wish to be considered as defending, for it has many bad points—the language is plain and correct in speaking of the shoulders. It says: "The shoulder blades should be long, wide, slowing well back and standing moderately close together at the top." Still, with this statement as clear as it can be made, the reporter says: "However, there may be some misunderstanding as to what actually constitutes a bird dog's shoulder, and it is a point that it would be well for some standard to accurately define." I cannot see how any plainer definition of the shoulder can be given than that used in the standard, and quoted above. And notwithstanding this plain definition, he says: "The sloping shoulder, that is, the humerus ranging posteriorly from its articulation with the scapula (shoulder blade) at an angle that will bring the legs fairly well under the body, etc., again confounding the humerus, or arm bone, with the shoulder in a most misleading manner.

If this reporter was asked to place his hand upon a horse's shoulder I think that he would place it on that part of the animal that the collar rests against, and not the horse's arm. He truly says that it is the forelegs and the forefeet of the dog and the horse that first break down. Why? Not because they are the hardest worked, but because of upright shoulders. Let him spend a day in visiting the livery stables of his city, and he can verify the truth of this statement easily. Let him examine the older horses still in use and still sound. He will find that their shoulders slope well back, giving a short back between the withers and the coupling. He will find the humerus bone, or arm, not absolutely upright, but comparatively so, compared with the cow or the sheep, or any of the slower animals. He will find the pasterns well bent, instead of straight like in the fox terrier. All these give elasticity, or spring in action, and therefore ease to the animal in his work. Then let him take a look at the five, six and seven-year-old horses that are rapidly breaking down. Let him watch them standing at rest, and see them place their forefeet away in front of their bodies. Let him look at their knees, sprung forward; and after he has felt of their splints and windgalls, let him examine their shoulders, and compare them with those of the sound old horses that have done four or five times as much hard work. Compare the shoulders proper, not the arms, and he will find that in almost every case those that are breaking down have comparatively upright shoulders, while the older ones, that have stood the test of years of hard work, will be found with their shoulders sloping well back, and fitting closely to a deep, thin chest. He is right in the assertion that field trial men have found that most of the bench show winners are faulty in shoulders. But this fault is not in the shoulders sloping too much, but in being too upright, and the arm not being upright enough. But this is not the fault of the standards, but the fault of judges attempting to judge these breeds who have not the remotest conception of what the standard means or how a good dog of the breed should be built.

There are many faults in the new standard, but its description of the shoulders is not one of them. But no matter how explicit a standard may be, it will never be written plain enough to make the fox terrier judge, the spaniel judge, or the toy-dog judge, a

judge of setters or pointers. Nor will the average field trial man learn to know a good setter until he gets rid of some of the foolish fads that have crept into his brain during the last few years. This sacrificing endurance, stamina, judgment, tractability and intelligence for purposeless speed is neither producing a good setter or a good field dog.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB DISGRACE

EDITOR Western Field: The so-called American Kennel Club, which in fact has never been more than a small private association of grafters, has at last succeeded in openly branding itself as a disgrace to American dogdom. Under its high-sounding name this little coterie of leeches fastened themselves upon the arteries of the fanciers of the country, and by the exercise of specious arguments, fraudulent assertions, and monumental effrontery have kept their hold until they have extracted from the fanciers of America, nearly, if not quite half a million of dollars. The most of this has been spent in high salaries paid to themselves, in junketing trips, in dinners and the like, while those who are bled derived not one particle of benefit. At last, finding that they had accumulated over and above the vast amounts uselessly spent some $30,000, all of which in fact belongs to the fanciers of America, the grafting few resolved themselves into a close corporation, elected themselves to all the offices, and enacted laws by which the present board of directors must elect its successors, thus ensuring a life tenure of office. Then, as the controlling spirits of the old American Kennel Club, they voted its assets, $30,000 in cash and other property, to this new close corporation composed of themselves—a piece of effrontery not even paralleled in the history of the disgraceful grafts of San Francisco.

It is now six months since these schemers annexed by their alleged incorporation and treachery this property of the American fanciers, and placed it in the possession of the so-called "American Kennel Club, incorporated." During this six months repeated protests have been registered by the sportsmen's press of the country, and earnest appeals have been made by a strong committee appointed by a large gathering of fanciers for restitution of this property, or for legal incorporation.

Of this committee and its objects and demands, the American Field says:

"It can be said positively that that body of men was not controlled by any selfish or personal motives, that patriotism to the A. K. C. was the sole incentive for action such as was taken then and there, and that all they wished and all they demanded was that if the A. K. C. was to be incorporated that it should be done under a constitution submitted to and voted upon by the delegates and the directors nominated by and elected by the delegates; further, that everything concerning the club be done absolutely in the open, and no star chamber proceedings. What could be more fair? But would the scheming oligarchs listen to the pleading? Not a bit of it—their coup was not to be spoiled by a just plea. But we believe that the Ashland House Committee is now in this fight to stay, has buckled on the armor of right with which it intends to fight might without compromise, compelling the usurpers to hunt their holes and bring about reincorporation of the American Kennel Club on strictly legal lines and give every member representation in committees or by delegates. There is no fault found in mere incorporation; it is the method of incorporation, whereby two score and more clubs were disfranchised, where representation was denied, where thirty directors were elected to practically perpetual office, where cash assets, records, property, all, were seized—confiscated in a word by designing schemers—of such are the grievances, and we say, all power to the committee of patriots which is fighting the battle of the American Kennel world to-day. Every loyal, free-born American fancier should give the committee his moral support and, if need be, financial support as well."

In reply to this protest of this committee the statement was given out by the schemers that twenty of the self-appointed board of directors had resigned, and their successors could be elected at the May meeting by the delegates from the clubs. But when the May meeting came round, however, the incorporating schemers were found true to their previous record of falsehood and deception, for instead of twenty there were only three, and the places of those resigning were promptly filled by the other members of the board in accordance with the laws of this peculiar corporation which provides for its perpetual control by the present board of grafters.

A number of new clubs made application for membership at this same meeting, but they were refused admittance on the plea of the president that, "now that the corporation had property it would not be wise to take in more clubs, and that they had better devise some means of licensing them for the privilege of holding shows." Thus it will be seen that the design of this coterie of dog brokers and others, living off the liberality of the American fanciers, is not only to rob the fancy of the money it has so liberally contributed but to prevent any others from sharing either in it, or in any benefits or advantages that may accrue from it.

To one young to dogdom the action of these grafters may seem strange and unnatural, but to those who know the history of this co-called American Kennel Club it is but the logical result of the dictatorial, dishonest and selfish course pursued from its organization, for this history has been one of graft, falsehood, slander and broken pledges. It was still in its swaddling clothes when it secured possession of the "American Kennel Register," which had been published for years by the Forest and Stream, with the emphatic promise, as a part of the contract, that the price of registration should not be

raised above fifty cents, and that all dogs that had been registered in the "Register" should be re-registered free of charge in the National American Kennel Club Stud Book, which had been dead for years and which the new American Kennel Club proposed to revive. But the "Register" was barely more than turned over to them when they branded themselves as liars before the whole world by raising the registration fee to one dollar, and refusing the solemnly promised re-registrations unless the exorbitant fee of one dollar accompanied the application.

As the fanciers stood this new graft without any very serious protest they soon decided on another to add to their income, and a new rule was promulgated requiring a twenty-five cent fee for so-called listing of all unregistered dogs shown at a bench show. At first, one listing lasted the dog for his life; but as the fancy stood this additional raise it was soon decreed that this fee must be paid for each show, and their income was still further increased.

They began their campaign of intimidation through slander of those who would not bow down in submission to their dictation, by sending their secretary, A. P. Vredenburg, to the former residence of Mr. Peshall to delve in the mire for filth to charge against him, which act resulted in the indictment of Vredenburg for criminal libel; and which it was said at the time cost the club fully $5000 to keep him from serving a term in the state's prison.

When the honest fanciers of the country began to find fault with their high-handed proceedings, they made a new law for the entrenchment of themselves in power, and to prevent the clubs that were paying them annual dues, on the supposition that they were members of something supposed to be a national organization, from interfering with their peculiar management. This law provided that no person elected as a delegate to represent one of these member clubs should be seated as a delegate until he proved himself satisfactory to the schemers and willing to stand in with their peculiar methods.

Again, in order to make a better market for their own dogs they passed a new rule which provided that no wins made at a show with less than 500 dogs, and that did not give at least $500 in cash prizes, should count toward the gaining of championship honors. This was so resisted by the great West that the secretary was sent to the Pacific Coast in the hope that his smooth arguments would convince the people of the "wild and woolly" West that they did not know what was good for them. But he soon found that unless the obnoxious law was repealed at once they would lose the stream of western gold that had been pouring into their coffers. Ever since the failure of this scheme, hardly a year has passed without some change in the rules made for the purpose of bleeding the fancy of more money, until now the assets of the club which these shameless grafters are trying to steal from the fanciers of the whole country amounts to about $30,000, mostly cash. Had these acts, shameful as they are, been performed with a view of conserving the interests of the fancy, there might be some excuse for them. But their record proves to the contrary; proves that their only object has been a selfish one, for they have, either through criminal purpose or criminal negligence, allowed the registration of many pedigrees that are full of errors and false. They have also upheld, with a brazen effrontery, shameful dishonesty in the judging ring, and attempted to punish those who have had the manhood to expose it. Even at the recent May meeting one of their pet judges came before the new incorporation with a complaint that "Certain statements and rumors derogatory to his standing as a 'judge'(?) had been circulated, and quoted precedents already established by the club, etc." and demanded that he be given a liberal coat of the special whitewash kept in stock by the club for this purpose. If they have not succeeded, they have at least attempted to enter into shameful compacts to quiet criticism of their unsavory acts, a case in point being when they tried to seal the lips of one fearless advocate of honesty in dogdom, by offering him the absolute dictation, right or wrong, of all Pacific Coast affairs—an offer he spurned as he would a viper.

With such a record—and I have only touched upon a mere fraction of their dishonesty and greed—what else could have been expected? For although they have raised and re-raised the salaries of themselves, and spent money with a lavish hand to secure their own positions, some $20,000 besides other valuable assets have accumulated, and still not one dollar has been spent for the benefit of those from whom this vast amount has been extracted, nor for the improvement of the laws governing property in dogs.

Now that these disciples of high finance have worked their shell game so perfectly that they have disorganized the old American Kennel Club, and voted its money and other property as a gift to themselves, under the name of the "A. K. C., incorporated", with its by-laws so constructed that the little scheming band have absolute power to maintain themselves in office and control as long as they live, and make laws and rulings to suit themselves, the amateur fanciers from whom all this money has been drawn are about to commence legal proceedings to compel the return of the property of the old A. K. C.

Gentlemen of the fancy, you have been beautifully buncoed. The slick and nimble-fingered shell operators have done the trick to perfection and pocketed your money. Better let them take it and go. You have been foolish to stand the swindle as long as you have; it is now time to be wise. Possibly you have paid a high price for the experience, but it is worth all that it has cost if that experience is put to the right uses. If, through a suit at law—which will cost you still more money—you should get back that which you have staked on their shell game, you must remember that with it you will also get back the shameless grafters, and be compelled to undergo further association with them. Can free-born American gentlemen afford the further disgrace of this association at the price?

The "American" Kennel Club has never been what it should be: a national association of fanciers in which every club in all sections of the country is represented by the delegates of its choice, and each delegate has an equal voice with every other in the conduct of its affairs. It is and always has been nothing but a star chamber group of dog brokers and professional hangers-on, who have assumed a dictatorship over American dogdom in their own per-

sonal interests; fanciers for revenue only, and nothing more. It is the true fanciers—the amateur fanciers that make up American dogdom. It is they who make possible the holding of shows; it is they who pay for the privilege, and it is they who support the professional breeders, the brokers and the professional hangers-on. Why should they be governed, fleeced and bled by those who owe to them the very bread upon which they feed? Forbearance has already been carried beyond reason, and the time has arrived when self-respecting American manhood should rise and throw off forever the disgraceful yoke under which it has labored already far too long. Let the $30,000 go. Liberty, untrammelled manhood is cheap at twice the price. Let the $30,000 go, and with it the whole bunch of grafters. Already they have cost the fanciers of America a quarter of a million of dollars for which they have received nothing; not even a guarantee of an honest registration of pedigrees. Gentlemen of the fancy, you had better lose this $30,000 than be mulcted again for another quarter of a million. You ought to be ready to proclaim a day of thanksgiving for the blessed privilege of getting rid of the disreputable gang at so cheap a price.

Ask yourselves and answer honestly: What has the costly, dictatorial, and selfish government of the A. K. C. done for you? All that you can candidly answer is: "they have published a stud book full of inaccuracies and false pedigrees"; and that: "They have told us that our wins counted." Then, after adding a little reasoning to your soliloquy, ask yourselves what this "counting" amounts to, except to the professional breeder?

Look at the score or more field trial clubs that have very wisely refused to pay tribute to these self-constituted governors of dogdom. Do their wins count? Indeed they do, every one of them, and count the world over; and the A. K. C. with all its arrogance, cannot shave from their value so much as the thousandth part of a hair.

Gentlemen, the time is ripe for the organization of an association of amateur fanciers that will be national in design, national in purpose, and national in fact. Let the boodlers and their boodle go, and get together and organize a national association of such character, and upon such broad plans of representation as will prevent the possibility of its control ever falling into the hands of dog brokers, professional judges, and useless hangers-on. Place in its organic law a strict prohibition against the admission to membership of each and every one of those who by their shameful trickery have covered the American fanciers with the present humiliating disgrace. Let them keep the stud book, with all its inaccuracies and slovenly compilations, for no doubt satisfactory arrangements can be made with the American Field for the opening of its carefully guarded stud book to all breeds.

Such an organization can be readily effected, for it would receive the almost unanimous support of the East, the West, and the Pacific Coast. It would be representative of America, and represent the people. It would stand for honesty, for fair dealing, for respectability. It would be a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, instead as we have it now, a government of grafters, by grafters, and for graft.

H. T. PAYNE.

SHORT BARKS

I AM of the opinion that the Seattle show furnished the first case on record of a lady entering the ring as a judge of setters and pointers. From a personal knowledge of Miss Davie's close attention to the higher requirements of these field breeds, and the correctness of her eye in measuring their "points", I am in no way surprised at the general satisfaction her awards gave. Miss Davie is a resident of Victoria, where I think it is safe to say there are more typical English setters than can be found in any other piece of territory, twice the size of Vancouver Island, between the Pacific and the Atlantic oceans. She therefore had a fine opportunity to study this breed with the assistance of fine examples of good type and formation before her. But in her case this is not all; the field dog is her fancy, and she loves it, not for its beauty alone, but as well for its usefulness in the field. She, therefore, has studied the setter and the pointer, as everyone must study them to be in any way qualified to judge them, in the field and while engaged in the work for which they are bred. She has thus acquired an intelligent knowledge of these breeds as seen both in their show-coat beauty, and in their action while at work, and in their grand and inspiring attitudes on point. That knowledge of beauty of form thus gained must be coupled with an appreciation of those lines that make for ease, endurance and graceful action in the field, and that power of endurance that stands for a whole day's hunt.

Miss Davie is the owner of an English setter that I should have liked to have seen at the late San Francisco show. When I saw him a little over a year ago he was not fully matured, but he gave promise of soon developing into one of the very best in the country.

* * *

T. J. Blight will be the superintendent of the Stockton show that is to be held in the coming fall. From the excellent services Mr. Blight rendered to the recent San Francisco show as assistant superintendent, the Stockton fanciers have made a wise selection.

* * *

The State Agricultural Society are contemplating holding during the State fair, competitive trials of collies and other sheep dogs in the handling of sheep. This is a good idea, for California is by no means a small factor in the sheep business. But, dear, dear, where will our Barzoi-headed bench-show cracks be in such a competition? Echo answers: At home in their kennels.

* * *

The San Jose fanciers are getting the show fever again and are now contemplating holding a show in the fall, in connection with the poultry exhibition.

* * *

A CORRECTION

BY AN unfortunate transposition of the types, the captions under the full page groups of Setters and Collies shown at the recent Bench Show in San Francisco were reversed. In order to most effectively correct this error we are reproducing in this issue the plates aforesaid with the dogs correctly named thereon.

Wm. Dormer's "Mariposa"—2nd Field Trial Class
J. S. Hickford's "Mallwyd Bob"—1st Open and 1st Winners
John Golobeck's "Cato's Frank"—1st Novice
Fred. P. Butler's "Tiverton"—1st Limit & Res. Winners.

Wm. Ellery's "Wishaw Leader"—2nd Open
O. J. Albee's "Ch. Greystone Breadalbane"—1st American and Canada
Dr. F. W. Burnham's "Brandane Wishaw Squire"—1st Winners

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FOR YOUR DEN

WE RECENTLY were favored by the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Company with one of the large reproductions in color of the beautiful painting by E. H. Osthaus, which was used by them as a design for their 1907 Calendar, and we most earnestly recommend all our readers to send 50 cents, coin or stamps, for a copy of this magnificent picture before the supply is exhausted.

The picture, which is reproduced in marvelous fidelity, contains absolutely no advertising matter whatever, and is designed for framing purposes. It is a full size reproduction of the original painting, 24½x36 inches in size, and is skilfully embossed in such a way that the heavy brush strokes of paint are in relief, making the picture hard to distinguish from a regular oil painting, even at close range. It is a veritable work of art in every sense and just how they can supply it at the nominal price quoted is a mystery, for it is absolutely certain that a half dollar is only a small fraction of the real cost. It is sent out securely packed in a stout tube and will be gladly framed by everyone fortunate enough to secure a copy of it.

The picture shows two sportsmen returned from a successful grouse hunt, who are teaching some puppies the art of retrieving. Watching her precocious offspring is a beautiful setter, while an appreciative pointer looks on with manifest approval. The dogs are done in Osthaus' inimitable style and the drawing and color of the whole painting is perfect.

It is worthy of a place on the wall of any room, in the best of company, and as for a den piece it is unapproachable. Send 50 cents today to the Dupont Co., Wilmington, Del., and you will thank us for the suggestion. It is a veritable pickup and the supply will be rapidly exhausted as soon as the public realizes what it is getting for its money.

A VOICE FROM INDIANA

THERE is no necessity for comment on a letter like the following one. It speaks for itself:

The Lodago Telephone Co.,
Lodago, Ind., July 5, 1906.

A. F. Meisselbach & Bro.,
Newark, N. J.

Gentlemen:

Am sending you under separate cover one (1) Takapart Reel to have overhauled. The click, as you will see, is cut out. It was my own fault, not yours. Also the small washer on crank handle was lost. Put reel in good shape and return as soon as possible, as I could not go fishing without it. Also send bill when reel is returned.

This is the third season I have used reel, and I like it better every time I take it out, and have no trouble convincing every fisherman that I come in contact with, that it is the best all round reel for the money on the market. It has them all beaten a mile.

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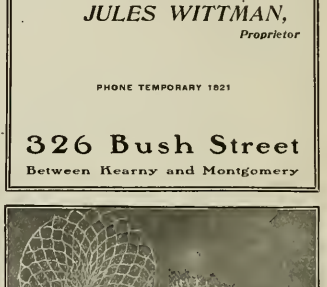

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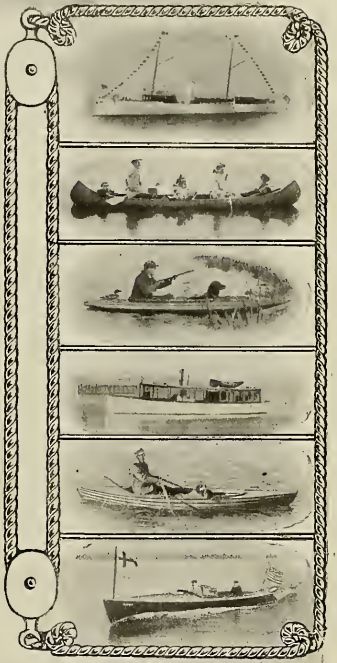
BOX 75

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN.



Better Than an Imported Gun

Few Parts
Great Strength

Perfect Balance
Quick Handling

Place a genuine A. H. Fox double gun beside the finest imported gun and compare them. In material and workmanship displayed you find the Fox in every way equal to the imported gun.

In simplicity and strength of parts, in directness and power of action, the Fox Gun shows up immeasurably superior.

Put both guns to actual proof for perfect balance, ease of operation and reliable shooting qualities and you proclaim the Ansley H. Fox Gun

"THE FINEST GUN IN THE WORLD"

Every gun shop keeps the Fox—ask to see it.

A. H. FOX GUN CO., 4652 North 18th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

EVERYTHING IT CLAIMS TO BE

WHEN an enthusiastic friend remarked in this office the other day: "There are summer resorts and summer resorts—but there is only one Klamath Hot Springs," he said about all that there was to be said on this head. But we cannot help adding our own modest commendation, for this famous resort of all outers who are looking for sport or rest is unequalled in California.

In the first place, one encounters no dust on the way to this beauty spot, and when one gets there it is to find an ideal hostelry and an ideal host, who offers you in addition to the most luxurious and homelike quarters the best fishing and hunting in the State, the largest assortment of waters, both hot and cold, and baths, fresh, mineral, and mud, unexcelled anywhere in the world.

All this, too, at prices so reasonable as to be almost incredible when the manifold attractions are considered. But go and see for yourself; it would take many pages to describe the charms of Klamath. Let Messrs. Edson send you a booklet—their address is Beswick, Siskiyou Co.—and you will start without delay.

THREE BUSY MEN

DURING the past year one of the busiest firms is that of Wright, Roshforth & Cahill, three engaged in the rebuilding of San Francisco well-known architects, who became associated immediately after the fire. Having now outgrown their quarters at 2277 California street in the Western Addition they are again establishing their offices "down town," in line with the general movement in this direction.

The firm's new offices occupy the second floor at 571 California street, near Montgomery, the premises owned and occupied by the Pacific States Savings and Loan Company and directly opposite the site of the San Francisco Savings Union Building.

A THREE TIMES WINNER

A MOST valuable accession to San Francisco's business and social circles is Mr. G. G. Howard, proprietor and manager of the Hotel Rex, 236 Third street, who after a very successful career in the great mining regions of Nevada has decided to come here and invest his capital in several hotel projects, of which the Rex is the initial venture.

Mr. Howard made a large circle of acquaintances in his position of head steward of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., and increased it enormously by his success in managing the Hotel Richelieu, afterward engaging in large mining and other industrial enterprises, where his energy and intelligence bore fruit an hundred fold.

Mr. Howard is a sportsman in every sense of the term, and his personality is of such an engaging character that he cannot help being popular with the sporting guild. We predict an immediate and signal business and social success for him, as logically befits a hustler of his type.

THE HOUSE OF GOOD VALUES

WE desire to call particular attention to the advertisement, beginning in this issue, of The Curtain Store, 14th and Franklin streets, Oakland, whose stock of curtains, draperies, upholstery, carpets and rugs is not excelled by any house on the Pacific Coast. This concern makes a specialty of club house draperies, launch cushions and camping blankets, which will appeal especially to sportsmen, and have a most enviable reputation for square dealing and moderate charges that has gone far to establish them in the consideration of all discriminative buyers. A visit to their commodious store will convince patrons that here is offered an assortment of actual values, among which it will be difficult to choose, so many good things at attractive prices being displayed therein. Make your call as early as possible and you will thank us for the suggestion.

SOME PETERS PERFORMANCES

A NUMBER of very fine scores were made with Peters shells at the Southern Handicap, Richmond, Va., May 8th to 10th. In the preliminary handicap Mr. Emery H. Storr, North Carolina representative of the Peters Carrridge Co., was high man, 94 out of 100, being the highest score made by any professional or amateur in either of the big races. In the preliminary Mr. Wolfolk Henderson scored 92, tying for first place, and Mr. T. S. Baskerville tied for third, 91 out of 100. Mr. T. H. Keller, Jr., tied for second professional average, 91 out of 100. These scores go to show very clearly that a man shooting Peters ammunition is equipped to make perfect scores if he can only point the gun right.

At the Johnstown, Ohio, tournament, May 9th and 10th, Mr. L. H. Reid, shooting Peters factory loaded shells, won high professional average, 189 out of 200, and Mr. L. R. Brottenfield, of Centerburg, Ohio, high amateur average, 185 out of 200, also with Peters shells.

Mr. P. P. Brown, the well-known hardware salesman of Lampasas, Tex., prides himself on being able to shoot a pretty good clip at the traps, and the only person whom he will concede can beat him is his thirteen-year-old son. On May 11th the two decided to have it out, and each supplying himself with his favorite load in Peters shells repaired to the traps. When the smoke cleared away Mr. Brown, Sr., was found to have broken 46, and Mr. Brown, Jr., 47, which is going some for a lad of thirteen summers.

At Manchester, N. H., May 11th Hon. Eugene E. Reed won the State championship for 1907, breaking 95 out of 100 with Peters lexal shells.

At the Illinois State shoot, May 14th to 16th, Mr. C. A. Young was high on the preliminary day with 178 out of 200. On the third day he broke 96 out of the last 100, using Peters factory loaded shells.

At Needdah, Wis., May 12th, Mr. Harry W. Kahler, shooting Peters shells, won high average with 92 per cent under exceedingly difficult conditions. Second and third averages were also won by shooters using Peters shells.

At Wilmington, Ohio, May 17th, Guy Ward, shooting Peters factory loaded shells, won second professional average, breaking 182 out of 200. Mr. L. H. Reid, also using Peters ammunition, followed him closely with 180.

Mr. L. I. Wade, of The Peters Cartridge Co., won second professional and second general average at Dallas, Tex., May 14th and 15th, score 364 out of 400. Mr. Abdon Holt won second amateur average, and Mr. J. S. Day third amateur average, both with Peters shells.

Mr. Wm. Veach won third professional average at the Columbus, Neb., tournament May 14th to 16th, and Mr. C. D. Linderman third amateur average, both with Peters factory loaded shells.

On April 27th Mr. G. H. Steenberg, shooting at the Chicago Gun Club, broke 142 out of 150, and 95 out of the first 100. On the same day Mr. G. H. Hoxie broke 91 out of 100, both using Peters factory loaded shells.

At Tulsa, Ind. Ter., May 7th and 8th, Mr. F. M. Faurote, using Peters factory loaded shells, won second average, his score being 385 out of 400, or a trifle over 96 per cent. Mr. Faurote has been doing some excellent shooting of late, and has shown the possibilities of Peters ammunition in good style.

At El Paso, Ills., May 21st, Mr. H. W. Cadwallader won high general average, score 190 out of 205; Mr. C. Risser first amateur average, score 185; Mr. L. Perry second amateur average, score 184; all using Peters factory loaded shells. Mr. Cadwallader also had a run of 54 straight.

At the two-day tournament at Oneonta, N. Y., May 20th and 21st, high professional and high general average was won by Mr. H. D. Freeman, shooting Peters factory loaded shells.

Mr. Cross Payton won first amateur average at Abilene, Tex., tournament, May 17th and 18th, Mr. Jas. Day second amateur average, and Mr. Abdon Holt third amateur average, all using Peters factory loaded shells. Second professional average was won by Mr. L. I. Wade with Peters shells, score 398 out of 425.

FADS FREAKS FANCIES FLASHES

HAVE THEIR BRIEF DAY THEN FALL BY THE WAY BUT

HUNTER

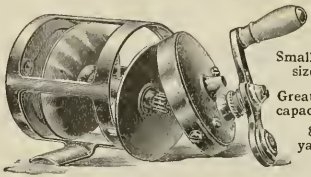
BALTIMORE

RYE

WAS FIRMLY FOUNDED ON THE ROCK OF REPUTATION AND PUBLIC FAVOR MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS AGO AND IS TO-DAY THE MOST POPULAR WHISKEY ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT

Sold at all first-class cafés and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

THE "TRI-PART"



Small in size.

Great in capacity.

80 yards.

Is the reel wonder of this age. Its mechanism is so perfect. Its parts are interchangeable. For instance take two "Tri-part" reels and change half the parts, the reels will work as fine as ever. Do it with any other, and see the result We stand behind all our reels and will make repairs (if any) free No other maker will. Very smooth running. Noiseless. Lightest for capacity—greatest capacity for size. No bait casting reel equals it for the price, $3.50.

Also Featherlight and Expert high grade single action open frame reels, ranging in price from 85c to $3.25. All dealers. Our booklet gives valuable information—FREE.

A. F. MEISSELBACH & BRO.,

11 Prospect St., Newark, N. J.

Also "Tabapart" Reel and "Harriman" Landing Nets

The Best Champagne is Veuve Clicquot Sec and Brut

Cruse and Fils Freres Red and White Wines

Ami Vignier
Pacific Coast Agency

Southeast corner
Battery and Broadway Sts.
San Francisco, Cal.

Everything for the Automobile

FLYER No. 16

(Just issued, write for it.)
"First come, first served."

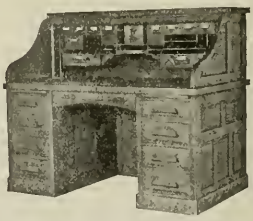
BARGAINS IN AUTO SUPPLIES
PRICES CUT IN HALF

Neustadt Auto & Supply Co.

THE GROWING HOUSE ST. LOUIS, MO.

PHOENIX DESK AND CHAIR CO., Inc.

E. M. Moore, Pres.
Late with John Breuner and W. & J. Sloane
E. H. Frentice, Secty.
Late with the Southern Pacific R. R.



Large Assortment of Desks, Chairs and Tables at Right Prices

1538 MARKET STREET

Just West of Van Ness Ave.

Phone Market 2393

A NOTEWORTHY PERFORMANCE

ON SATURDAY, June 1st, at the regular weekly shoot of the Meadow Spring Gun Club, Mr. Fred Coleman, shooting a A. H. FOX GUN, made the wonderful score of 99 out of 100 targets on the program.

This is one of the best scores that has ever been made near Philadelphia and is a further testimonial of the wonderful shooting qualities of the Fox gun and the splendid marksmanship of Mr. Coleman.

* * *

"OH! SUCH A SCOOP."

THE shooters that used the products of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. carried off the honors of the twenty-third annual inanimate target tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, which was held at Walla Walla, Wash., on May 16th, 17th and 18th.

The first high expert average for the entire tournament was made by Mr. Harry Ellis, of Portland, Oregon, who scored 94 2-3 per cent on 600 targets, using a Winchester "pump" gun and Winchester "Leader" Shells. The second expert average was made by Mr. Emil Holling, of San Francisco, Cal., who scored an even 94 per cent on a like number of targets, shooting the "Leader" Shells. The third average in the expert class was captured by Mr. J. S. Bea of New Haven, Conn., with a Winchester "pump" gun and "Leader" shells, with 93 1-3 per cent, while the fourth expert average was made by Mr. W. H. Seaver, of San Francisco, Cal., who scored 92½ per cent on his allotted 600 targets, shooting a Winchester "pump" gun and the "Leader" Shells.

The first high amateur average for the tournament was made by Mr. Archie Bigelow, of Ogden, Utah, with Winchester "Leader" Shells, 93 1-6 per cent. Mr. F. B. Mills, of Long Beach, Cal., using the same brand of shells being second, with an average of 92 1-3 per cent. The third amateur average, Mr. E. F. Confarr, of Livingston, Montana, captured with 91 5-6 per cent, using a Winchester "pump" gun and "Leader" shells, while the fourth average in the amateur class was made by Mr. G. L. Becker, of Ogden, Utah, with the "Leader" Shells, on an even 90 per cent.

Seven of the eight trophies contested for at this tournament were won by shooters using Winchester "Leader" Shells, and four by those who used Winchester "pump" guns in connection with "Leader" shells.

Dupont Anaconda Trophy. Won by E. F. Confarr, of Livingston, Montana, shooting a Winchester "pump" gun and the "Leader" shells.

Multnomah Medal. Won by Dr. "Steele", of Seattle, Wash., shooting a Winchester "pump" gun and the "Leader" shells.

Brownlee Trophy. Won by A. Bigelow, of Ogden, Utah, shooting Winchester "Leader" shells.

Dayton Medal. Won by E. F. Confarr, of Livingston, Montana, shooting a Winchester "pump" gun and the "Leader" shells.

Walla Walla Brownlee Medal. Won by E. E. Ellis, of Seattle, Wash., shooting Winchester "Leader" Shells.

Individual Championship Diamond Medal. Won by T. H. White, of Spokane, Wash., shooting a Winchester "pump" gun and the "Leader" Shells.

Three Men Team Trophy. Won by Spokane Team, composed of E. J. Chingreen, F. K. McBroon, J. A. Forbes, score, 34 out of a possible 60.

Another clean-up was made by the shooters of "Winchester" goods at the Fifth First Tournament of the Western Washington Gun Club Association, held at Tacoma, Wash., May 29th and 30th. The cup offered by the Seattle Sporting Goods Company, and contested for on the opening day, was captured by Mr. H. A. Roberts, of Centralia, Wash., after shooting off a tie with Mr. James McLaughlin, of Seattle. Both Mr. Roberts and Mr. McLaughlin shot the Winchester "Leader" Shells, as these shells they always shoot. Mr. Roberts also walked off with the Individual Championship Medal, and the Dupont Trophy, thus annexing all three trophies shot for at this tournament.

The high expert average of the tournament was made by Mr. Harry Ellis, of Portland, Oregon, with a Winchester Pump gun and "Leader" Shells.

The high amateur average was captured by Mr. Dell Cooper of Bellingham, Wash., with a Winchester Pump gun.

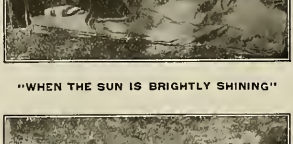
"COMFORT" SLEEPING POCKET

(Patent Pending)

THE MOST LUXURIOUS OF ALL MODERN INVENTIONS. NO HUNTING FOR A DRY, LEVEL SPOT. JUST THROW IT DOWN ANYWHERE IN THE OPEN [EVEN A TENT IS NOT A NECESSITY] BLOW IT UP, CRAWL IN, SAY GOOD NIGHT AND SLEEP, INDIFFERENT TO DAMPNESS, COLD, STORM, HUMPS, STICKS OR STONES.

Packs 8x28 inches; weighs 18 lbs.

MADE READY IN FIVE MINUTES



"WHEN THE SUN IS BRIGHTLY SHINING"

"WHEN THE RAIN COMES DOWN"

METROPOLITAN AIR GOODS CO. ESTABLISHED 1891 PNEUMATIC INCORPORATED TRADE MARK READING, MASS. U.S.A.

Our new suspension device and mosquito netting attachment make our Comfort Sleeping Pocket more complete than ever. Our new circular describes and illustrates these new features and gives a lot of new endorsements. Mention this paper and it's free.

SCORES THAT TALK

212 X 215
At Veedersburg, Ind., April 18. Made by C. A. Young. Winning
HIGH AVERAGE

513 X 545
At the Texas State Shoot, Mexia, Tex., April 24-26. By Mr. L. I. Wade. Winning
HIGH AVERAGE

48 X 50
At the Texas State Shoot, Mexia, Tex., April 24-26. By Mr. Carter. Winning
CHRONICLE TROPHY

50 X 50
In the Individual State Championship Event at the Tex. State Shoot, April 24-26. By L. I. Wade, being the
ONLY STRAIGHT SCORE

362 X 380
At Chanute, Kans., April 19-20. Made by Ed. O'Brien. Winning
HIGH AVERAGE

190 X 200
At Freehold, N. J., April 18th. By Neaf Apgar. Winning
HIGH AVERAGE

113 STRAIGHT By L. I. Wade at Mexia, Tex., April 25. Being the LONGEST RUN

ALL THE ABOVE SCORES WERE MADE WITH THE PERFECT AMMUNITION

Peters Loaded Shells

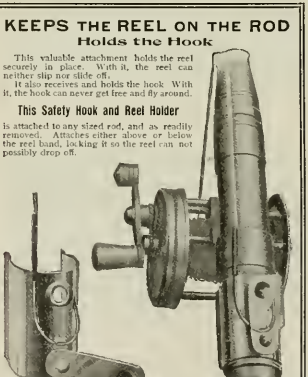
KEEPS THE REEL ON THE ROD
Holds the Hook

This valuable attachment holds the reel securely in place. With it, the reel can neither slip nor slide off.

It also receives and holds the hook. With it, the hook can never get free and fly around.

This Safety Hook and Reel Holder

is attached to any sized rod, and as readily removed. Attaches either above or below the reel band, locking it so the reel can not possibly drop off.



Holds any kind of hook, small or large, either a single one, or one of a series. Does not injure the fly or other artificial lure or bait. A simple and always sure safety device. Nickel plated and polished.

PRICE 25 CENTS EACH, POSTAGE PREPAID
AT ALL DEALERS or send to
CHAS. L. SULLIVAN, 619 Railway Exchange, CHICAGO

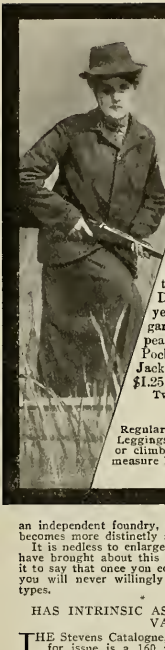
A TROUBLE SAVER FOR FISHERMEN

THE safety hook and reel holder illustrated herewith is the invention of Charles L. Sullivan, 1340 Colony Building, Chicago, whose advertisement appears elsewhere in this issue. Readily applied or removed from the rod, it is simple and sure in use, saving much trouble to fishermen. The invention, patented March 7, 1907, is a combined reel band lock and holder for hooks. Its manner of attaching to rod, and the provision for holding hooks, are clearly shown in the cut. As a lock to the reel band it should be placed either above or below the reel, according to the location of the moveable reel band. The device will fit any standard sized rod, is easily attached and is simple and sure in use. While the cut shows a single hook in place, the device will hold securely a spoon or any other artificial bait or lure having a series of hooks, and do so without injury to the feathers or other parts of same. The holder consists of a spring band, made to engage the metal part of a rod at the reel seat. It is made of spring brass or steel, handsomely nickeled and polished. The following are the directions for its use: Place the holder on the back of the rod, either above or below the reel and in such position as to oppose the slipping back of the sliding reel seat band. In this position the holder will prevent the reel from getting loose and dropping off the rod. The cuts show how the holder receives and protects the hooks, and it will receive either a single hook or one of a nest of hooks.

• • •

AN UNDERSTANDABLE GROWTH

THE Keystone Type Foundry makes and markets Keystone Type; it does not market any other makes of type and does not permit any other foundry to market Keystone type. These conditions have not always existed, but the Keystone Type Foundry has grown and its facilities for distribution have also grown. Two years ago the Keystone had no branch houses. Today the products of the Keystone Type Foundry are distributed from its own houses in New York, Chicago, Detroit, Atlanta and San Francisco, as well as from Philadelphia. Always



Duxbak

TRADE MARK

Sportsman's Clothing

Sheds Water like a Duck's Back

The only Cravenette Rain-proof Hunting Garments in the United States.

Why buy the ordinary harsh, stiff and unsatisfactory Sportsman's Clothing, when for the same money you can get a fine, soft and pliable duck, plus the added value which comes from the famous Priestly Cravenette Proofing Process.

Cravenette is a process, not a Cloth, and is absolutely controlled by us so far as Sportsman's Clothing is concerned. Duxback Garments are rain-defying in any ordinary storm, yet permit of perfect ventilation. The only suitable outing garments where rain-proof comfort, hard wear and good appearance are desired. Fit and rain-proof qualities guaranteed. Pockets for everything. Regular Hunting Coat and Norfolk Jackets, $5.00; Trousers, $3.00 and $3.50; Hats, $1.00; Caps, $1.25; Vest, $2.50; Leggings, $1.50.

Two colors only, light tan and olive green. Express prepaid.

FOR LADIES' WEAR

Regular Hunting Coat and Norfolk Jacket; Plain Skirt, Divided Skirt, Bloomers, Leggings, Hats, etc. Suitable for gunning, fishing, riding, tramping, boating or climbing. Express prepaid. Booklet with samples of material and self-measure blanks sent free. **Special discount to dealers.**

BIRD, JONES & KENYON, 10 Blandina St., Utica, N. Y.

an independent foundry, the Keystone by this action becomes more distinctly so than ever before.

It is needless to enlarge upon the excellencies which have brought about this satisfying condition. Suffice it to say that once you contract the "Keystone habit" you will never willingly go back to the antiquated types.

* * *

HAS INTRINSIC AS WELL AS ARTISTIC VALUE

THE Stevens Catalogue, No. 52, which is now ready for issue is a 160 page book of reference, the largest and most comprehensive catalogue ever prepared by this noted concern, and embodies detailed descriptions and illustrations of the entire Stevens line. Particular attention is directed to the descriptions therein of the new "Little Scout" and number 80 repeating gallery rifles, also to the number 325 double barrel hammerless shotgun and Stevens Odorless Gun Oil.

Stevens Rifles, Shotguns, Pistols, Firearm Accessories, etc., represent the most varied and extensive output, the capacity of one manufacturer, and their quality has always been a world's standard. The catalogue describing them is therefore of actual intrinsic value to sportsmen, and a copy should be secured without delay.

In addition to the technical descriptive matter concerning the various models, there are interesting chapters devoted to the Choice of a Rifle, Care of Rifles, Testing a Rifle, Methods of Cleaning Shotguns, Ammunition, etc., incorporated in this beautiful book, a cut of whose fine cover design is herewith appended.

This front cover, which is in colors, represents types of many nations using the Stevens, and the picture we consider both unique and striking. A variety of Stevens models is faithfully reproduced in connection with the original spirited "action picture" front cover design. This catalogue (No. 52) will be sent to any applicant upon receipt of five cents in stamps to cover postage. Always mention Western Field when corresponding with this, one of its most highly valued patrons.

CRAIG DESK CO.

SUCCESSOR TO

FULLER-CRAIG DESK CO.

DESKS
TABLES
CHAIRS

LARGEST ASSORTMENTS
LOWEST PRICES

46-48-50 SUTTER STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

CONVEY & SONS
Butchers
WHOLESALE AND SHIPPING
EXPEDITIOUS AND RELIABLE
8 CLAY STREET, opposite FERRY BUILDING
TELEPHONE TEMPORARY 147

"CHAMPION KIMBERLEY"
One of the Champion-Fed Champions

Dr. J. H. Foquet who has used CHAMPION DOG BISCUIT for the past five years, writes:

Oil City, Pa., April 25, 1907

ST. PAUL BREAD CO.
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Sirs:—I have used your Dog Biscuit in my kennels for several years and find my dogs relish it, and thrive on it better than any food I have ever used.

Respectfully,
KIMBERLEY KENNELS,
Dr. J. H. Foquet, Oil City, Pa

Send for Free Sample and Booklet
ST. PAUL BREAD COMPANY
562 VIEW STREET, ST. PAUL, MINN.
NEW YORK SELLING AGENTS:
H. D. Robinson & Co., 123 Front Street, New York

The Arlington
E. P. DUNN
Santa Barbara, Calif.

FAMED FOR ACCURACY.

AT THE Triennial Shooting Festival of the National Schuetzen Bund of the United States, held at Charleston, S. C., May 6th to May 14th, 1907, Stevens Rifles once again made a most impressive showing by securing seventeen out of the twenty-two leading prizes.

This International Tournament is of great importance and expert marksmen from all sections competed for the various prizes.

Whether the competitive shoot be indoor or outdoor, be the conditions of the match what they may, it is a perfect tribute to Stevens Rifles that they carry off the leading prizes. That a Stevens Rifle is invincible in its unerring, bull's-eye accuracy, is proverbial. The attachment of a Stevens Telescope to the barrel of a Stevens Rifle makes "assurance doubly sure," and removes any possible doubt as to inability to hit the mark.

It is no wonder that discriminating marksmen shoot the Stevens. Experienced shooters know what the time-honored rifles branded Stevens are capable of—they know they can depend absolutely and unqualifiedly on these peerless firearms. For small game and target shooting there is nothing to equal a Stevens. The latest links added to the long chain of Stevens successes are the following: Every first prize in Third Annual Tournament of Indoor .22 Caliber Rifle League of the United States, Rochester, N. Y., January 28th to February 2d, 1907, was won by Stevens-Pope Rifles and Stevens Telescopes; 23 of the 30 Telescopes used were Stevens.

At the Zettler Rifle Club Annual Open Tournament, New York City, March, 1907, Stevens Rifles and Stevens Telescopes made practically a clean sweep. First prize in every match was either won or tied with Stevens and Stevens-Pope Rifles and Stevens Telescopes.

Send four cents in stamps to the J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass., for 140 page complete, illustrated, Firearm Catalog, describing their entire output. This book of ready reference is replete with Stevens information and contains all you may wish to know regarding these celebrated rifles, shotguns, pistols, etc.

* * *

GRAMMAR IN INDIAN LANGUAGES.

PROFESSOR A. L. KROEBER, of the University of California, declares that Indian languages are not a random jargon as is popularly believed. In a pamphlet recently issued on the Yokuts and Yuki Languages he affirms that Indian languages possess an elaborate and difficult grammar, though this is entirely unknown to the Indians themselves, and must be extracted by the laborious investigations of scientists. The two languages which Professor Kroeber selected for experiments had absolutely no similar words. They are more different than English and Russian for instance. The Yuki and the Yokuts are not even in territorial contact and show no signs of common origin. The Yuki live in Northerp California in the Coast Range, their principal territory being on the headwaters of Eel River; the Yokuts were located in the interior of South Central California in the Southern end of the San Joaquin Valley. Though Professor Kroeber found that the grammatical structure of their languages was identical at nearly every point, the words were wholly dissimilar. The two languages are like houses built according to the same plan but of entirely different material.

The sentence structure employed in the two languages is full of interest. The order of words, while not definitely fixed and entirely a matter of idiom and custom and not of syntax, differs quite thoroughly. In Yokuts the adjective precedes its noun; in Yuki it follows. Yokuts tend to place the verb at the head of the sentence; Yuki at the end. The numerical systems of the two languages are radically different; that of Yokuts being strictly decimal; that of Yuki quarternary.

It is noted by Dr. Kroeber that California has more totally distinct Indian languages per square mile than any other State. The reason for this great variety of languages has never been properly accounted for. The present bulletin indicates some former connection or common influence, and is therefore regarded as a first step to the solution of the puzzle.